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Chetham Society. Publications
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Vol. 71

COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

Pt. 3

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RURAL DEAN; RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND

VICAR OF NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

PART III.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LXVII.

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REMAINS

HISTORICAL & LITERARY

CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF

LANCASTER AND CHESTER.

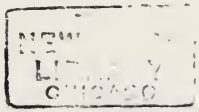
PUBLISHED BY

THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

VOL. LXXI.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LXVII.



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INTRODUCTION.

CIRCUMSTANCES have occurred, upon which it is needless here to remark, which, together with the laborious cares and responsibilities, without assistance, of a large parish, and other public duties, have contributed to delay the appearance of the present Volume of the *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica* beyond the period when it was probably looked for by the Members of the CHETHAM SOCIETY. The care necessary in collating the various volumes noticed, the frequent references which had to be supplied, and the attention requisite to ensure accuracy and correctness — which were demanded in order to render the work of any value — although entirely a labour of love, have yet been attended with greater trouble and difficulty than could have been anticipated or expected.

Be it remembered, that no book of any kind has been described in these pages that is not in the actual possession of the Editor, and that has not been carefully examined by his own eyes; and, although it is impossible altogether to avoid mistakes and errors, it is sincerely hoped that these may be found as few as possible, and that the kind indulgence of the reader may be accorded to them. A hope

may also be indulged that, as the account of the various publications of Richard Brathwaite, with which the former Part concluded, was admitted to be more copious and complete than had hitherto appeared, so the description of the numerous works of another favourite and prolific writer — Nicholas Breton — in the present Volume, together with the notices of other rare and highly curious works, will be found to have added something to the general fund of bibliographical knowledge.

The Editor cannot allow the present Volume to go forth without recording his great obligations to S. Christie Miller, Esq., of Britwell House, Buckinghamshire, for his kindness in allowing him to add several very rare works to the list of Breton's publications from his most valuable and truly unrivalled Collection. And he would also again renew his grateful and sincere acknowledgments to the President of the Chetham Society for the care with which he has superintended the sheets as they passed through the press, and the aid which in the present instance, as in others, he is always so ready and willing to afford to the Editors of its various works.

The succeeding Part, which will complete the present Volume, comprising the remainder of the letter C, and, if possible, the whole of D, (including the works of Daniel, Davenant, Davies, Dekker, Donne, Drayton, Drummond, Dryden and D'Urfey) will prove, it is confidently trusted, not less worthy of interest, nor of minor importance, than those which have been already printed.

Without wishing to occupy too great a prominence in the limited space at the command of the Society, or to interfere with other more important claims, the Editor trusts that the continuance of his humble efforts in endeavouring to revive and increase a taste for our early literature may not only be attended with advantage and pleasure to its Members, but may lead others more able and competent to follow his example.

Since the appearance of the last Part, a very important work has been published on the same subject, viz., "A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the rarest Books in the English Language, alphabetically arranged, which, during the last fifty years, have come under the observation of J. Payne Collier, F.S.A." In two vols. 8vo, 1865. This (which is an enlargement of his *Bridgewater Catalogue*, printed in 1837, 4to, and limited to fifty copies only) is a most interesting and highly useful work (not confined to Poetry alone), the value of which cannot be too highly appreciated by all lovers of our early English literature.

The Editor is almost willing to hope that the publication of the two Parts of his own first Volume may have hastened the appearance of that work, and would be glad to believe that such was the case. His only subject of regret connected with the plan of the *Catalogue* is, the total absence of all reference to, or mention of the localities, whether in public Libraries or private Collections, in which the copies described (some of them unique and others nearly so) are deposited; and which will prove a serious drawback to any one desirous

of collating or examining them minutely, especially if there are facilities for doing so, from the place where they are to be found being the Bodleian or some other public Library.

It is, we are sure, a very general wish that Mr. Collier may be induced, on the earliest opportunity, to give us the results of the large collections which he has gathered on the separate subject of the Old English Drama in a similar form and manner, which, from his long and intimate knowledge and ample researches on the subject, will prove of great interest and importance to all lovers of the drama in particular, and to the literary public in general. It would be a matter deeply to be regretted if all that his long experience and wide range of examination can communicate in this department, and which still remains to be told, were to be lost to the world.

T. C.

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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

VOL. II. PART I.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

E commence our second volume of the COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA with an account of some of the works of Nicholas Breton, a writer of elegant and refined taste, a scholar and a gentleman, of whom little or next to nothing is known. Indeed it is a remarkable circumstance, and one which we have greatly to regret, that nearly all the dedications and prefaces prefixed to his numerous works, whether in verse or prose, are utterly devoid of any notice relating to himself or to the position and circumstances of his life. For one who wrote so much, throughout a period embracing more than half a century, it is singular how very little information he has afforded regarding himself, and how few are the indications he has given us of his own life and actions. We are still left in ignorance of the main facts of the history of one who contributed so much that is valuable to the literature of that era.

There is a mystery surrounding the history of Breton and his multifarious works which is yet unfathomed, and still requires close and patient investigation. While some of his poetical pieces display the deepest and most fervent feelings of a devout and pious mind, breathing forth its aspirations to the Almighty, one while in strains of warm and rapturous praise and another in the most profound and humble penitence of soul; and while some of his productions are filled with the richest humour, blended with the purest fancy and clothed in chaste and delicate language; there are others evincing a coarse and vulgar style and tone of expression, almost leading the reader to doubt whether such varied writings could all be the productions

of the same pen. It is true that many pieces are assigned to him merely on the strength of his initials, and even those sometimes reversed, without probably much real foundation, as we have already clearly shown in one instance (vol. i. p. 216), and from Breton's name as a writer appearing before the public for more than fifty years. All these circumstances combined would lead us sometimes to suppose that there were more authors than one of this name, and that their styles and modes of thought might differ. But this after all is only conjecture; and as no writer is less communicative either about himself or his writings in any of his works, we must still patiently wait for some fresh discovery to enable us to set our conjectures at rest, and to unfold the mystery in which every thing relating to him is at present enveloped.

We were at one time inclined to lean to the hope, indulged in also by others, that Breton might be the same person who lies buried at Norton in the county of Northampton, and whose monument is on the north wall of the chancel of that church. We should also have been pleased, on private grounds especially, could we have satisfactorily proved the correctness of this suggestion; but we have long since abandoned this conclusion as altogether untenable, and the very few particulars which Breton gives of his own state and circumstances seem quite at variance with the inscription on that monument. The real identification of this writer therefore must be sought for in some other direction.

The late eminent antiquary Mr. Hunter appears to have arrived nearer the truth in this matter than any one else, and in his laborious researches to have found the right clue to Breton's real origin and that of his family. Instead of being the Captain Nicholas Breton who purchased the manor of Norton in Northamptonshire, who died in 1624 and is buried there, and who was the son of a Captain John Breton; the poet was, in Mr. Hunter's opinion, the second son of William Breton, citizen of London, who had considerable property there, by Elizabeth Bacon, daughter of John Bacon, also a citizen of London. This William Breton, the father, had five children, two sons and three daughters, and died January 12th 1559; and his widow afterwards married for her second husband George Gascoigne the poet. In 1568 some law proceedings took place to protect the property belonging to the young Bretons, then under age, and to take it out of the hands of the mother, and of Gascoigne who was insolvent.

The elder branch of the Bretons descended from William Breton of London, settled at Barwell near Hinckley in Leicestershire and at Elmisthorp,

where they possessed good property, and bore for their arms: azure, on a bend between six mullets of six points pierced; or, a mullet. Crest: a lion's jamb erased argent, charged with a chevron or, between six billets argent. Sir Egerton Brydges, in his edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 319, thinks it probable that Breton was of a Staffordshire family; and Shaw, in his *History of Staffordshire*, vol. i. p. 422, notices a family of Breton as being resident at Tamworth from the time of Edward II., one of whom, John Breton Esq., was one of the members for that borough 27th Elizabeth; and gives one or two inscriptions on monuments in the church there, one of them to a Nicholas Breton who married Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of George Knight Esq. of London, by whom he had a large family. It was from one of this family at Tamworth that Nicholas Breton the purchaser of the estate at Norton[1] in Northamptonshire was descended. And that the London, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire and Staffordshire branches were all derived from the same stock, and originally sprung from the family seated at Tamworth, temp. Edward II., is evident from the arms they bore, and from other circumstances.

It appears from a passage in the Sloane MS. 5008, that Nicholas Breton the poet was educated at Oxford at Oriel College. He probably travelled abroad on leaving the University, and was well versed in the Italian and other languages — especially in the former, which was then becoming fashionable, the translation of Italian poems and tales into English having produced a great revolution in the tastes of our countrymen, and enriched our literature with many new stores of fiction and imagination. Breton seems at this period to have fixed his residence in London, dating some of his works "from his Chamber in Holbourne," and "from his Lodging in the Black Friars." It is most probable that he became acquainted with the leading wits and poets of the time, by whom he is frequently mentioned, and partook of their dissipated and evil habits, and having also married, and the cares of a rising family increasing upon him, that he became involved in poverty and suffering. We are led to this conclusion by the language used in some of the dedications prefixed to his publications, and by the letters which in the present volume we have quoted from one of his works, and which we have stated our reasons for supposing to relate to himself and his own circumstances. His first work was published in 1575, when he was

[1] The arms of the Norton branch were: azure, a bend between six mullets pierced or. Crest: a lion's jamb erased or, charged with three billets sable.

probably about twenty-three years old. His latest publication is dated about 1626. He was a minor in 1568, when the law proceedings took place; and if born about 1551 or 1552 would be between seventy and eighty years old when he died, having during that period given to the world more than fifty volumes of prose and poetry. But concerning the remainder of his long life, the time and place of his death, and the circumstances of his wife and family, notwithstanding much and diligent research in our public records and registers, and considerable expence incurred, we have not been able to recover any additional facts, and all our researches have been unattended with any success.

It is evident from several of his writings that Breton was a member of the ancient faith, and some of them are impregnated with all the fervour and enthusiastic raptures of an ardent worshipper of the Virgin. Breton's serious prose is warm and impassioned, pure and pleasing, and his poetical works are written in a graceful and refined spirit, and in a simple and artless language, which makes its way irresistibly to the heart. Many of his smaller lyrical pieces are full of tenderness and beauty, and remarkable for their genuine poetry and exquisite taste and simplicity. Few writers of the Elizabethan period have been more praised by their contemporaries, or more frequently quoted from in our larger collections of miscellaneous poesy; and we confess to having always entertained a strong affection for the sweet pastoral and lyrical effusions of this pleasing and elegant writer.

Ellis has given several specimens of his poetry, vol. ii. p. 270: but the account of Breton there, and in Campbell, Phillips, Percy, Ritson and other writers, is very meagre and unsatisfactory. Sir Egerton Brydges reprinted four of the poetical works of Breton at the Lee Priory press, and two of his prose works, *Characters upon Essaies*, and *The Good and the Badde*, in the *Archaica*. Mr. Park also has reprinted two other of his poetical productions, from copies which are supposed to be unique, in the *Heliconia*, viz.: *A smale handfull of Fragrant Flowers* and *A Floorish upon Fancie*. These only lead us to wish for more; and a fuller selection made from some of his smaller miscellaneous pieces would, we are sure, be favourably received, and meet with a ready acceptance at the hands of the public.

Copious lists of the productions of Breton are given by Ritson in the *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 138, who has enumerated twenty-nine of them; in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 180; and in Bohn's edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, p. 263, in which the number of his works is increased to

fifty-four; besides some which still remain in MS., and his contributions to *The Phœnix Nest* and *Englands Helicon.*

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — A smale handfull of fragrant Flowers, selected and gathered out of the louely garden of sacred scriptures, fit for any Honorable or woorshipfull Gentlewoman to smell unto. Dedicated for a newe-yeeres gyft to the honorable and vertuous Lady, the Lady Sheffeeld. By N. B. Imprinted at London by Richard Jones. And are to be solde at his shop, at the South-west doore of Paules. 1575. 12mo, blk. lett. pp. 16.

There is no other evidence of this little work being the production of Nicholas Breton than what is afforded by the initials in the title-page; and Mr. Hunter, in the second part of his *New Illustrations of the Life and Writings of Shakspeare*, p. 354, has satisfactorily shown in another case that these initials are not always ascribed to Breton with justice. We are however somewhat disposed to extend the attribution of tracts by N. B. to this writer (Breton), from the fact, as to which there can be no dispute, that he was a most voluminous writer of short pieces and tracts. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Scornful Lady*, act ii. sc. 1, speaking of Breton:

> And undertook with labour and expence
> The re-collection of those thousand pieces,
> Consum'd in cellars and tobacco shops
> Of that our honour'd Englishman Nic. Breton.

It may be urged against his title to the present volume that the difference observable in style and versification from this writer's later and acknowledged productions, is such as to leave a doubt on the mind of the reader as to his being really the author of this work. But until other evidence shall be found to deprive Breton of his claim in this particular instance, we shall continue, along with Ritson, Park and others, to assign the authorship, on the presumptive evidence of the initials, to that writer. It is so assigned by Ritson in his *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 138, and by Park in the *Heliconia*, vol. i., in which latter publication this poetical tract has been reprinted entire, along with another equally rare piece attributed to Breton. If composed by this author, it must be considered one of his earliest productions and

written at a youthful age, before his poetical taste was matured, and before he had acquired that airiness, elegance and tenderness of expression, for which his later poems and especially his lyrical pieces, were so remarkable. Independently of the date, the dedication to Lady Sheffield seems rather to encourage the idea that it was an early attempt, where he speaks of it as "the godly worke of a simple scholler, willing by dayly practise to grow unto more and exacter ripenes of understanding . . . . . to the end that he might hereafter take the more hart of grace to attempt a more substantiall peece of worke." And a further evidence may be adduced from the books of the Stationers Company, June 1, 1577, where we find entered, "The woorkes of a *yong witte* truste vp with a Fardell of pretie Fantasies profitable to young poets, compiled by N. G., Gent."

Besides the dedication to "The Lady Sheffeeld," the poem is preceded by "John Parcel's pamphlet in the prayse of this handfull of flowres," six stanzas, signed J. P.; "The Booke to the Reader," four stanzas, and "The Author to his Lady, in verse," five unequal stanzas, signed G. T. The poem itself consists of only twenty-five stanzas of six lines each, and at the end is the following short and simple prayer:

A prayer for gentlewomen and others to use, whereby through the helpe of the deuine grace, they may atteyne the right sente of this posie of *Godly Flowers.*

Vouchsafe, O Lorde, to be our guyde,
thy spirite of grace into us powre:
Defende our cause on every side,
that we may passe into the bowre;
Whereas those heavenly Flowres do growe:
By Christ that Garden first did sowe.

Illuminate our inwarde minde
to seeke to thee continually:
From worldly Errours that be blind,
preserve us for thy Maiestie.
Teache us as we in wordes professe,
In deedes eache one to do no lesse.

Assist us dayly to begin
spiritually to enter fight
Agaynst the worlde, the flesh, and sinne,
that we may shunne the duskie nyght,
In whiche our enimie the deuill
Doth watche to worke each Christian euyll.

Arme us with fayth to beare the shielde
And sworde of heavenly puritie:
Crowne us with Helmet in the field
of thy surpassing veritie.
Graunt this, O bounteous Jesu sweete,
That we with thee at last may meete.

In the description of this copy in the *Biblioth. Heber.*, part iv. p. 110, it is thus remarked: "It may be worth noting that what professes to be an exact reprint in vol. i. of the *Heliconia*, is disfigured by at least one hundred and fifty variations from the original, some of them of importance to the sense." On carefully collating this copy with the transcript there given, we certainly discover some variations, perhaps amounting to about twenty in all, but not more than two, or three at the very most, are at all essential to the sense, the variations being chiefly the dropping of the final *e* in such words as *whiche* or *coulde*, the *i* for *y*, and some few changes in the stops. We think this statement is only due to the memory of the late Mr. Park, whose usual accuracy and care on these points are well known and deserving of all praise.

This little work is of the utmost rarity, and all the descriptions of it are taken from the present copy, which formerly belonged to John Bullyngham, and was successively in the collections of Bindley, Perry, Heber and Jolley. No other copy is known.

Collation: Sig. A, in eights.

Bound by C. Smith. In Yellow Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — A Floorish vpon Fancie. As gallant a Glose, vpon so trifling a text as euer was written. Compiled by N. B., gent. To which are annexed The Toyes of an Idle Head: Containing many pretie Pamphlets, for pleasaunt heads to passe away idle time withall. By the same Authour. At London Printed by Richarde Ihones: dwelling at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne, neere Holbourne Bridge. 1582. 4to blk. lett. pp. 108.

As far as can be ascertained, this is the second known production of Breton, whose first work, as we have seen, was published in 1575, and who afterwards gave to the world a numerous series of publications both in verse

and prose. The first edition of the *Floorish vpon Fancie* was published in 1577, 4to, by the same printer, and is of the utmost rarity. The chief difference between the two editions appears to be a separate and distinct title to "The Toyes of an Idle Head" in the first, followed by a "Preface," both which are omitted in the second edition; and in the reprint of this work in *Heliconia*, vol. i., which was made from that of 1582. The volume commences with a prose address "To all younge Gentilmen that delight in trauaile to forreine Countreis," which is dated by the author "From his Chamber in Holbourne this xx. of February." This is succeeded by "The Preface," in nine six-line stanzas. The first part of the work contains some rather dull and tiresome allegoric poems, called "The Schoole of Fancie," and "The Forte of Fancie," written in alternate lines of twelve and fourteen syllables each, with some shorter ones, "In Dispight of Fancie," "Dame Fancies man," "The Lamentacion of Fancie," and "A Farewell to Fancie," in the same metre. The second part, "The Toyes of an Idle Head," consists of a number of short pieces written in various metres, the longest of them being entitled "A straunge Dreame." These poems were penned as we imagine, in Breton's early youth, and are wanting in the peculiar characteristics for which his later works were some of them so distinguished. And as they have been already reprinted entire in the first vol. of *Heliconia* we shall content ourselves with one short extract as a specimen of the work.

A verse or two written Extempore vpon a sighe of a Gentlewoman.

I sigh to see thee sigh, the iust occasion why
God knowes, and I perhappes can gesse unhappily:
But whatsoeuer I thinke, I meane to let it passe,
And thus in secrete sorte, to thinke unto myselfe (alas)
Poore little seely soule, God quickly comfort thee,
Who could his sighes refraine, a Dame in such sad sorte to see?
The cause whereof I gesse, but not the remedy:
I would I could a medicine frame, to cure the mallady.

For if it were in mee, or if it euer bee,
To doo the thing oh noble Dame, in deede to comforte thee,
My hart, my hand, my sword, my purse, which (though) but small,
At your commaund I offer heere, all ready at your call,
Of which if any shrinke, when you vouchsafe to trie,
As I deserve, disdaine me then, and God then let me dye.
And thus from honest harte, as one your faithfull friend,
In few unfayned friendly wordes, farewell: and so an ende.

At the end is the colophon "Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, dwelling at the Rose and Crowne, neere Holbourne Bridge. 1582." And on the last page, in an oval, is a figure of a female sitting, holding in one hand a sprig, and in the other a lighted torch consuming a mask, representing probably envy or detraction, with the motto "Quel che mi molestava accendo et ardo." A copy of the first edition of 1577, 4to, sold in Bindley's sale, pt. i. 743, for 42*l.* Perry's do. pt. i. 597, 28*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Bibl. Heber. pt. iv. 163, 14*l.* 14*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to Oii, in fours; pp. 108.
Bound in Speckled Calf, neat.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.)—The Pilgrimage to Paradise, ioyned with the Countesse of Penbrookes loue, compiled in verse by Nicholas Breton Gentleman.

Cœlum virtutis patria.

[Woodcut of the Arms of the University of Oxford.]

At Oxford printed by Ioseph Barnes, and are to be solde in Paules Church-yeard, at the signe of the Tygres head. 1592. 4to. pp. 112.

The works of Nicholas Breton, especially the earlier ones, are of the utmost rarity, and few more so than the present poetical volume, which has not been noticed so far as we are aware by any of our bibliographers, beyond the mere transcript of the title, and even that has not been always correctly given. It is dedicated to Mary Countess of Pembroke, the latter name being spelt Penbrooke throughout the volume. It is written in the affected and antithetical style of the time, and, as we have to regret respecting nearly all the dedications and addresses by Breton prefixed to his numerous works, utterly devoid of any notice relating to himself or to the circumstances of his life. This dedication, the notice of which is omitted by Lowndes, is followed by another "To the Gentlemen studients and Scholers of Oxforde," dated "this 12th of Aprill 1592." At the end of the latter there is a sort of partial disclaimer by Breton of the authorship of *Brittons Bowre of Delights*, which had appeared the year before from the press of Richard Jones: "Gentlemen, there hath beene of late printed in London by one Richarde Ioanes, a printer, a booke of english verses, enti-

tuled *Breton's bower of delights:* I protest it was donne altogether without my consent or knowledge, and many thinges of other mens mingled with few of mine, for except *Amoris Lachrimæ*, an epitaphe vpon Sir Phillip Sydney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he vnhappily came by, I haue no part with any of them: and so I beseech yee assuredly beleeue."

After this there is a commendatory address in prose "To my honest true Friende Master Nicholas Breton," by John Case M.D.; two short ones in Latin verse by William Gager, Doctor of Laws; another in the same language, and a Sonnet in English signed Mira. Guarda; and three others in Latin verse by Henry Price. *The Pilgrimage to Paradise* is a moral and allegorical poem in six-line stanzas, written in the peculiarly melodious and alliterative style of Breton, who achieved great success in this kind of composition. It relates a sort of "Pilgrim's Progress" of the five senses — "five seruants ledde by one chiefe lord," in their travels "How they should finde the path to paradise:"

The first, his charge was onely, but to see
What best might please, and what might worst offend:
What obiects might but all as abiects be,
What harme to scape, what honour to attende:
Afarre, neare hand, each side, before, behinde,
How best to guide a pure, and perfect minde.

The seconde cal'de, his charge was but to heare,
In sweetest sounds, which was the soundest sweete:
What graces might in Musickes grounde appeare,
And where the honors of the humors meete:
What carefull notes, doe comfort best conclude,
While Sirens songes, doe but the soule delude.

The third then cal'de, was charg'd to take the sent
Of euery flower and herbe, within the fielde:
Which might but grow, whereas their graces went,
What sauoure might the sweteest profit yeelde:
And what might hurt, least that the braine displeased
The body might perhaps be all diseased.

The fourth then cal'de, did take his charge, to tast
Of euery fruite, that should become their foode:
What beast might nourish, and might sweetest last,
And, in their trauaile most might doe them good:
How sweete with sour, might best be tempted so
As t'one, the to'ther might not well foregoe.

Then came the fifte who tooke his charge, to feele
The grauelde causey from the hollow grounde:
How best the toe, might trust vnto the heele,
When settled faith had surest footing founde:
And so by leisure finde, where sweetely lies,
The lonely path, that leades to paradise.

The author then proceeds to give the particular progress of each in succession, and the various temptations they met with on their way. We quote two stanzas from this part of the poem on Sleep, which exhibit a striking contrast:

Sleepe is the pride of ease, the height of pleasure,
The Nurse of nature, and the rule of rest:
The thoughtes atonement, and the senses treasure,
The bedde of loue, that likes the body best:
Against vnrest the only remedy,
And onely medicine to each mallady.

* * * * * * *

Sleepe is the soules disease, the mindes despight,
The curse of Nature, aad the crosse of rest:
The thoughtes disquiet, and the darksome night,
Wherein the spirit likes the body lest:
A losse of time and reasons malladie,
Where death is found but sorrowes remedy.

Towards the close of the poem, after describing the visit of the pilgrims to the Court and the Camp, the author brings them at last to the Church, his delineation of which concludes the poem, and will also close our extracts from it:

And on they walke, vntil anone they came
Vnto a Church not built of lime or stone:
But that true Church of that immortal fame,
That is worldes wonder, and heauens loue alone:
Whose head is Christ, whose Martirs are his pillers,
And al whose members, are his wordes wel-willers.

The gate is Grace, Contrition is the key,
The locke is Loue, the porter, Penitence,
Where humble faith, must heauenly fauour stay,
Till pitty talke, with vertues patience
While Angels sighes, the sinners waie deuise,
To haue his entraunce into paradise.

* * * * * * *

Heere is the light, that makes the sunne to shine,
Heere is the brightnesse of the morning light,
Heere is the sunne, that neuer doth decline,
Heere is the daie, that neuer hath a night,
Heere is the hope of euerliuing blisse,
And comforte, that beyonde all knowledge is.

Heere neuer weede, had euer power to growe
Nor euer worme coulde make an herbe to wither,
But in the path, where all perfections goe,
Vertue, and Nature, kindely went togither,
And heauenly dewes, did al the fruites so cherish,
That neither fruit, nor herbe, nor flower could perish.

Heere neuer sorrow for the thought of losses,
Heere euer labour and yet neuer weary;
Heere, neuer feare, of any fatal crosses,
Heere neuer mourning, and here euer merry;
Heere neuer hunger, thirst, nor heat, nor cold,
But take enough, and stil the store doth holde.

Heere is the sky, the sun, the moone, and stars,
Set for a dial, by the heauens direction:
Here neuer cloude their brightest shining barres,
But show their brightnes in their best perfection:
Heere is, in some, the sweetest light of al,
From which al lightes haue their original.

Heere neuer foote of wicked pride presumed
But is excluded, heauenlie paradise:
Heere is the aier with sweetest sweetes perfumed,
While sinners sighes, is blessed sacrifice:
When faithful soules, in Angel's armes embraced,
Are, in the eie of glorious favour graced.

Heere are the virgins playing, Angels singing,
The Saints rejoicing, and the Martirs ioying.
Heere, sacred comfortes to the conscience springing
And no one thought of discontent annoying:
Heere hurt was none, and feare of death is neuer,
And here is loue, and here is life for euer.

Here sorrowes teares, doe quench the heate of sin,
And fire of loue, doth kindle life againe:
Heere doth the grounde of glory first beginne,
And, heere is vertue, in her highest vaine:
Heere is, in some, the state of honours story,
And of all goodnes, the eternall glory.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

"The Countesse of Penbrookes loue," consisting of one hundred and forty-four stanzas in the same measure as the former piece, is more of a religious poem, descriptive of heavenly love, and is written throughout with extraordinary harmony and flow of diction, and if modernized in the spelling, might almost be supposed to have been written in the present day. Without much power or ever rising to the highest flights of poetry, there is a feeling and tender earnestness, and pious charm running through this piece, which wins the reader's heart, and renders it very attractive. We cannot easily separate any part for quotation, and the reader must be satisfied with a few stanzas only, expressive of heavenly love:

Oh loue, sweete love, oh high and heauenly loue,
The onely line, that leades to happy life,
Oh loue, that liu'st, for louing hartes behoue,
And mak'st an ende of euery hatefull strife:
Happy are they, that kindely can attaine thee,
And how accurst, that dare but to disdaine thee.

Thy loue was cause, that first we were created,
Loue is the life, that thou wilt haue vs leade:
Loue is the cause, we neuer can be hated;
Loue is our life, when other life is dead:
Loue is thy grace, that highest good doth giue,
Loue me then, Lord, and I shall euer liue.

And with that worde proceeding from her hart,
The trickeling teares distilled downe her eies:
As if her sense possest in euery part,
A secret ioye that did the soule surprise:
When lifting vp her handes, oh loue, quod shee,
My soule is sicke, she cannot be with thee.

And from the mercy of thy maiesty,
Beholde the sorrowes of my wounded soule:
Let pitties care of loues calamitie,
My ruthfull teares, thy register enrowle:
And thinke vpon the passions that I approue,
For truely, Lorde, my soule is sicke of loue.

And sicke it is, and so well maie it bee,
A sweeter sickenes, then a worldly health:
A healthfull sickenes, to be sicke for thee,
Where Natures want doth proue the spirits wealth:
While hart doth set her highest happines,
But to beholde thee in thy holines.

But I am sicke, in euery vaine,
Sicke to the death, but not to die to thee:
For why, thy loue assures me life againe
And there to liue, where death can neuer be:
O sweetest sicknes, where the soule may see,
The way through death, to come to liue with thee.

To liue with thee, oh, euer liuing loue,
Oh let me die, that I may liue no more,
Till in thy loue, I may the life approue,
That may confesse I neuer liu'd before:
Life is but death, where thy loue shineth neuer,
Onely thy loue is happy life for euer.

Neither Warton nor Ritson appears to have ever seen this rare volume. The latter does not allude to the first poem at all, and he has miscalled the second, which is not the "Countess of Pembrokes Passion," but the "Countesse of Penbrooke's loue." Lowndes also makes a similar mistake, and states that the *Pilgrimage to Paradise* is dedicated to the Students at Oxford, when we see from this volume that it was dedicated to the above celebrated lady, with another address to the "Gentlemen Studients and Scholers of Oxforde." There is a manuscript copy existing of the first poem in the Harleian collection in the Brit. Museum, No. 1303.[1] We have not been enabled to trace more than one other copy, which was formerly in the *Bibl. Heber.* Pt. iv. No. 166, from whence it was purchased by Mr. Jolley for 10*l.*; and at the sale of the library of the latter gentleman Pt. ii. No. 416, it brought 30*l.*

Collation: Sig. ¶ four leaves; then A to N 4, in fours. The last leaf containing a short list of errata.

The present copy was found in an old country library a few years ago, and has since been bound by Bedford,

In Olive Green Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

[1] It is astonishing for how many years an incorrect reference may be repeated, and the trouble it occasions to the inquirer. Ritson, in 1802 in his *Bibl. Poet.* p. 139, gives a note by Park to the effect that this MS. copy of Breton's poem was in the Harleian collection in the Brit. Museum, No. 1303, and this is accepted by Lowndes in 1834 as correct without any further examination. Now the MS. Harl. 1303 is on quite a different subject, but naturally thinking the number was wrong, we were at the pains to go through the whole of the titles of the poems in the Harleian collection without success; and only lately, by mere accident, discovered the MS. of which we were in search by a slight and insufficient notice in Ayscough's Catalogue of the Sloane MSS.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — Marie Magdalen's Love. A Solemne Passion of the Soules Love. London, Printed by John Danter, and are to be sold in Gratious Street nere Leaden Hall Gate. 1595. Sm. 8vo. pp. 112.

The first portion of this little volume consists of a Discourse or Commentary in prose upon the twentieth chapter of John from the first verse to the eighteenth, divided into parts, and much resembles another small prose work in the editor's possession, entitled *Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares*, 8vo, 1602, with the initials S. W., which was bound up originally in the same volume. They are both written in the style of the devotional treatises published by the English Roman Catholics resident abroad in the Colleges at Douay and St. Omers, and are full of warm and passionate flights, tinctured with the peculiar tenets of that religion. At the end of this portion on the last page is the colophon, "At London, Printed by Iohn Danter, and are to bee sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious street neare Leaden Hall, 1595." The second part, "A Solemne Passion of the Soules Loue," which has a separate title, is a pleasing and well-written poem in eighty-three six-line stanzas, and has at the end the writer's name, "Finis Nicholas Britten." It is worthy of comparison with his other poems, and contains many beautiful thoughts on the great love of God as shown in his marvellous works, in various instances selected from the Scriptures, expressed in fervid and poetical language. It describes the vast difference between earthly and heavenly love, and the immensity of the latter as exemplified in his sending his only Son into the world to die for man's sin. Fond of alliteration as this author was, it is to be observed there is an unusual proportion of it in this poem, but in other respects it has the common characteristics of Breton's style. In proof of the former the two opening lines may be selected:

> Awake my *s*oule out of the *s*leepe of *s*inne
> And *s*hake off *s*louth the *s*ubiect of thy *s*hame
> Search out the way &c.

And the author's challenge to his poetical brethren to compare their earthly and fanciful raptures with his divine love, may serve as a specimen of the style of the poem:

> Come Poets, yee that fill the world with fancies
> Whose fauning Muses shew but madding fits
> Which all too soone do fall into those franzies,
> That are begotten by mistaking wits:

Lay downe your liues, compare your loue with mine,
And say whose vertue is the true diuine.

For further tryall let me giue you leaue
To add a truth vnto your ydle storyes,
Wherewith so oft you doo the world deceaue,
And gayne your selues but ill conceyted gloryes:
Yet when you see where sweetest sights are showne,
Looke on my loue, and blush to see your owne.

With sunny beautyes let your loues be blest,
The sunne doth fetch his light but from my loue,
You haue your wonders from the Phœnix nest,
Mine honour liues but in the heauens aboue:
Your Muses doo your Ladyes prayses sing,
The Aungels sing in glory of my King.

The earth, alas! from whence your loues receiue
Their flowers and sweets, their pearles and precious stones,
To decke themselues, with which they doo deceiue,
The blinded spirits of the simple ones:
This earth from whence their outward graces spring,
Is but the footstoole of my heauenly King.

And if he so hath deckt the earth below,
Imagine then the glory of his seate,
Which may perswade where Aungels tremble so,
For humane eyes the glory is too great:
For where the sunne, the moone, and starres haue light,
For natures eyes the beauty is too bright.

And who doth liue that euer ye did loue,
But that ye could theyr fayrest fayre vnfolde,
And my fayre loue, let fayrest truth approue,
No eye can liue in glory to behold:
Your clearest beauty is with age declining,
My loues bright glory is for euer shining.

The attributes and perfections of the Deity are pleasingly set forth and enumerated in these ensuing stanzas, with which we shall conclude our extracts from the volume:

Before all times, all thoughts, all things he was,
And euer is, and will be aye the same,
That doth in wonder, wonders wonder passe,
In truths high triumph of eternall fame:
Where life, and loue, in grace and glory crownd,
Doo sway the Scepter of the heauens renownd.

Now what he was, cannot be comprehended,
Who in himselfe doth all things comprehend,
And when that all things shall be wholly ended,
Himselfe, his word, his will shall neuer end:
Whose gratious life, all glorious loue beginning,
Doth adde all grace, and endles glory winning.

The high Creator of all creatures liuing,
The sweete Redeemer of his seruants lost,
The glorious grace, all grace and glory giuing,
The ioy of ioyes, that glads the spirit most:
The loue of life, and life of loue indeede,
'Gainst death and hell, that stands the soule in steede.

His seate is heauen, the earth his footstoole is,
His chiefest dwelling with his soules elected,
His joy to loue, and to be lou'de of his,
His fauour, life, vnto his loues affected:
His word is truth, which doth the spirit try,
Where fruitfull faith shall liue and neuer dye.

The editor had for some years been possessed of a copy of the latter portion of this rare volume, which was perfect as far as related to the poem, and had formerly belonged to young Ireland, having the usual green livery of his books. It was afterwards in the collection of Mr. Caldecot, and was the only one the editor ever heard of. The late Mr. Rodd fortunately met with a volume from a sale in Ireland, containing the former part of the work, and almost the last communication made by him before his death was to announce the intelligence of his having found this work, and to make an offer of it to the editor, of which he gladly availed himself. The present copy has thus been rendered perfect, and is the only one known.

Collation: The first tract — Title A 2; Sig. A to E 8, in eights; pp. 80. The latter, F 1 to G 8, in eights; pp. 32.

Bound by Hayday. In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton (Nicholas.) — The Wil of Wit, Wits Will, or Wils Wit, chuse you whether. Containing five discourses, the effects whereof follow. Reade and iudge. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman.

Non hà, che non sà.

London: Printed by Thomas Creede. 1599. 4to.

Now first reprinted from the rare edition of 1599. Edited by James O. Halliwell Esq., F.R.S. London: Printed by Thomas Richards, 37, Great Queen Street, 1860. 4to. pp. 204.

The original edition of this work, one of the earliest of Breton's productions, was licensed to William Wrighte on September 7th, 1580, and was most probably printed in that year, as it is mentioned by Richard Madox in his curious diary in 1582, and may have been seen by him in print, although no copy with that date is at present known. The earliest impression noticed by bibliographers is one published in 1597, 4to. It was again printed in 1599, 4to, from a copy of which the present reprint was taken. It seems probable also that another edition was put forth by Breton early in the next century, of which nothing is now known, for in 1606 appeared a fifth edition as expressed on the title, "Newly corrected and amended, being the fift time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, 1606." 4to.

After the title is a short address "To Gentlemen, Schollers, and Students whatsoeuer," and "The Epistle to the gentle Reader," signed with Breton's name in full. These are succeeded by two copies of verses, "Ad Lectorem, de Authore," the first beginning, —

What thing is Will, without good Wit?
Or what is Wit, without good Will?

The second in four stanzas, which we quote, subscribed W. S., has been attributed, but most incorrectly, to Shakespeare. But these verses are more probably by William Smith, the author of *Chloris, or the Complaint of the Passionate Shepheard.* 1596. 4to.

What shall I say of gold, more then 'tis gold?
Or call the diamond, more then precious?
Or praise the man, with praises manifold,
When of himselfe, himselfe is vertuous?
Wit is but Wit, yet such his Wit and Will,
As proues ill good, or makes good to be ill.

Why, what his Wit? proceed and aske his Will,
Why, what his Will? reade on, and learne of Wit:
Both good I gesse, yet each a seuerall ill,
This may seeme strange, to those that heare of it.
Nay, nere a whit; for vertue many waies,
Is made a vice, yet vertue hath her praise.

Wherefore, O Breton, worthie is thy worke
Of commendations, worthie to the worth:
Sith captious wittes in euerie corner lurke,
A bold attempt it is to set them forth.
A forme of wit and that in such a sort,
As none offends, for all is said in sport.

And such a sport, as serues for other kinds
Both young and old, for learning, armes, and loue:
For ladies humors, mirth with mone he findes,
With some extreames, their patient mindes to proue.
Well, Breton, write in hand, thou hast the thing,
That when it comes, loue, wealth, and fame will bring.

W. S.

The first portion of the work is entitled "A prctie and wittie Discourse betwixt Wit and Will." It is interspersed with poetry, and among other pieces is the following song:

The Song of Care.

Come, all the world, submit your selues to Care,
And him acknowledge for your chiefest king:
With whom no king or keisar may compare,
Who beare so great a sway in euerie thing,
At home, abroad, in peace, and eke in warre,
Care chiefly stands to either make or marre.

The court he keepes, is in a wise conceit,
His house a head, where reason rules the Wit:
His seate the heart, that hateth all deceit,
His bed, the braine, that feeles no frantick fit,
His diet is the cates of sweete content:
Thus is his life in heauenly pleasure spent.

His kingdome is the whole world round about,
Sorrow his sworde, to such as doe rebell:
His counsaile, wisedome that decides each doubt,
His skill, foresight: of thinges to come, to tell.
His chiefe delight is studies of deuise,
To keepe his subiects out of miseries.

Oh, courteous king, oh, high and mightie Care,
What shall I write in honour of thy name?
But to the world, by due desert declare
Thy royall state, and thy immortall fame.
Then so I end, as I at first begun,
Care is the king of kings, when all is done.

The second Discourse is called "The Authour's Dreame of strange effects;" and is a long rambling allegory, headed throughout "The Will of Wit." A new title then occurs —

"The Scholler and the Souldiour. A Disputation pithily passed betweene them, the one defending Learning, the other Martiall Discipline. Written by N. B. Gentleman. London: Printed by Thomas Creede. 1599."

This third part is preceded by an address "To the courteous and gentle Reader," dated "from my chamber at the Blacke Fryers," and is in the form of a dialogue upon the subjects stated in the title. The fourth Discourse is headed by another titlepage:

"The Miseries of Mauillia. The most unfortunate Ladie that euer liued. First found by the said Author N. Breton, Gentleman. London; Printed by Thomas Creede. 1599."

It has a short address "To the courteous and gentle Reader," and "The Argument" in two stanzas thus:

A sweete young soule, in time of tender yeares,
In souldiours hands, escaped killing neere:
And growing on, did run through many breeres,
As in the booke, do plainely follow heere.
Long wandering, in a worlde of miseries:
Loathing her life, she lamentably dies.

Her miseries, in number are but fiue,
Yet in those fiue, fiue thousand haps of hate:
Whiche she endurde, whiles that she was alive,
And dide at last, in miserable state.
What need more wordes, the rest here followes on:
For mourning mindes, to sit and muze upon.

Of this long and curious tale, which is written in the first person, there is an account with some few extracts, in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. i. p. 353, from an imperfect copy. It is sometimes met with as a separate work, as is the case also with the next and other parts, which having separate titlepages were sold singly, although forming only portions of the collected volume. For this end the next or fifth part has a distinct titlepage:

"The Praise of vertuous Ladies. An Inuective against the discourteous Discourses of certaine malicious persons, written against Women, whom Nature, Wit, and Wisedome (well considered) would vs rather honour then disgrace. For proofe whereof reade what followes. Written by the said Author N. Breton, Gentleman.

Hic et hæc homo
Considera quid mulier?
London: Printed by Thomas Creede. 1599."

It has the usual address "To the courteous and gentle Reader," and a second one from "The Author to the vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen," both dated "from my chamber in the Black Fryers." As this portion will be noticed separately in another edition, we reserve our remarks upon it till then. At the end of the story of *Mauillia*, there is a humorous "Dialogue betweene Anger and Patience," "A Phisition's Letter," and "A Farewell." The last leaf contains "A Table of the Discourses," or list of the various pieces in the volume.

Some extracts have been given from the "Wil of Wit" by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 500. See also further the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. i. p. 353; and Collier's *Extracts Reg. Stat. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 122. All the editions of this work are of extreme rarity, and seldom occur for sale. Copies of that of 1606 sold at Farmer's sale, No. 5710, for 1*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's ditto. pt. iv. No. 168, 3*l.* 3*s.*; Forster's ditto, No. 147, 7*l.*; and Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 417, 10*l.* 10*s.*

The present reprint by Mr. Halliwell is handsomely executed in 4to, and being limited to twenty-six copies only, will become almost of equal rarity with the original.

Half bound in Red Morocco.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — Wits Trenchmour, In a conference had betwixt a Scholler and an Angler. Written by Nich. Breton, Gentleman. At London, Printed by I. Robarts for N. Ling, and are to be sold at his shop at the West doore of Paules Church. 1597. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 44.

It has been supposed by some that the amiable and simple-minded Isaac Walton was indebted to a sight of this small blk. lett. tract for the first idea of his admirable and well known work, which has been the delight of every person of pure and simple taste, and of every lover of the charms of nature, since it was first published. But although it is possible, and indeed highly probable that Walton may have seen this work before he wrote the *Complete Angler* in 1653, and may have adopted the general idea from it; yet beyond the similarity of the two works being written in

the form of a dialogue and the general nature of the two, there is nothing in common between them, nor is there any thing to detract from the original conception and originality of the Angler. The present dialogue is in prose, and is written in a punning, fantastic and humorous vein, but without much method or regular plan, and is full of captious allusions and sarcastic and pungent remarks in the conceited taste of the time.

The tract has Nicholas Ling's usual device of the ling and honeysuckle on the title, and has a short dedication "To the right Worshipful and noble minded, the fauourer and nourisher of vertue, William Herbert of the Red Castle in Mountgombry-shiere, Esquire," and a brief address "To the Reader," signed by the author's name. The conference is written like some other of Breton's pieces, in a humorous and metaphorical style, and opens thus:

Amonge the walkes of the wearie, where libertie and ayre are the best comforts of the forlorne spirits of the world, it was the hap of a poore Scholler, (who feeding his imagination with the perswations of contemplation, making his passage downe a falling peece of ground, some what neere unto a little hill, fast by a river side, whose streames seemed to slide along the banks of a lower platforme) to espy a humaine creature, standing upright and holding out his arme ouer the water, whom approaching unto somewhat neere, and finding to be an Angler, he saluted in this manner:—True figure of patience, no offence to your conceit, howe might it fare with your colde exercise? The Fisherman (as it might appeare by his answer) beeing better trained in the varictie of understanding then could be contained within the compasse of a casting Nette, upon the suddaine made him this replie: Shadowe of intelligence, to stay your further eloquence, when fooles gape for flyes, madde men may goe a fishing.

Oh, Sir, (quoth the Scholler) I pray you enter not into choller, with him that meant not to trouble your better humour: but rather doe mee the fauour to instruct mee in the reason, that might leade you into thys looking labour, then to take mee up for halting ere I come at my iourneys ende: I promise you I was halfe afraide, that *Ouids* tales would haue fallne out true, and that *Narcissus*, or some of his kindred, had been so in loue with theyr owne shadowe, that hee coulde not goe from the Riuer side: but comming neere, and finding the deceit of my imagination, confessing my folly, I am to craue your kindnes in a little conference, touching the profit of this colde pleasure, and what may be the fish that you angle for with a flie.

Sir (quoth the fisherman) to turne wit into choller, is such a peece of newe Alkamie, as I neuer found written in the true rules of Philosophy: and to tell truth, as I remember when I went to the schoole of understanding; I found thys a sentence of discretion: It is but a trifling of wit, to bee troubling of humors: but sith you craue a fauourable instruction in a matter of small importance, being perswaded that your hast is not great, nor affaires waightie, if you will sit downe and beare mee company, wee will feede the ayre with a little breath. My good friend, quoth the Scholler, (for

so I would be glad to finde you) to confesse a truth, neither is my hast such but I may stay well, if not too long to your liking, neither my affaires of such import, but that I may put them of for a time, to enioy the benefite of your good companie. Then, sir, quoth the Fisherman, let me tell you, I sit heere as you see angling for a fish, and my baite a flie: for little fishes, as Bleakes, Roches, and such like, a flie will serue the turne: but for greater fishes, wee must find out greater baits: and with these flies we catch such small frie, as serue to baite our hookes for greater fishes. Now, if you can apply this figure to a good sence, I will hold you for a good scholler in ciphering.

I cannot tell (quoth the Scholler) howe you woulde I should interprete it, but this I conceiue of it, that a childe may be wonne with an apple, when a Costermonger will not be pleasd without a whole orchard. I perceiue, quoth the Angler, you are of *Adams* race, you thinke so much upon the apple that poysoned him and all his posteritie, but if one should examine your conscience, doe you not meane the golden apple? Which, quoth the Scholler? — that which was offered to *Iuno*, *Pallas* and *Venus?* — I thinke it to bee but a meere iest, for surely in these daies, and in such Countries as I haue passed my trauaile in, I neuer saw any creatures so angelicall, but they had spirits so terrestriall, that if a golden apple should be offred, it would be catcht ere it could bee thought of: — and therefore I pray you satisfie your selfe with this aunswer to your first figure, and so to other, as it will fall out. — The Angler holding himselfe contented with this construction of his conceit, followed on with his speech in this manner. Some fishes there are that keepe altogether in the deepe, and they we must angle for with a worme; now to this worme we must haue a line of haire, as neere as we can of such a colour, as may best please the eye of the fish to play with. Now to this line wee must haue a plummet, which must guide the baite to the bottom, which drawing now and then up and downe, at length so pleaseth the fish, as ventring upon the baite, aunswers the hope of our labour. Now what thinke you of this figure? Trulie Sir, quoth the Scholler, I thinke that when wit is ledde away with humors, reason may be intangled in repentance; and the pleasing of the eye, is such a plague to the hart, that the worme of conscience brings ignorance to destruction, while in the Sea of iniquitie, the deuill angleth for his dinner. — The Fisherman smiling at this aunswere, fell to him with another peece of angling, in this manner. We haue, quoth hee, a kinde of flye made onely of silke, which we make our baite for a fish called a Trowt, with which wee often deceiue the foolish thing, as well as with the flie it selfe. Alas, sir, quoth the Scholler, this shewes but the vile course of the world, where wit finding out a foole, feedes his fancie with such illusions, as makes him some-time loose himselfe, with looking after a shadow: — as wordes are without substance, when they are layd for easie beleeuers.

In this manner the dialogue is continued for some space, and is occasionally diversified with satirical jests and anecdotes, and in one place by a story of some length.

The Angler then goes on to speak of the properties and services of the fishes, especially of river fish:

I will tell you (quoth the Angler), for Sea-fish I haue not beene acquainted with many: but so farre as I can speake I will tell you mine opinion. My iudgement is that the Porpuse is like a Swine, a great deuourer of Sprats, that makes him in taste so like a red Herring; and beeing serued at a table, he is a good grosse dish, for a coarse stomack. Olde Ling without musterd is like a blew coate without a cognisaunce, and a peece of Greene-fish with Sorrell sauce is no meane seruice in an Ale-house. A Whiting is so old a Courtier, that he cannot loose the credite of his seruice. Fresh Sammon, Sturgeon and Conger are no victuals for poore people, especially for weake stomacks, that must haue wine for their disgestion. Oysters are stirring meate, especially with the help of an Onion. Mussles and Lobstars, Crabs and Tortus, are dangerous for agues. Smelts are good for women with child, and Shrimps are pretty picking meate for idle people after dinner. Now for River-fish, which we cheefely call Fresh-fish. The Pike is so rauenous, that he will destroy a whole pond, and eate up his fellow Pickrell: Mary, the Pearch is so backed, that he dare not meddle with his bristles: the Carpe feedes most in the night: the Eele euer stirs most after a raine, and the Tench is the only Surgeon for al the Brooke: But for Roches, Bleaks, Dase, and such like, they are such little fooles, that against euery little shower, they will be caught with a fly. For their seruices, a Pike in broath, a Carpe baked, an Eele rosted, a Tench sowsed, a Smelt fried, and a Shrimp new sodden, are serued in their best kindes. But of all fishes, fresh or salt, whatsoeuer opinion is held of dainty tastes, the Herring is he that passeth Towne and Countrey for a good fellow; and thus much for my knowledge in fishing.

We add one more extract, containing a humorous and entertaining account of an examination of his son just returned home from the University, by his inn-keeping and beef-loving father:

Hauing trauailed long uppon a rainy day, and after a weary iourney beeing somewhat wet, come into mine Inne, beeing brought into the Parlour to mine Hoast, who it seemed by his sheepe-furd short gowne, to be the Officer for that Parish, I meane the pinching of bread, and nicking of pots, besides prisoning of theeues, carrying beggers to the stocks, and watching of the Towne at midnight, that it ranne not ouer the bridge for lacke of a gate to keepe it in before morning, and keeping the key of the Cage, and the Cucking-stoole, after the manner of some formall Constable; this substantiall Yeoman, who as it should seeme to be the Sonne of some Flesh-monger, as Muttons, Beefes, and such like commodious kinde of Beasts; who together with his In-keeping and the helpe of Maide Marian, a good Hostes to draw on gesse, could with his grosse nodle, making a night-gowne of an oxe-hide, keepe himselfe warme in a colde Winter, and purchase not onely the house that he dwelt in, for this young Gentleman his biggest Sonne, but some olde Ruddocks for his young Roiles, hauing brought up this his heire for sometime at the free Schoole, and a little before his death put him to the Uniuersity, made this cipher of wisedome, to obserue his Fathers rule, in the education of a Sonne of his, who a little after my comming in, came home to his Father from the Academie, as it seemed, being sent for by his Parents against the Christmas hollidayes, to be posed by Maister Parson: but to be

short, after wee had supped, mine Hoast calling for a chaire for himselfe and an other for me, to enuiron a good warme banke of Sea-coale fire, few gesse being that night in the house, began to examine his Sonne of his study in this maner. Come hether Sirra, how haue you spent these fiue last yeares, that I haue beene at no little charge with you for your learning? Let me hear you, what haue you read, since you gaue ouer your Grammer, and your Cato, and those toyes? Sir, quoth the Boy, with a crooked curtsie, I first read Logick. Logick, quoth the old man, a vengeance on it; what should you doe with it, an onely cunning of wit to play the knaue with a plaine meaning; a proper trick of treason to maintaine a lye against truth. Well, what next? Forsooth, quoth the Boy, Rethorick. Iust, quoth the old man, another fine peece of learning to teach a lewd minde to paint out a false tale with faire words: but what more? Forsooth, quoth the Boy, the next was Naturall Philosophy. What, quoth hee, dost thou meane to be a Phisition? Use abstinence and keepe good diet, and care not a pin for the Apothicary. But on with the rest: — what else? Forsooth, quoth he, Morall Philosophy. What, quoth the olde man, to learne to leere and looke bigge, to curtsie and kisse the hand, to be at your siluer forke and your pick-tooth? Sirra, it is not for your Fathers sonne to trouble his head with these trifles, your Father followes the Cart, and thou art not shaped for a Courtier; but well, is this all, or is there any more yet? Yea forsooth, quoth the yong man, I haue reade a little of Arithmatique. That, quoth the olde sir, I shall finde by the account of your battailing; where if *In primis*, and *Item*, make *Totalis*, aboue allowance, I will take you from your booke, and teach you another profession: but what else? Forsooth, quoth hee, I haue a little looked into Musique. How now, quoth his Father, what, art thou mad, to be a Fidler? a head full of crochets kept neuer wit in good compasse: but on I pray thee with the rest. Forsooth, quoth the stripling, I haue read somewhat of Geomatry. Oh! quoth the Father, I like that well; thou meanest to saue charges when thou hast timber of thine owne, thou wilt not be beholding to the Plough-wright: but a little more — what else? Forsooth, quoth he, my Tutor was beginning me with Astrologie. What, quoth the olde man, teach thee to goe to Tennis with the whole world? No, the ball is too bigge for the best racket of his braine: but haue you looked nothing into Astronomy? Yes forsooth, quoth he. And whereto? quoth his Father? To learne to lye in an almanacke, to cozen fooles with faire weather. But what haue you learned of Diuinity? Forsooth, quoth the youth, but little as yet, onely a few rules of Catechising. Yea, so I thought, quoth olde Twagge: Well, this is a wretched world, to see how new Schoole-men haue a new fashion in their teaching; they were wont to teach little children when I went first to schoole, before they learned one letter, to say, Christes crosse be my speede and the holy Ghost; but nowe among a number, Christ, his Crosse, and his holy Spirit, is so little taught among little schollers, that it is almost forgot among great Maisters. But leauing spelling and put together, which is easilie learned in a Horne-booke, let me tell you somewhat of all your studies that you neuer heard yet at schoole, and if you marke it well, perhaps it shall do you no hurt. Begin first with Diuinitie; learne to know God and know all, know not him and know nothing; learne to know him in his power, to loue him in his mercie, to honour him in his goodnes, to beleeue him in

his worde, and to confesse him in his glory. Apply this knowledge to your comfort, and be thankfull for your blessing in his grace. Know him, I say, humbly, loue him faithfully, serue him truly, and pray to him hartily; and so in despight of the deuill, howeuer the world goe with thee, thou shalt be sure of the ioyes of heauen, &c. &c.

The volume closes with this paragraph:

Thus with harty thanks each to other, with a few good words of either side, taking a kinde leaue, the Angler takes up his booke, and away they part from the river side. From whence, when they were gone in a manner out of sight, a certain odde *Diogenes* of the world, like a forlorne creature on the earth, throwne lately out of the fortune of his Mistres fauour, getting a Paper-booke under his arme, and a penne and inke under his girdle, in a melancholike humour, meaning to trouble the Muses with some dolefull Ballad, to the tune of All a greene willow, sitting downe on a little mole-hill, among a thicke growne plot of oziers unseene, in steede of his intended peece of Poetry, writ as fast as he could this discourse that hee heard betwixt this Angler and the Scholler.

It may be proper perhaps here to remark in reference to the title of this extremely rare tract, that the word "Trenchmour," or Trenchmore, signifies a noisy and boisterous sort of dance to a quick and lively tune in triple time, like the cushion dance. It is frequently used in the course of the work, *ex. gr.*: "Made the deuill daunce *Trenchmore*, where hipocrisie blew the bagpipe" — "He that will not curtsie to a Milstone, make musick to an Owle, daunce *trenchmore* to an Ape, and fall to wonder at a Wether-cocke, may hope after nuts, and pick on shells for his comfort" — "At the farther end of the alley, a Bagpipe and a Cittren play *Trenchmore* to a Tinkers dogge" — "Among a number of these countrey daunces, I did light on such a Galiard, as had a trick aboue *Trenchmour*." It is also used by other writers in the same sense, as for instance in the old play of *Ram Alley*, act. v. p. 454:

I'll make him dance a *trenchmore* to my sword.

In Kempe's *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600, 4to, "Some sweare in a *trenchmore* I haue trode a good way to winne the world;" and in Selden's *Table Talk*, "At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantoes, and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony; and at length to *trenchmore* and the cushion dance." The word is also used as a verb:

Trenchmore with apes, play musick to an owle.

Marston's *Satires*, bk. i. ii.

NO OTHER COPY OF THIS WORK IS KNOWN.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves, B to F 4, in fours.

Fine copy. In the original Vellum binding.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — Auspicante Jehoua. Maries Exercise. At London Printed by Thomas Este. 1597. Sm. 8vo. pp. 62.

Another of the small works of this prolific and fantastic writer, of which no mention has been made by any bibliographer. The title is within a wood-cut border, with the imprint as given above. It is dedicated to the Lady Mary Countess of Pembroke, to whom he addressed some of his other pieces, and seems to confirm the opinion entertained by Sir Egerton Brydges and others, that cares and misfortunes and continued disappointments had brought on melancholy and despair, and that the plaintive and touching nature of his writings were occasioned by real sorrows and sufferings. In this dedication, speaking of his temporal condition, he remarks: "I haue soncke my fortune in the worlde, hauing only the light of vertue to leade my hope unto Heauen;" and signs himself, "Your La: sometime vnworthy Poet, and now, and euer poore Beadman, Nich: Breton." The dedication is followed by a short address "To the Ladies and Gentlewomen Readers," signed "Your poore friende or seruant N. B." The work is in prose, and consists of a number of "historical prayers" on various passages of Scripture, chiefly from the New Testament, with an application to each, styled "The fruict thereof;" the running title to the book being "Maries Exercise." There are thirteen prayers in all, of which the following is one of the shortest:

A praier upon the words of Peter vnto Christ in the time of his transfiguration. Luke ix. verse 33.

The fruict thereof: the ioy of the faithfull.

O how amiable are thy dwellings my deer Lord Iesu, how pleasant are thy graces! and how comfortable are thy mercies! more sweet are they to my hart, then hony vnto my mouth, yea sweeter than hony and the hony combe: when thy holy Apostle Peter beeheld thee transfigured, beeing rauished in soule with the sweet of thy countenance, then could he say, heere is good beeing Lord; so my sweet Sauiour, when in my soule I behold but one beame of thy bright loue, I can say to myselfe, it is good being with thee Lord: for better is it, not to be at all, then to be without the comfort of thy blessing: blesse mee therefore sweet Iesv, I beseech thee with the feeling of thy goodnes, the comfort of thy mercy, and the ioy of thi loue: and let mee saie to my selfe, whiles I am in this body of sinne, in this wretched world, heere is ill being Lord, wher I am so much without thee, and onely there is good beeing where I might neuer bee from thee, that being rauished with the sweetnes of thy brightnes, I might make my poore soule a tabernacle for thy dwelling, that beeing clensed from my sinne, by the onely merite of thy mercy, and sweeted in my soule, by the oile of thy grace, in the fruicts of thancks-giueing, I may glorifye thy holly name: Amen.

At the end on a separate leaf is the colophon, "London Printed by Thomas Este, dwelling in Aldersgate streete. 1597."

Collation: Sig. A to D 7, in eights.

The present beautiful and unique copy of this work by Breton is bound by Charles Lewis in Olive Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — Melancholike humours, in Verses of diuerse natures, set down by Nich: Breton, Gent. London Printed by Richard Bradocke. 1600. 4to. pp. 48.

As these poems have been reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges at the private press at Lee Priory, in 1815, 4to, with a critical preface by him, any very lengthened notice of them here will be unnecessary. They are dedicated "To the Louer of good studies, and fauourer of good actions, Master Thomas Blount," followed by an address from the author "To the Reader," and by a commendatory sonnet by Ben Jonson, which is rather superior to the usual average of such panegyrics. The poems consist of thirty sonnets and short lyrical pieces, concluding with an epitaph upon Poet Spencer. They are full of the tender sentiment, and elegance of thought and language, which characterize most of this writer's poems, and evince a gentle and highly cultivated mind; inducing us only to regret the more the total oblivion which so completely shrouds his name and character. We give two of the short lyrical pieces, which, though sweetly and elegantly expressed, are not free from the conceit and antithesis which were the faults of so much of the poetry of the age.

A farewell to loue.

Farewell loue, and louing folly,
All thy thoughts are too vnholly:
Beauty strikes thee full of blindenesse,
And then kils thee with vnkindnesse.

Farewell wit, and witty reason,
All betrai'd, by fancies treason:
Loue hath of all ioy bereft thee,
And to sorrow only left thee.

Farewell will, and wilfull fancy,
All in danger of a franzy:
Loue to beauties bowe hath wonne thee,
And togither, all vndone thee.

Farewell beauty, sorrowes agent:
Farewell sorrow, patience pagent:
Farewell patience, passions stayer:
Farewell passion, loues betrayer.

Sorrowes agent, patience pagent:
Passions stayer, loues betrayer,
Beauty, sorrow, patience, passion,
Farewell life of such a fashion.

Fashion, so good fashions spilling:
Passion, so with passions killing:
Patience, so with sorrow wounding:
Farewell beauty, loues confounding.

An odde conceipt.

Louely kinde, and kindly louing,
Such a minde were worth the mouing:
Truly faire, and fairely true,
Where are all these, but in you?

Wisely kinde, and kindely wise,
Blessed life, where such loue lies.
Wise, and kinde, and faire, and true,
Louely liue all these in you.

Sweetely deare, and dearely sweete,
Blessed where these blessings meete,
Sweete, faire, wise, kinde, blessed, true,
Blessed be all these in you.

We cannot refrain also from quoting the epitaph upon Spenser, with which the volume concludes, and which makes mention of his "Faerie Queen," the "Shepherds Calendar," and "Mother Hubbards Tale."

An Epitaph upon Poet Spenser.

Mournfull Muses, sorrowes minions,
Dwelling in despaires opinions,
Yee that neuer thought inuented,
How a hart may be contented
(But in torments all distressed
Hopelesse how to be redressed,
All with howling and with crying,
Liue in a continuall dying)
Sing a Dirge on *Spensers* death,
Till your soules be out of breath.

Fairy Queene, shew fairest Queene,
How her faire in thee is seene.
Shepheards Calender set downe,
How to figure best a clowne.
As for *Mother Hubberts tale*,
Cracke the nut, and take the shale:
And for other workes of worth,
(All too good to wander forth)
Grieue that euer you were wrot,
And your author be forgot.

Bidde the Dunces keepe their dennes,
And the Poets breake their pennes:
Bidde the Shepheards shed their teares,
And the Nymphes go teare their haires:
Bidde the Schollers leaue their reading,
And prepare their hearts to bleeding:
Bidde the valiant and the wise,
Full of sorrowes fill their eyes;
All for griefe, that he is gone,
Who did grace them euery one.

Farewell Arte of Poetry,
Scorning idle foolery:
Farewell true conceited reason,
Where was neuer thought of treason:
Farewell iudgement with inuention,
To describe a heart's intention:
Farewell wit, whose sound and sense
Shewe a Poet's excellence.
Farewell all in one togither,
And, with *Spencers* garland, wither.

And, if any Graces liue,
That will vertue honour give,
Let them shewe their true affection,
In the depth of griefes perfection,
In describing forth her glory,
When she is most deepely sory;
That they all may wish to heare
Such a song, and such a quier.

As, with all the woes they haue,
Follow *Spencer* to his graue.

Copies of this work are extremely rare, the one in the *Bibl. Heber.*, part iv. No. 165, which was formerly in the Collection of Narcissus Luttrell, and another in the Bodleian Library, being the only other copies we can trace.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to F 4, in fours.

Bound in Calf, neat.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — Pasquils Mad-cappe, Throwne at the Corruptions of these Times. With his Message to Men of all Estates. London, Printed by A. M. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shop neere vnto St. Margarets-hill in Southwarke. 1626. 4to. pp. 48.

Although this volume is unaccompanied by any initials or other marks of authorship, there is little doubt that it is by Nicholas Breton, as we may gather from the Address to the Reader prefixed to his *Pasquils Passe and Passeth not*, published in the same year with the first edition of the present work 1600, in which he says: "Pasquill commends him to all those that loue him, to whom he gives to vnderstand that after his pains taken in his *Mad-cappe* and in his *Fooles-cappe*, laying them both aside, thinking to take a little rest, gat him his *Night-cappe*, vnder whiche, in steede of sleepe, many idle humors came into his head," &c. This seems strong evidence in favour of his being the author of *Pasquils Mad-cappe*, besides bearing marks of his peculiarly smooth and alliterative style, and usual mode of expression. A short prose address "To the Reader" is the only introductory matter prefixed. The first poem is entitled, "An Inuective against the Wicked of the Worlde," but the running title is "Pasquills Mad-cappe." It is a satirical piece in seven-line stanzas, written in a forcible and humorous style, and possessing considerable merit. The satire is chiefly directed against the overgrown power and adulation paid to wealth, and though it may be occasionally coarse and bitter, exhibits great knowledge of human nature, and a fund of broad humour. In the following quotation, taken from the commencement, there is an allusion made to the common custom which prevailed among authors at that period, and for a long time afterwards, of endeavouring to secure the favour and protection of the great, by empty panegyrics and adulatory addresses prefixed to their compositions:

The wealthy Rascall be he ne're so base,
Filthy, ill-fauourd, vgly to behold,
Mole-eie, Plaice-mouth, Dogges-tooth, and Camels face,
Blinde, dunbe, and deafe, diseased, rotten, olde,
Yet if he haue the coffers full of golde,
He shall haue reuerence, curtsie, cappe, and knee,
And worship, like a man of high degree.

He shall haue Ballads written in his praise,
Bookes dedicated to his patronage,
Wittes working for his pleasure many waies,
Petigrees sought to mend his parentage,
And linkt perhaps in noble marriage,
He shall haue all that this vile worlde can giue him,
That into Pride, the Deuills mouth may driue him.

If he can speake, his wordes are Oracles,
If he can see, his eyes are spectacles,
If he can heare, his eares are miracles,
If he can stand, his legges are pinacles,
Thus in the rules of Reason's obstacles,
If he be but a beast in shape and nature,
Yet, giue him wealth, he is a goodly creature.

But, be a man of ne're so good a minde,
As fine a shape as Nature can deuise,
Vertuous, and gratious, comely, wise and kinde,
Valiant, well giuen, full of good qualities,
And almost free from Fancies vanities:
Yet let him want this filthy worldly drosse,
He shall be sent but to the Beggar's Crosse.

The foole will scoffe him, and the knaue abuse him,
And euery Rascall in his kinde disgrace him,
Acquaintance leaue him, and his friends refuse him:
And euery Dogge will from his doore displace him,
Oh! this vile world will seeke so to deface him,
That untill death doe come for to releeue him,
He shall haue nothing heere but that may greeue him.

In the line "The witch of Will, and ouerthrow of Wit," in the first stanza of the poem, it would almost seem as if there were some distant allusion to another rare work of Breton's, published in 1599, "The Wil of Wit, Wits Wil, or Wils Wit," &c. There is much genuine humour and severe truth in the following lively description of the "The Country Parson:"

Take an odde Vicar in a Village Towne,
That onely prayes for plenty and for peace,
If he can get him but a thread bare Gowne,
And tithe a Pigge, and eate a Goose in grease,
And bid the Clearke on Sondayes ring the bell,
He is a Church-man fits the Parish well.

But if he get a Benefice of worth,
That may maintaine good hospitality,
And in the Pulpit bring a figure forth,
Of Faith and Workes with a formality,
And tell a Knaue of an ill quality,
If with his preaching he can fill the purse,
He is a good man, God send ne're a worse.

But yet this simple idle headed Asse,
That scarce hath learn'd to spell the Hebrew names,
Sir Iohn Lack-latine with a face of brasse,
Who all by roate his poore collations frames,
And after seruice falles to Ale-house games,
How ere his wit may giue the foole the lurch,
He is not fit to gouerne in the Churche.

While he that spends the labour of his youth,
But in the Booke of the Eternall blisse,
And can and will deliuer but the truth,
In which the hope of highest comfort is,
That cannot leade the faithfull soule amisse:
How euer so his state of wealth decline,
Deserues the title of the true diuine.

I doe not speake of Bishops, nor of Deanes,
Nor learned Doctors in Divinity,
For they are men that rise by godly meanes,
Who with the world haue no affinity,
But in the worship of the Trinity,
Their times, their brains, their loues, and liues do spend,
To gaine the honour that shall neuer end.

The power of wealth, and the neglect and contempt incident to poverty, are thus severely lashed by the satirist:

But what auailes vnto the world to talke?
Wealth is a witch that hath a wicked charme,
That in the mindes of wicked men doth waike,
Vnto the heart and soules eternall harme,
Which is not kept by the Almighty arme:

Oh, 'tis the strongest instrument of ill,
That ere was knowne to worke the deuills will.

An honest man is held a good poore soule,
And kindnesse counted but a weake conceite,
And Loue writte vp but in the wood-cockes rowle,
While thriuing *Wat* doth but on wealth awaite,
He is a Fore-horse that goes euer straight:
And he but held a foole for all his wit,
That guides his braines but with a golden bit.

* * * * * *

The market doth not serue to looke on mindes,
'Tis money makes the way with euery thing:
Coyne alters Natures in a thousand kinds,
And makes a Begger thinke himselfe a King,
The Carter whistle and the Cobler sing.
Money, oh God, it carries such a grace,
That it dare meet the Diuill in the face.

While he that hath a manly comely feature,
And wisdomes grace to guide the spirite's will,
And with the outward ornaments of nature
To heauenly comfort bends his inward skill,
Although he cannot clime the golden hill,
How bare soeuer here be his abode,
He shall be gratious in the sight of God.

The second poem, "His Message," contains twenty-four six-line stanzas, and is a kind of amplification of the celebrated poem of "the Lie or the Soules Errand," which had appeared a few years previously. It possesses considerable ease and spirit, and is perhaps better worth reprinting than some of his other poems which have already appeared.

In the following stanzas the author may probably refer to the tales or stories of Greene, Nash, Lodge and others, which were then become so common and stale, "that penny ballads made a better sale:"

Goe tell the Poets that their pidling rimes
Begin apace to grow out of request,
While wanton humors in their idle times
Can make of Loue but as a laughing iest:
And tell poore writers, Stories are so stale,
That penny Ballads make a better sale.

Goe tell the Authors of high Tragedies,
That bloudlesse quarrells are but merry sights,

> And such as best conceite their Comedies,
> Doe feede their fancies but with fond delights,
> Where toyes will shew that figure Truths intention,
> They spoyle their spirits with too much inuention.

And so again he appears to reflect on other dramatic writers for taking the plots and subjects of their plays from the heathen gods and goddesses of classical lore:

> Goe bid the Poets studie better matter
> Then *Mars* and *Venus* in a tragedie:
> And bid them leaue to learne to lie and flatter,
> In plotting of a Louers Comedie.

Pasquil's Mad-cappe is mentioned with commendation in that rare work, *The Whipping of the Satyre*, 12mo, 1601, and distinctly referred to in a marginal note at the bottom of the page on Sig. F 3:

> That *Mad-cap* yet superiour praise doth win,
> Who out of hope euen casts his cap at sin.

It is also noticed by Decker in *The Gul's Horn Book*, 4to, 1609, where he says: "*Ille ego qui quondam;* I am the *Pasquill's Mad-cappe* that will doot." And again in another of this author's works, *The Satiromastix*, he says: "Go cover a table with sweetmeats, let all the gentlewomen, and that same *Pasquill's mad-cappe* mother be there." And in reference to the title of this work, there is "Old *Mad-cappes* new Gallimawfry, made into a merrie Messe of Mingle-mangle out of these three idle conceited Humours following: I will not; 2. Oh! the merrie Time; 3. Out of money." Lond. 1602. 4to.

The first edition of the present work was printed in 1600, and no intermediate impression published between that year and the date of the present one has hitherto been discovered. The second part, entitled "*Pasquil's Fooles-cap* — sent to such (to keepe their weake braines warme) as are not able to conceiue aright of his Mad-cappe: — with his passion for the world's waywardnesse; begun by himselfe and finished by his friend Morphorius," was published in 1600 also. It is a book of great rarity, and Lowndes was unable to give the exact title; nor can we refer the reader to a copy of this part. Nor are we cognizant of any other copy of this exceedingly rare edition, besides that in the Douce Collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; one in the Grenville Library, described in the Bibl. Grenvilliana, vol. i. p. 96, as "one of the rarest of Breton's Poetical Pieces;" and the present fine and beautiful copy from the Gordonstoun Collection, at the sale

of which it passed into the hands of Sir Egerton Brydges, and subsequently of Mr. Skegg, by whom it was since rebound.

Collation: Sig. A to F 4, in fours.

Bound by Mackenzie, in Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

1792486

Breton, (Nicholas.) — Cornucopiæ. — Pasquils Night-cap: or, Antidot for the Head-ache.

[Woodcut of a Theatre.]

Non intret Cato, aut si intrauerit
Spectet. Martialis.

London, Printed for Thomas Thorp. 1612. 4to. pp. 124.

Those who have paid much attention to the history of the obscurer literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, must have been frequently perplexed by the conflicting opinions respecting the authorship of anonymous tracts, especially in cases where the decision arrived at from a consideration of the internal evidence, is opposed to the clear external testimony of the period. Thus, in the instance of the tract before us, which has been frequently spoken of as the production of Samuel Rowlands, we have the undoubted testimony of Breton's own words, in the Address to the Reader in his *Pasquils Passe, and Passeth not*, 4to 1600, for ascribing this poem to him:

> Pasquil, ... thinking to take a little rest, gat him his *Night-cappe*; vnder which, in steede of sleep, many idle humours came in his head, which troubling his little staied braine, would not let him be at quiet till he had committed them to the custodie of pen, incke and paper.

On the other hand, the grossness and indelicacy of the poem, for which his motto prepares us, so different from the general style and tone of his writings, which, though sometimes a little coarse, and often humorous and satirical, never verge into indelicacy, and so totally at variance with the purity and good taste displayed in his lyrical and religious effusions, would lead us to hesitate in ascribing it to the pen of Breton. These indications, however, must be received with the utmost caution; and it must always be recollected that the taste of the age sanctioned a degree of licence in poetical compositions, that would not now be admissible. On the whole, regarding the wit and humour which pervade it, as an argument in favour of the attribution of the authorship to Breton, instead of, as Mr. Collier

thinks, a reason against this decision, notwithstanding our reluctance to rank among the works of this author one which seems to be at variance with the pure taste and feeling which we would willingly believe to be his characteristics as a writer, we are still constrained to place the poem amongst the number of his undoubted publications.

It is a subject of some surprise that such a work should have been thought worthy of being reprinted, as it was in 1819, and that in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. p. 170, it should be remarked that "this poem well merited the reprint made of it a few years ago." It is preceded by a metrical "Proœmium" of five stanzas, signed "Pasquil Anglicanus," which is the only introductory prefix. The poem is in octave stanzas, but will hardly bear quotation; the few following stanzas referring to the cuckoo, and introducing the names of two of our older poets, being all we shall venture to give:

Famous Sir *Geffrie Chaucer*, you were wise,
And worthily esteemed an English Poet,
And like a Scholler you could poetise:
Yet once you plaied the foole, I let you know it.
For in that great assembly which you make,
Wherein together birds did counsaile take
You greatly wronged this birds magnificence,
In giuing her so small preheminence.

Reason it was, she should before the rest
Haue taken place, and order in her station;
Both for her voice, which is in great request,
And also for the Cuckolds reputation.
But you no Cuckold were, it may be deemed,
Or Cuckolds then were not so much esteemed:
Or (sure) Sir *Geffrie*, you were beetle blind
In tearming basely such a bird vnkind.

But as for *Skelton* with his Lawrel Crowne
Whose ruffling rimes are emptie quite of marrow,
Or fond *Catullus*, which set grossely downe
The commendation of a sillie Sparrow:
Because their lines are void of estimation,
I passe them ouer without confutation:
Much would the Cuckoe think herselfe impaired,
If shee with Philip Sparrow were compared.

Let chirping Philip learne to catch a flie,
And picke vp crums from off his Mistris finger:
And let the Nightingales sweet harmonie
Winne her the name and title of singer:

These are not all the praises we can bring
To praise the Cuckoe which attends the Spring,
For well I may alleage in her defence
She is a bird of wonderous patience.

Too much it were to reckon all the wrong,
And euerie iniurie doth her betide:
No sooner she begins her louely song,
Which Knaues and Minions cannot well abide,
But one or other Woodcocke that doth heare her,
With threats and cursings is at hand to teare her,
That sure I thinke she could not liue a day
If she did want the wit to flie away.

One foole derides and mockes her to her face,
(As if her words did not concerne his honour)
Another, being angrie, chafes apace,
And with a murren bids a shame light on her:
Then comes a third will neither curse nor mocke her
But seekes with stones and cudgels for to knock her.
Thus liues the Cuckoe, which offendeth no man,
Scorn'd, persecuted, both of man and woman.

Meane while the harmelesse creature (pretie Fowle)
Flies vp and downe content from tree to tree:
Gently with patience she abides controll,
For neuer was she angrie I could see:
But still with meekenesse and great modestie
Well she disgests their inciuilitie:
And not a word she giues them vndiscreetly
But onely Cuckoe, which she sings most sweetly.

This poem was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, nor has it been described by any bibliographical writer, excepting Mr. Collier in his *Poet. Decam.* vol. i. p. 329, who first made the discovery of its having been written by Breton, and not by Samuel Rowlands. See also Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.* p. 140, and Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 298. Besides this edition, there was another in 1623, and it was reprinted in 8vo in 1819. The present is the earliest known edition, though there can be no doubt that it was printed in or before 1600. In the Address to the Reader in his *Pasquils Passe and Passeth not*, printed in 1600, he mentions it as having already appeared. Mr. Collier thinks this work too humorous and clever for Breton, but in this opinion we are hardly disposed to agree with him, as there are several works by the same writer, *I would and would not* for instance, and others

that might be mentioned, which are quite equal in those respects to the present one.

Bindley's copy, pt. i. No. 1201, sold for 4*l.* 4*s.*; another in Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 170, for 2*l.* 2*s.*; and a third in Mr. Gardner's ditto, No. 361, for 3*l.* 10*s.*, which is now in an American Collection.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves; B to Q 4, in fours.

The present copy is bound up with John Davies's *Microcosmos*.

In Brown Calf, gilt leaves.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — Pasquils Passe, and passeth not. Set downe in three Pees.

His { Passe / Precession, and / Prognostication.

London Printed by V. S. for Iohn Smethicke, and are to be solde at his shop within Temple Barre. 1600. 4to, pp. 44.

Breton, under the title of *Pasquil*, having already published his *Mad-cappe*, his *Fooles-cappe*, and his *Night-cappe*, here gives us his fourth piece under the same cognomen, which he dedicates "To his very louing and vndeserued good friend M. Griffin Pen, entreating him in the fore rancke of his affection to march with his kind friend M. Conquest; and commends to the good leizure of his patience, the perusing of this little pamphlet, deuided into three pees: a Passe, a Precession, and a Prognostication." The dedication is followed by a short address "To the Reader," and as it is from this address that we are able to attribute the former pieces to Breton, we think it will be better to quote it entire:

Pasquill commends him to all that loue him, to whom he giues to vnderstand, that after his pains taken in his *Mad-cappe*, and his *Fooles-cappe*, laying them both aside, thinking to take a little rest, gat him his *Night-cappe;* vnder which, insteede of sleep, many idle humors came in his head, which troubling his little staied braine, would not let him be at quiet, till he had committed them to the custodie of pen, and ineke, and paper, which having set downe somewhat to his owne contentment, he hath in diuers Copies sent abroade to all such as will pay for the writing, or els, I should rather say, for the printing, which I thinke be better cheape: to tell you what he doth intreate of, were needeles, when it followeth neere at hand; and therefore onely thus much I will tell you, having past through manie strange courses, and finding little or nothing so pleasing, but tasted like a bitter sweete, vpon a suddaine fell vpon,

Good Lord deliuer vs, and so continuing of his Precession as long as he thought good, growing weary of his life, fell to dreame of Doomes-day: but lest I prooue tedious, I will turne you to that you shall reade if it shall please you, and consider of it as it shall like you, and so for this time I leaue you. Your friend Pasquill.

Another short address from Pasquill to Morphorius occupies the reverse of the same leaf. The poems in this volume are written in Breton's usual style of humour and pleasantry, and much resemble those in some of his other works. The first consists of seventeen stanzas, and was probably intended to have been longer, as the Sig. B 4 is usually left blank, and in this copy is wanting, but the contents of the book are perfect without it so far as relates to the matter. A short selection from each poem will be sufficient to shew the author's manner and character of composition. The first is taken from *Pasquils Passe:*

He that will passe into a warlike field,
Let him not be too rash, nor yet too slow,
Not franticke fight, nor like a coward yeeld,
But with discretion so his valour shew,
That fame may grace him where e're he goe:
Lest heedlesse will do shew when he is slaine,
He may passe thither, but not backe againe.

He that will passe into a Merchants booke
Let him take heede how to discharge the debt,
Lest when that Kindnesse doth for Patience looke,
He be so tangled in a Statute net,
That he be so with cunning trickes beset,
That to the Counter he do passe so fast,
As he can scarce passe backe againe in haste.

He that wil passe into a Ladies eies,
And in her hands wil leaue his little heart,
And yet with all his wit, is not so wise,
As to discerne the sleight of *Venus* Art,
In giuing of the Fooles-Cap by desart:
Let him go better, set his wittes to schoole,
Or else be sure to passe for a good foole.

He that will passe into the Holy land,
Let him be grounded in the rules of grace,
And be assur'de that he doth vnderstand,
What is the trueth that falshoode may deface,
Lest when that Wisedome Follie doth displace,
And Learnings Court breake vp and all are gone,
He passe but for a simple blind Sir Ihon.

He that will passe into a Clownes conceit
Let him take heede he know a clouted shooe,
Lest he be cousened with a close deceit:
When seely Fooles know not what Knaues can doe
With Yea, and Nay, to bring an Ideot to:
But if he kindly know Clim of the Clough,
Then let him passe, he shall doe well enough.

He that will passe into an Ordinary,
Let him take heede to deale with cardes and dice,
Lest whatsoeuer mony in he carry,
Ere he beware he loose it with a trice,
And all too late repentance learne the price,
To know how he that passeth in purse-full,
And goes out empty, passeth for a Gull.

The second poem, "Pasquils Precession," extends to forty-two stanzas, and prays a deliverance from various evils, and from other trifling and ludicrous incidents, some of which are thus enumerated:

From standing too much in mine owne conceit,
And giuing credite vnto euery tale,
From being caught with euery foolish baite,
From setting of my credite all to sale,
From leauing of a nut to take the shale,
From the poore line of the fooles petigree
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

From fury, franzie, and imprisonment,
From fine Maid Marian and her Morris dance,
From the deseruing of due punishment,
From bond, from statute, and recognisance,
From trusting too much vnto fickle chance,
From vnkind brothers that cannot agree,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

From taking pleasure in a villanie,
From carelesse hearing of a sound aduise,
From sorting with the wicked companie,
From setting vertue at too low a price,
From loosing too much coine at cards and dice,
From being bound till folly make me free,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

The last poem, which is continued through forty-five stanzas, is "Pasquils Prognostication" of Doomes-day, which is foretold by such wonderful signs and portents as these:

When Charing crosse and Paules do meete,*
And breake their fast in Friday streete,
And Ware and Waltham go to Kent,
To purchase lands and gather rent,
And Easter falles afore the Lent:
Then, if my Table doe not lie,
The day of doome will sure be nie.

When woodcockes build in dawcockes nestes,
And Robin Hood is risen againe,
And misers churles make merry feasts,
And merchants loose that they may gaine,
When once the world is in that vaine,
Then do not thinke but nigh that yeere,
The day of doome is very neere.

When euery child his father knowes,
And euery man will loue his wife,
And women sweare to be no shrowes,
But husbands leade a quiet life,
While kindnesse cuts off euery strife:
Then without doubt this build vpon,
The day of doome is comming on.

When Newgate is without a knaue,
And Bridewell found without a whoore,
A galley found without a slaue,
A Farmers barne without a floore,
And not a beggar at the doore:
Then let both time and reason trie,
And if that doomes day be not nie.

* * * * * *

When that a beggar braues a King,
And fishes swimme without their finnes,
An Owle wil teach a Larke to sing,
And fishers leaue to lay their ginnes,
When puddings creepe out of their skinnes,
Then thinke as I haue said before
The day of doome is at the doore.

When Swallowes leaue to feede on Flies,
And Asses looke into the ayre,
And Mowles begin to ope their eies,
And two fooles do not make a paire,
And Basenesse sits in Honor's chaire,
And the Lord be seruant to a Groome,
Then thinke vpon the day of doome.

There is great variety in Breton, if all the publications contained in the lists of those attributed to his pen in Ritson or Lowndes were really written by him. The humour and mirth displayed in some of his pieces, the broad vein of satire and merriment — almost amounting to coarseness and indelicacy in others, as contrasted with the purity and piety of his religious poems — are extremely striking, and would lead us almost to imagine that they were not all the production of one and the same pen. But with regard to those which were published under the name of "Pasquil," they are expressly claimed by him, as we have already seen, and his right of authorship, as to these at least, must be admitted.

Mr. Haslewood has noticed this volume in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. ii. p. 232. It is of great rarity; and besides the present copy, which was purchased at Mr. Heber's sale, pt. viii. No. 226, for 3*l.* 11*s.*, we can only trace one other which was successively in the collections of the Marquis of Blandford (No. 3329, 5*l.* 18*s*), Perry (pt. i. No. 599, 8*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*), and Jolley

* The reader may here refer to the Fool's Prophecy in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. ii.

(pt. ii. No. 422, 9*l.* 5*s.*), and is now in the library at Brittwell House, Buckinghamshire.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to F 4, in fours.
Half-bound in Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS).—The Passion of a Discontented Minde. London, printed by V. S. for Iohn Bailey, and are to be sold at his shop at the doore of the vi. Clarks in Chancerie lane. 1601. 4to, pp. 24.

Although this poem does not contain the author's name, nor even his initials, and although we have no actual proof that it was composed by him, nor anything to identify it with his name, yet it has all the marks of Breton's style, and is usually attributed to his pen by competent bibliographers. Judging also from internal evidence, and comparing it attentively with others of the same author's acknowledged productions, we believe we are right in ascribing it to him. It apparently wants a leaf of introduction, but not being able to collate it with another copy, the present being the only known copy of this edition of 1601, and not having seen the one of 1602, of which there is a copy in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library, we are unable to state whether any dedication or address has ever been prefixed.

The title is within an ornamented border, with Simmes the printer's device in the centre of the page. The poem commences at once after the title. It is composed in six-line stanzas, extending to sixty-three in all, and contains the passionate wailings of a depressed and discontented mind, grieved and overcome with sorrow and contrition at the sins and failings of an erring life. We give the opening stanzas:

From silent night, true Register of mones;
From saddest soule, consum'd with deepest sins;
From hart quite rent, with sighs and hevy grones,
My wailing Muse her wofull worke beginnes:
And to the world brings tunes of sad despaire,
Sounding nought else but sorrow, griefe, and care.

Sorrow, to see my sorrowes cause augmented,
And yet lesse sorrowfull, were my sorrowes more;
Griefe, that my griefe, with griefe is not preuented;
For griefe it is must ease my grieved sore.

Thus griefe and sorrow cares but how to grieve;
For griefe and sorrow must my cares releeve.

The wound fresh bleeding must be stancht with teares,
Teares cannot come, vnlesse some griefe preceed;
Griefes come but slacke, which doth increase my feares;
Feares, lest for want of helpe I still should bleed.
Do what I can to lengthen my liue's breath,
If teares be wanting, I shal bleed to death.

Thou deepest Searcher of each secret thought,
Infuse in me thy all-affecting grace;
So shall my workes to good effects be brought,
While I peruse my vgly sinnes aspace;
Whose staining filth so spotted hath my soule,
As nought will waste, but teares of inward dole.

O that the learned Poets of this time
(Who in a loue-sicke line so well indite)
Would not consume good wit in hatefull Rime,
But would with care some better subiect write;
For if their musicke please in earthly things,
Well would it sound if strain'd with heauenly strings.

But woe it is to see fond worldlings vse
Who most delight in things that vainest be;
And without feare worke Virtues foule abuse,
Scorning soules rest, and al true piety:
As if they made account neuer to parte
From this fraile life, the pilgrimage of smart.

Such is the nature of our foolish kinde,
When practis'd sinne, hath deeply taken roote,
The way to penance due is hard to finde;
Repentance, held a thing of little boote.
For contrite teares, soules health, and angels ioy,
Most men account a meere phantastike toy.

There is often great beauty and moral force in Breton's touching and pathetic pen; witness the following verse on the powerful and moving effect of tears:

Teares are the key that ope the way to blisse,
The holy water quenching heau'ns quicke fire;
The atonement true twixt God and our amisse;
The Angels drinke, the blessed Saints desire:
The ioy of Christ, the balme of grieued hart,
The spring of life, the ease of eu'ry smart.

A few more stanzas on the sad and demoralizing effects of evil company are subjoined as a further specimen of the fluency and moral tendency of the author's fertile pen in this poem:

Our first borne sire, first breeder of mans thrall
For one bare sinne was of perfection reft,
And all mankinde were banisht by his fall
From Paradise, and vnto sorrowe left:
If he for one, and all for him feele paine,
Then, for so many, what should I sustaine?

The Angells made to attend on God in glorie,
Were thrust from heau'n, and only for one sinne,
That but in thought (for so recordes the storie)
For which they still in lasting darkenesse bin:
If those, once glorious, thus tormented be,
I (basest slaue) what will become of me?

What will become of me, that not in thought,
In thought alone, but in each worde and deed;
A thousand thousand deadly sinnes haue wrought,
And still doe worke, whereat my hart doth bleed;
For euen now, in this my sad complaining,
With new made sins, my flesh my soule is staining.

O that I were remou'd to some close caue,
Where all alone retired from delight,
I might my sighes and teares vntroubled haue,
And neuer come in wretched worldlings sight;
Whose ill bewitching company still brings
Deepe prouocation, whence great danger springs.

Ill company, the cause of many woes,
The sugred baite, that hideth poysned hooke;
The rocke vnseene, that shipwrackt soules orethrowes,
The weeping crocodile that killes with looke,
The readiest steppe to ruine and decay;
Graces confounder, and helles nearest way.

The volume concludes with two stanzas resembling some others scattered through the works of this author, which convey to the reader's mind a strong impression that he was relating the circumstances and feelings of his own real life; and that they were expressive of the grief and passion of a "sinne sicke soule" weighed down by the heartfelt sorrows of a sad and guilty conscience:

No farre fetcht story haue I now brought home,
Nor taught to speake more language than his mothers,
No long done Poem is from darknesse come
To light againe, it's ill to fetch from others:
The song I sing, is made of heart-bred sorrow,
Which pensive Muse from pining soule doth borrow.

I sing not, I, of wanton loue-sicke laies
Of trickling toyes, to feed fantasticke eares,
My Muse respects no flatt'ring tattling praise;
A guiltie conscience this sad passion beares;
My sinne sicke soule, with sorrow woe begone,
Lamenting thus a wretched deede mis-done.

We do not find a copy of any impression of this work in the British Museum. The edition of 1602, 4to, is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, but it is believed that this copy of the edition of 1601 is unique. It was again reprinted by Nicholas Okes for Samuell Albyn in 1621, 4to, also without any prefix. A copy of this edition is priced at 4*l.* 4*s.* in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet* No. 529, and has been noticed by Mr. Park in *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 419.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves; B to D ii., in fours.

The present copy has been beautifully restored by Mr. Harris, and is bound by Bedford

In Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — A Dialogue full of pithe and pleasure: betweene three Phylosophers: *Antonio, Meandro,* and *Dinarco:* Vpon the Dignitie, or Indignitie of Man. Partly Translated out of Italian and partly set downe by way of observation. By Nicholas Breton, Gentleman.

Dignus honore pius,
Gloria sola Deus.

London, Printed by T. C. for Iohn Browne, and are to be solde at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard in Fleet-streete. 1603, 4to **blk. lett.** pp. 38.

In the dedication of this little prose tract, "To the Right Worshipfull the louer of all good spirites, and nourisher of all good studies, Iohn Linewray,

Esquier, Maister Surucior generall of all her Maiesties Ordnance," Breton acknowledges that he drew the greatest portion of his material from the Italian:

> The greatest part of this booke was in Italian, dedicated to a man of much esteeme. in the Dukedome of *Florence*, and this booke in this our language, I haue thought good here in England, to present to your worthinesse of a better worke, in this her Maiesties Royall Tower of London: — in which, as by your continuall trauels in your place, you doubtlesse deserue no lesse gracious regarde of the greatest, then account with the wisest.

A short address "To the Reader" is the only other prefix. There is a good deal of religious feeling and also of humour in this tract, which strongly resembles some other prose pieces by Breton, conducted by dialogue in a similar style. The author in this, as in another of his works, is conspicuous for his loyalty, and is highly laudatory of the virtues and talents of our great maiden Queen, upon whom he pronounces a warm eulogium, as the following quotation, which is a fair specimen of the tract, will amply testify:

> If shee be a Queene, I say not only with *Antonio*, God preserue her, but knowing such a Queene in a little, but I may say, a greatly blessed Ilande, whome according to the excellencie of her nature, the heauēs haue worthily named *Bazilethea*: — I say such a Queene, as not the greatest Monarchie in the worlde hath the like, to loue and honour.
>
> Let me say thus much ~~in~~ her due, that what dignitie soeuer may be iustly giuen unto man aboue all other creatures, that and much more may be giuen unto her Maiestie aboue all other: — who in all the iudgements of ~~the~~ worthiest wittes on the earth, is worthily held, not only the Grace of all her Court, but under heauen the very glorie of her kingdome: — whose patience in all trouble, whose temper in all passion, whose bountie to the well deseruing, and iustice ouer the obstinate, whose mercy to the offendant, and loue to the vertuous: — whose beautie in nature, whose wisedome in iudgement, whose magnanimitie in daungers, and constancy in religion, whose prouidence in care, and resolution in performance, makes her the true figure of the Phœnix, and the worthy honoured wonder of the world: — whose praises so farre passe the reach of humane reason to set downe, that admiration may rather contemplate, then conceit expresse them: — for while the wise serue, the vertuous loue, the valiant feare, and the mightie admire.

A tract on this subject of *The Dignitie of Man*, published in 1612, 4to, is assigned to Anthony Nixon, who may probably have acquired his materials from the same source as Breton, the Italian tales and novels, being the great storehouse from which many of our English writers at that period obtained their chief subjects. Our frequent communications with Italy, and knowledge of the Italian language, rendered their literature fashionable, and

gave a new impulse to our authors and translators of no small importance to our own literature. See the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. i. p. 458; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. viii. No. 227, 1*l.* 10s.; Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 425.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to E 4, in fours.

In Calf, carmine edges.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — A Dialogue full of pithe and pleasure: between three Phylosophers: *Antonio, Meandro, and Dinarco:* Vpon the Dignitie, or Indignitie of Man. Partly Translated out of Italian, and partly set downe by way of obseruation. By Nicholas Breton, Gentleman.

Dignus honore pius,
Gloria sola Deus.

London, Printed by T. C. for Iohn Browne, and are to be solde at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-street. 1603, 4to blk. lett. pp. 40.

Another copy of the same work, which does not appear to have been ever reprinted. The present very fine copy of this little tract has the blank leaf at the beginning Sig. A i, frequently missing, and is

Bound by Bedford, in Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — A Mad World my Masters, Mistake me not. Or, A Merry Dialogue betweene two Trauellers, the Taker and Mistaker: — Being very Delightfull, Pleasant, and Profitable to all. London, Printed by R. Raworth for J. S. 1635, sm. 8vo, pp. 108.

This is another little prose work by Breton of unfrequent occurrence, of which the first edition is dated in 1603, 4to. It has a short address "To the Reader," with the author's name in full at the end; and the work consists of a dialogue or conversation between two old friends, Dorindo and Lorenzo, who meet after a long absence, and talk over the adventures that befell them in their travels in foreign countries. Dorindo, the Mistaker, commences with an account of the various mistakes and errors into which he stumbled in his estimate of the characters of the persons he met with

abroad. His first mistake, after being shipwrecked in a violent storm, was in supposing that a sailor's life consisted only of pleasure and fair weather. His second was in expecting the mansion of the noble to be full of hospitality, and discovering it to be only a mock-begger* hall. Other mistakes were in taking the great and wealthy to be charitable, and finding them haughty and contemptuous; that women were loving and kind, and finding them false and covetous, and so forth. As an example of the style and humour of the work, we are induced to quote one of these stories, which is called "The Mistaking of a Divine:"

It was my hap in a little field neare unto a Church in a countrey Towne, to overtake a little old man in a gowne, a wide cassock, a night-cap, and a corner-cap, by his habit seeming to be a Divine; of whom I was in hope to find that sacred fruit of Charity, that might be some comfort in my returne: whom beginning to salute with a few Latine words; — My friend quoth he, do not deceive yourselfe, I understand not your Greeke; We here, that dwell farre from the City, and are not troubled with fine eares to our reading, care for no more but to discharge our duties in our places, I meane of a Vicar, for I am no better; the Parson is a man of greater place, and of faire possessions, who dwelleth a great way hence, and therefore seldom comes into this countrey. I use twice a yeere to bring him his rent, and perhaps a couple of Capons against Christmasse for my Landlady, and that is as much as they look for. And for my Parishioners, they are a kind of people that love a pot of Ale better then a Pulpit, and a Corne-ricke better then a Church-door; who comming to divine service more for fashion then devotion, are contented after a little capping and kneeling, coughing and spitting, to helpe me to sing out a Psalme, and sleepe at the second Lesson, or awake to stand up at the Gospel, and say Amen at The Peace of God; and stay till the Banes of Matrimony be asked, or till the Clerke hath cryed a pyed stray bullock, a blacke sheepe, or a gray mare: and then, for that some dwell farre off, bè glad to be gotten home to dinner. Now we that have no more living then will hardly serve to keepe a poore house, are not in case, God helpe us, to doe any thing for our poore brethren: and therefore my good friend, trouble us not with other speech then we understand, lest if you come afore the Constable, he take you for some Conjurer, and so bring yourselfe to some trouble, which I would be sorry to see: for truely you seeme a handsome man; God hath done his part in you: God be with you.

Oh Lord (thought I) is this man possible to be a Church-man, and knoweth so little what belongeth to the Church? Well, this was no little mistaking; — but going a little further, leaving this poore Sir Jenkin to his mother tongue, I overtooke a plaine fellow to my seeming, clad in a home-spun ierkin of russet wooll, a paire of close breeches of the same, a falling band somewhat coarser then fine Cambricke, a

* The reader may see a curious ballad on the subject of Mockbegger Hall in Mr. Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 49.

payre of woollen stockings, and a halfe boote, like a good high shoe. Now this plaine outside, I guessed to be lined with no excellent stuffe in the inside; and therefore somewhat more bouldly then rudely, saluted him in this manner: Good fellow, well overtaken.

This man, under a coarse and rough exterior, he discovers to possess a warm and kind heart, and after being hospitably entertained by him for the night, he relates the adventures of his former life, and concludes by giving Dorindo some good advice:

Heere I liue (says he) in a meane course, content, and glad of God's blessings, neuer in danger to be mistaken, because I trust onely to experience: while doing honor to God, and following my businesse, with the sweate of my browes, I gaine the foode of my senses, with my necessary appurtenances. O my friend, beleeue me, hee that is contented is rich, while he that is rich, is not contented: a little sufficeth nature, and excesse is but hurtfull; beauty but the inchanter of wit; ambition but the overthrow of vertue; covetousnesse, the corrupter of conscience; authoritie, the charge of care; pride, the hate of nature; envie, the nurse of malice, and wrath, the inventer of murther; sloth, the losse of time; drunkennesse, the shame of nature; gluttony, the ground of sicknesse; and lechery, the fire of sinne. These notes when I had taken by the light of God's grace, and observation of times, leaving all extremities, I tooke this meane course: where though home be homely, yet living quietly and contentedly, I find it true, That he who serueth God hartily, liveth happily, and dieth joyfully.

Lorenzo the Taker then gives an account of his adventures abroad, which he thus commences:

My first travell being acrosse the seas, I was taken short of my course, and by strange people carried to a strange place; where being taken for no worse then I was, I was used no better then I should be. But after that I had got out of this taking, I forthwith fell to devise with myselfe, what course I should take for my comfort, and first I would take upon me to be a Courtier, when I would be so gay; as if honour attended upon colours: but wise men taking me as I then was, but a foole, brought me into such a taking, that what with love, and what with sorrow, I tooke such passions, as brought me to a weake taking: and yet I was taken among the best for an honest man, and a well meaning. But in taking my courtly course, my word was so taken in every corner, and my name so taken in every booke, that I grew so afraid of takers, that I durst not almost goe into any place for feare of taking.

Having taken several professions, such as this of the Courtier, the Physician, the Lover, and the Lawyer, he is at length convinced that he is not fit for any of them; and finally meets with a friend who, as in the case of Dorindo, gives him some good advice, upon which he takes his way home again. After a few compliments between the two friends, the dialogue ceases, and they separate.

At the end of this portion of the volume is added another curious tract, called *The Mirrour of Complements*, the nature of which may be learned from the headings of some of the sections, in which forms are given "To offer service to a King" — "To offer service to the Queene" — "To give due respect unto a Nobleman" — "To salute a Gentlewoman with an intention of marriage, and to offer her his service" — "To thank a Friend for some courtesie" — "To entertaine a Friend that comes to visit us" — "When one meeteth a Friend by accident in the street," &c. &c. The instructions given in these forms are very absurd, as may be supposed, especially in that for making love, which is carried on in the form of a dialogue between Aleander and Clarinda, and a portion of which has been given by Mr. Collier in his account of the work in the *Poetical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 333.

Middleton wrote a play called *A Mad World my Masters*, which was published in 1608, 4to, but it has nothing in common with the present work beyond the title.

A copy of the first edition of 1603, 4to, sold in the Gordonstown sale, No. 301, for 5*l.*, and the present copy cost Mr. Heber, with commission, at Inglis's sale, No. 395, 3*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. A to C 8, in eights, the last leaf blank. *The Mirrour of Complements*: Sig. B to E 7, in eights.

Bound by Hayday. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton, (Nicholas.)—Wits Priuate Wealth. Stored with choise commodities to content the minde. London, Printed by Edw. Allde, for Iohn Tappe, and are to be solde at his shop at St. Magnus corner. 1613. 4to. pp. 30.

This is a collection of apothegms or maxims and moral sentences of rather a coarse description, several times reprinted, and of which the earliest edition yet known is dated 1603. It was again reprinted in 1612, 1613, 1629, 1639, 1670, and probably more frequently. It is dedicated by Breton to his much beloved friend John Crooke Esquire, son and heir to Sir Iohn Crooke Knight, and has a short address "To the Reader." The volume contains fifteen leaves, and is merely a collection of short maxims, some of them repeated from other works by the same writer, and some selected from various sources, rather of a common-place character. The following are the last ten sentences:

A faire hand is a vertuous ornament, but a vertuous spirit is a royall treasure.

A sharpe wit hath a quicke inuention, but a iudicious spirit hath best vnderstanding.

He that trusteth words prooueth hope, and he that serueth a foole looseth time.

Without valour men are shadowes, and without loue women totter.

Delay is the griefe of hope, but good neuer comes too late.

That is not to day, may be tomorrow, but yesterday will neuer come againe.

It is a fearefull thing to fall into the hands of God, but it is a foule thing to shake hands with the Deuill.

The greatest proofe of folly is wilfulnesse, and the greatest proofe of wit is patience.

Too much reading is ill for the eye-sight, and too little reading is ill for the in-sight.

Time slipped is vnhappy, time lost is grievous, time well taken shewes care, but to imploy it well is gracious.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to D 4, in fours.
Beautiful copy. Bound by Mackenzie.
Green Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.)—Wits Private Wealth. Stored with choyse commodities to content the minde. London, Printed by Elizabeth Allde, and are to be sold by F. Groue dwelling vpon Snow-hill. 1629. 4to. pp. 30.

Another edition of the foregoing work. It contains the same number of leaves, and the contents are similar in all respects to the former. By being reprinted so frequently, the work would seem at least to have been in estimation with the public of those days, and we have several productions of a like nature in more modern times. Breton was fond of these short sententious and proverbial adages, and is supposed to have published another work of a kindred description, called "The Crossing of Proverbs," 8vo, 1616, now extremely rare.

Bound by C. Lewis. Red Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.)—Wits Private Wealth: Stored with choice of Commodities to content the mind. London, Printed for Benjamin Hurlock and are to be sold at his Shop over against St. Magnus Church, on London Bridge near Thames Street. 1670. 4to.

A still later edition of the same production, and has at the end a licence

for reprinting it, signed "March the 4th, Roger L'Estrange." It has also a woodcut frontispiece, representing a book chapman or huckster with his basket on his arm, and two lines underneath,

Wits Private Wealth and I
Are fit Companions for good Company.

which was lately described in a London Catalogue as a portrait of Nicholas Breton.

Bound by Bedford. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — A Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters. London, Printed for John Marriot. 4to, blk. lett. n.d. pp. 108.

On the title is a spirited woodcut of a man on horseback, booted and spurred, riding at full speed, and blowing a horn. A pacquet of letters is hung at his side, and above, this motto: "For Love, For Life." The work is in black letter, and is divided into two parts. It commences with a short address

To the Reader.

Gentle if you be, be you so, gentle Reader; you shall understand, that I know not when, there came a *Poste*, I know not whence, was going I know not whither, and carried I know not what. But in his way, I know not how, it was his hap with lack of heed, to let fall a Packet of Idle Papers, the superscription wherof being only to him that finds it, being my fortune to light on it, seeing no greater style in the direction, fell to opening of the inclosure, in which I found divers Letters written, to whom, or from whom I could not learne. Now for the contents of the circumstances, when you have read them, iudge of them; and as you like them, regard them: And for my selfe, hearing you liked well of this first Part, I haue adventured a second, which here I present you with, both in one: but fearing to be too tedious in this Letter, lest you like the worse of those which follow, I rest as I have reason, yours N. B.

From the concluding sentence of this address we are led to infer that Breton had published an earlier edition of the first part, and that he had now added a second, and printed them both in one. The address is followed by a list of "The Contents of the first Booke." The letters extend to forty-eight pages, and are of a very miscellaneous kind. They occasionally contain notices of passing events, and allusions to the manners and customs of the period.

The woodcut is repeated on the title to the second part, which is said to be "Newly Imprinted." This has also a short address "To the Reader,"

signed in full Nicholas Breton, and a table of contents. One or two of the letters have the initials N. B. These are longer, and appear to be written with more feeling and earnestness than the others, and as if they were the real exponents and genuine confessions of the mind and sentiments of the author. Of this kind are the letters "To his deare friend Master F. R. at his Lodging in the Temple," p. 63, and "To my dearest beloved friend on earth H. W.," p. 69. Mr. Fry, in his *Bibliogr. Memoranda*, p. 209, has particularly noticed the latter, and agrees in believing that the initials N. B. here used refer to the author, "and shew by their adoption a wish to be understood as pouring forth the overflowing feelings of his own mind, and mentions some striking and important particulars of his history." Mr. Fry has quoted a portion of this letter, which is too remarkable to be passed over here, and may also serve as a specimen of the work:—

I liue as without life, pleasured in nothing, crossed in al hopes, put in many feares, languishing in many sorrowes, and troubled with the griefe of a wounded conscience: not with the horrour of Murther, the feare of Treason, nor delight of sin, but with the cruelty of Fortune, the unkindnesse of friends, and the breach of my credit, and most of all with them whom I most loue. Oh God, my heart aketh, and blame it not: and my spirit mourneth, and reproue it not: for though patience be a vertue that maketh men diuine, yet there is but one Christ, and men are no Angels: and let me tel the truth, the miserie of my life is intolerable in the sense of nature: for, compare the afflictions of the most patient, with the causes of my passions, and prouide a world of pitie to behold the map of my miseries: Hath one man beene wealthy, and become poore? so am I: hath another suffered wrong? so doe I: another buried his Parents, Children, and deare friends? so haue I: another trauelled farre in hope of gaine, and returned with losse? so haue I: another beene wounded in the warres, fared hard, laine in a cold bed many a bitter storme, and beene at many a hard banquet? all these haue I: another imprisoned? so haue I: another long bin sicke? so haue I: another plagued with an unquiet wife? so am I: another indebted to his hearts griefe, and faine would pay and cannot? so am I: in sum, any of these crosses are able to kill the heart of a kind spirit, and all these lie at once so heauy upon my heart, as nothing but the hand of God can remoue: besides my continuall toils for the reward of unquietnesse, while that which should be my comfort, is my corrosiue: Imagine how with all this I can liue, and thinke what a death it is thus to liue. Oh! for the scorne of the proud, the abuse of the ungracious, the scoffe of the foolish, and the scanning of the unkind: the company of the discontentiue, and the want of the most affected: the disgrace of learning, the losse of time, and the misery of want. If there be a hell on earth, it cannot be farre from this caue of my discomfort: where I am sure, the deuill, seeing my desire to serue God, layeth all his barres he can in the way for my discomfort: but I defie him, and hope in Christ that my liuing and louing God, who hath tried my soule in aduersities, wil one day in his mercie so looke upon

me, that the deuil shal be driuen back from his purpose, and the teares of my body wiped away, I shal reioyce in such a ioy, as, all my griefes cleane forgotten, my heart and soule shal in the ioy of my sense, in the heauenly harmony of a holy hymne, sing a new song of praise to the glory of my Sauiour: for the hastening whereof in my deliuerance from my torments, and comforts in his mercies, I wil frame my daily prayers, and be assured of thy Amen.

This account agrees but too well with some other statements of his own poverty and suffering made elsewhere by the poet, and entirely refutes the notion of his being the purchaser of the manor of Norton, and being buried there. Some of the letters in this work are dated, the earliest being in 1629, and the latest in 1634; but probably these, like the letters themselves, are for the most part only imaginary. In one of them the writer speaks of seeing "the Play of Ancient Pistoll, where a cracking coward was well cudgeld for his knauery," and allusions are made to Marlow's beautiful song, "Come live with me and be my love," to the Morris dancers, and some other popular customs.

The earliest known edition of this collection of letters is dated in 1603, 4to. It was frequently reprinted, and impressions are enumerated in 1607, 1610, 1633, 1634, 1637, 1685, and probably others in the interval between 1610 and 1633, besides the present undated one. The fourth edition was printed in 1607. It does not appear in Ritson in his list of Breton's works, and is only imperfectly referred to by Park in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. ii. p. 123.

Bindley's copy of the edition of 1634 sold for 3*l.* 3*s.*; Freeling's ditto, No. 409, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 1426, 1*l.* 9*s.* The fourth edition sold in Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 430, for 2*l.* 8*s.*

Collation: Sig. A two leaves; B to O 3, in fours.

The Freeling copy. In Calf extra, marbled leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — A Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters. Newly imprinted. London, Printed for John Marriot. 1637. 4to. pp. 110.

Another and later impression of the same work, containing both the parts. It has the woodcut of the mounted post on the title, which is repeated in the second part. It has also a dedication "To the Right Worshipfull Maximilian Dallison of Hawlin, in the Countie of Kent, Esquire."

With this exception the contents of the book are exactly similar to that of the preceding edition; indeed it appears to be the same impression, with merely a new title.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to O 3, in fours.
Bound by Winstanley. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.)—An Olde Mans Lesson, and a Young Mans Loue. By Nicholas Breton. London Imprinted for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his Shop neere the little North-doore of S. Paules Church at the Signe of the Gun. 1605. 4to. pp. 52.

Another prose tract by Breton, inscribed to the same person to whom he had dedicated his *Dialogue upon the Dignitie or Indignitie of Man*, but who had now been advanced to the honour of knighthood, "Sir Iohn Linewraye, Knight, Master Surueyor of all his Maiesties Ordinance within his Highnes Realmes of England and Ireland." A short address "To the Reader" follows, from which it appears that Breton was only the editor or translator of this discourse which he had accidentally met with. It is written in the form of a dialogue between an old man, Chremes, and his son Pamphilus, who after a long absence on his travels had returned home to his father. After giving his parent an account of the experience he had gained in his travels, he relates an interesting story of what happened to him in the city of Venice, in which, under the feigned history of the love adventures of a friend, he pictures to his father his own ardent love for a young lady in that city, whom for want of fortune he had been compelled to leave behind him. The father on hearing his story agrees to return with him to Venice, and after giving him much advice on the subject of marriage, consents to assist him in his views, and the dialogue is then carried on in reference to other subjects.

This tract is sometimes called an Interlude, and as such is included in the *Biogr. Dram.*, but without any sufficient reason, being simply a Dialogue; a form of writing frequently adopted by Breton in others of his publications, in which he was eminently successful. There is a smartness of repartee and lively humour in some parts of the dialogue that is highly entertaining, in proof of which we may quote the following passages:

Chre. What dost thou thinke moste needefull in the world?
Pam. Honestie: there is so little of it, that it is in fewe men's hands.
Chre. And what least needefull?
Pam. Villanie, there is so much, that many hang for it.
Chre. What is moste comfortable in the world?
Pam. Ayer, for it maintaines life.
Chre. What most profitable?
Pam. Money, for it gaines thousands.
Chre. What least profitable?
Pam. Pride, for it spendes much.
Chre. Which is the vylest creature in the world?
Pam. The Cucko, for she killes the sparow that hatcht her.
Chre. And which the kindest?
Pam. The Pellican, for she killes herselfe to feede her young.
Chre. Who is the truest louer in the world?
Pam. The Turtle, for she neuer changeth whome she chuseth.
Chre. Which is the most foolish bird?
Pam. The Woodcocke, for she is euer shewing her taile.
Chre. Which is the best beast in the world?
Pam. The Vnicorne, for his horn killeth poyson, and he neuer hurteth a Virgin.
Chre. Which is the most stately?
Pam. The Lyon, because he stoopes all other with his looke.
Chre. Which is the most craftie?
Pam. The Foxe, when he scapes the huntsman.
Chre. And what the strangest?
Pam. An Ape, because he is like a man.

* * * * * * * *

Chre. Now first to your Gramer rules, howe many parts of speech are there?
Pam. Two, to speake well, or speake ill.
Chre. What is a Nowne substantiue?
Pam. A rich man, for he can stand alone without helpe.
Chre. A Nowne Adiectiue?
Pam. A Begger, that liues of Almes, for hee cannot stand alone.
Chre. What is a Verbe?
Pam. Loue: for when you haue declined it to the full, it makes nothing but a noise: for it hath no substance.
Chre. Wel, leauing further to speak of these groundes of learning, let me aske you, when an English is given to be made in Latine, what is to bee done?
Pam. No harme, if it be well made.
Chre. How doe the Nominatiue case and the Verbe agree?
Pam. Better then many neighbours, that can hardly liue together.
Chre. How make you a figure of a Cipher?
Pam. When a foole keepes a place among wise men.

Chre. And how a Cipher of a figure?
Pam. Of a wise man without money: for a purse without money is a body without life.
Chre. How figure you a Gerunde?
Pam. In hope, euer dooing, and neuer done.
Chre. And how a Participle?
Pam. In happe, done well or ill.
Chre. And how make you a broken number?
Pam. With sighes and sobbes.
Chre. And how a full point?
Pam. At the graue: because I can goe no further at least in this world.

A separate leaf at the end contains the colophon, which is a repetition of that on the titlepage. See further Jones's *Biogr. Dram.* vol. iii. p. 96, and *Cens. Liter.* vol. ii. p. 180.

Bibl. Heber. pt. iv. No. 176, 1*l.* 19*s.*; Rice's Cat. No. 735, 2*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 702, 3*l.* 10*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 428, 3*l.* 12*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 600, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 303, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. A to G 2, in fours.

In Russia, red edges.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — The Soules immortall crowne consisting of seauen glorious graces. 1. Vertue. 2. Wisedom. 3. Loue. 4. Constancie. 5. Patience. 6. Humilitie. 7. Infinitenes. Devided into Seauen dayes Workes. And dedicated to the Kings most excellent Maiestie. At London Printed by H. Lownes, and are to be sold by J. C. and F. B. 1605. 4to. pp. 68.

The present work differs from some others of the numerous productions of Nicholas Breton, in being printed on each page with very elaborate woodcut borders, which are occasionally varied from each other. It has a prose dedication to James I., signed with Breton's name in full, followed by an address "To the Reader," also in prose, signed Ber. N. gent., and by "The Argument," six lines in verse. The poem is in six-line stanzas, and extends to Sig. I 2, the idea of it being taken from the divine works of Du Bartas, which had been published not long before, and were then in the zenith of their popularity. There is a smoothness and elegance of diction in this poem, setting off and giving effect to its moral sentiment and purity of

thought, which render it very attractive. The opening stanzas in praise of virtue we consider to be worthy of anything that this author has written, and will probably remind the reader of the celebrated poem of the "Lie, or the Soul's Errand." Indeed we regard them as so full of beauty, and so deserving of notice, that although they have already been quoted in *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 14, we cannot resist the pleasure of giving them here:

Upon the praise of Vertue.

Oh my deere Muse, that neuer could'st endure
The wicked courses of a wretched minde:
Nor euer learn'st by cunning to procure
The hatefull comforts of a hellish kinde:
But euer hast the loue of vertue neere thee,
Speak in her praise, that all the world may heare thee.

Goe, tell the greatest Monarch (where thou goest)
She is a Queene to fit his Maiestie:
And tell the wisest Counsellour thou knowest,
By her his wit hath greatest dignitie:
And tell the fairest, in her fairest grace
Foule is her faire, except she blush her face.

Tell the Diuine, she giues a glorious light
Vnto the truth of the eternall word:
Tell Valour, she makes but a bloody fight
Except she guide the hand that holds the sword.
Tell all the Artes, their studies are but idle,
Except she hold the senses in a bridle.

Tell Honour that her titles but a tittle
Except she build the steps of her estate:
Tell Riches, all her greatnes is but little
Except she hold her reckonings at a rate:
Tell Loue, alas, his treasure's but a toy,
Except she be the substance of the Ioy.

Goe, tell the world more then the world can tell,
All is as nought, where she's not all in all:
Tell Excellence, she neuer doth excell
But when her Grace doth to her Glory fall:
Tell Truth her selfe, that in her trumpe of Fame,
Her highest note is only in her name.

Oh, were she seene within the sacred sence
Of her high fauour alwaies with the highest;
Where Angels grace, and Graces excellence
Keepe her deere Loue vnto themselues the nighest;

Then would the world all humbly fall before her,
And, next to God, in harts and soules adore her.

Oh, could a King but note her Queene-like nature,
What maiestie is in an humble minde:
How on the earth she makes a heauenly creature,
In being louing, patient, true, and kinde:
And, in her sweetnes, sweetly so perceiue her,
No King on earth would for his Kingdome leaue her.

And could a Queene behold her glorious Grace
How her true Love doth truely louely make her:
And what a Sunne she sets vpon her face
That makes the godly for a Goddesse take her:
She would so truly and so deerely loue her,
That no conceite should from her Court remoue her.

* * * * * * * *

She is not loek't vp in the Misers chest,
Nor lapt vp in the lines of lewd conceite:
Her life is more in liberty faire blest,
Then on the wills of wicked wit to waite;
No, no, it is too mueh against her nature,
To haue to doe with any wieked creature.

When she alone doth in her closet sit,
Heauens open her the windowes of their light:
And Wisedomes spirit doth inspire her wit,
While holy Graee doth guide her spirit right:
Saints teares, her Inke; her pennes of Angels wings,
While to the glory of her God she sings.

Her Paper is a pure, unspotted hart,
Where thoughts are words, writ in the lines of loue:
Where Patience points at sorrowes inward smart,
While ruthfull passions doe Repentance proue:
And Truth records, that Graees eyes may reade,
How soules are heal'd while sinfull harts doe bleede.

There all the Angels, in their turnes attend
To doe their seruiee, in their purest sense:
While, Wit and Reason doe their natures bend
Vnto the life of Loues obedienee:
And gathering so all graeious thoughts together,
She weares the Garland, that can neuer wither.

One more short quotation will be acceptable to my readers, taken from "the third daies worke" on

The Praise of Loue.

O Loue that liuest in that only light
Which giues all seeing to all gratious eies;
But keep'st thy sence from that vngodly sight
That in the darknes of illusion dies:
Lighten my soule that it may cleerely see,
How thou in Wisedome, Wisedome liues in thee.

The Angels can in their atonements tell
How kindly thou do'st make them liue together:
And where the Saints and holy Martirs dwell,
The holy Muses bring their Musique thither:
And while the Hoast of all the Heauens reioyce,
Thou tun'st the heart-strings of the highest voice.

Loue is the essence of Eternitie
That workes the course of Wisedomes cariage:
Where the high counsaile of the Deitie
Twixt Heauen and Earth doe make a mariage:
While in the life of Holines alone
The Lord of Heauen, and his true Church are one.

It is a thought begotten by a sight,
And 'tis a sight that liueth in the thought:
It is a life that breedeth in delight
And a delight that life hath only wrought;
It is a word that by true spirits spoken,
Doth knit a knot that neuer can be broken.

Oh, how it doth a blessed nature nourish,
And how it doth an humble spirit cherish:
And how it makes a faithfull heart to flourish
And suffers not a gratious soule to perish:
Witnes those hearts whose perfect spirits proue
How loue in Wisedome, Wisedome liues in loue.

* * * * * * * *

It brought downe Heau'n to Earth, brings Earth to Heau'n
It walks about the circle of the Sunne:
It makes the Planets keepe their orders eu'n,
And Nature kindly all her courses runne;
It sits vpon the holy seate of Grace,
And with the highest, hath the highest place.

It keepes all Order, Measure, Rule, and Right,
In Nature, Reason, Wisedom, Wit, and Sence:
In word and deede, and thought, by day and night,
In time and place, in Case, and Moode, and Tense:

Where all proportions are in such perfection,
As shewes the depth of the diuine direction.

At the end of the book on the last page is a short address "To all learned and vertuous Schollers, and gratious Studients, honour and happines," signed again "Ber. N. Gent." But notwithstanding this change of signature, there is no doubt this work was really written by Breton, who had acknowledged it in the dedication. It has been noticed in *Cens. Liter.* vol. ii. p. 183, and in *Restituta*, vol. iii., p. 13. The present was Isaac Reed's copy, and was bought at his sale, No. 6697, for 1*l.* 10*s.*; Sir M. M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 549, 3*l.*; Lloyd's ditto, No. 440, 7*l.* 7*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 38, 10*l.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 601, 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. A to I 2 in fours.
Bound by Bedford. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — The praise of vertuous Ladies. An Inuective against the discourteous discourses of certaine malicious persons, written against Women, whom Nature, Wit and Wisedome (well considered) would vs rather honour then disgrace. For proofe whereof reade what followes. Written by the said Author N. Breton, Gentleman.

Hic et hæc homo,
Considera quid mulier.

London, Printed by Thomas Creede, 1606. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 24.

Another rare prose tract of this author's. It commences with an address "To the Courteous and Gentle Reader," and is followed by another, "The Author to the vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen," both of them dated "From my Chamber in the Blacke Fryers, N. Breton, Gentleman." The work is printed in black letter, and extends from Sig. A a a to C c c 4, in fours. On Sig. C c c 3 commences "A Dialogue betweene Anger and Patience," occupying two leaves, which opens thus:

Anger. Fie on the world, the flesh, and the Diuell. *Patience.* What is the matter? *Anger.* The world is naught. *Patience.* It may amend. *Anger.* When it is too late. *Patience.* Better late than neuer. *Anger.* As good neuer a whit, as neuer the better. *Patience.* A crust is better than no bread at all. *Anger.* A crust is hard of digestion. *Patience.* Not for a hungrie stomacke. *Anger.* Oh, it will aske vile chewing. *Patience.* Take time enough. *Anger.* My belly will thinke my throat cut, that I feede

no faster. *Patience.* A little sufficeth nature. *Anger.* When shee hath enough. *Patience.* Then she needes no more. *Anger.* Yea, but where is that enough? *Patience.* In God's Grace. *Anger.* Why, I haue the grace of God, but I want the wealth of the world, to grace myselfe withall. *Patience.* Alas, the braverie of the world is but beggarie before God. And the rich man to heauen goes as a Camell through a Needles eye. *Anger.* Yea, but begging is a vile life in the meane time. *Patience.* Then worke. *Anger.* That goes against the Wooll. *Patience.* Paines bringe profit. *Anger.* I haue often lost my labour. *Patience.* Take heed then how you worke. *Anger.* Had I wist was a foole. *Patience.* Then learne to be wise.

The initials at the end of *The Praise of vertuous Ladies*, "Finis. N. G. Gent." must be a misprint, as the author signs the address to the reader with his name at full length. It was reprinted at the Lee Priory press in 1815 in 8vo, the impression being limited to eighty copies.

The present is a beautiful clean copy of this rare tract, from the *Bibl. Heber.* pt. viii. No. 229.

Collation: Sig. A a a to C c c 4, in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Blue Morocco, gilt edges.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — Barley-breake, or, A Warning for Wantons. Written by W. N. Gent. Printed at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling in the Cloth-fayre, neere the red Lyon, 1607. 4to. pp. 32.

We place this work among the publications of Breton with considerable hesitation, for although it is assigned to him by some writers, and is included among the list of his pieces by Bohn in his edition of Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Manual*, and in the Malone and Heber Catalogues, we have many doubts, from the style and character of the work, of its having emanated from the pen of Breton. It is very different from his usual style, but we know of no other author likely to have written it, to whom the initials on the title will justly apply. The work is altogether of a licentious character, much resembling the *Scourge of Venus*, or *Venus and Adonis*, and is very unlike the chaster expression and peculiarly alliterative style of Breton. It is written in four-line verses, and somewhat singularly for such a production is addressed to a young lady, being dedicated "To the vertuous and chaste maiden Mistresse Eliz. C. daughter to the Worshipfull Rob. C. Esquire, yours in seruice, W. N."

It is not vnknowne (right vertuous) amongst the wise, the sillie Oaten pipe, winded

by a rurall Shepheard, vnder a shadowing Hawthorne, sprouting on a champion mountaine, hath beene as highly esteemed, as the curious strained Lute, sounded by the cunning Musician in the richest chamber of the Court of the most potentate Princes, and that a sillie braunch reft from an Oliue tree, hath beene as acceptable, as the most precious perle dragd from the sands of the Ocean. Then, seeing the zeale lyeth not in the gift, but in the giuer: I shall entreat you as gratefully to accept this my Treatise, as I deliuer it, not for the worth, but as a testimonie of the zeale and duety from me belonging, which so long time I haue studied how to manifest.

This is the only prefix. The story refers to the ancient rural game of Barley-break, which, though now become quite obsolete, was a favourite pastime in the time of Elizabeth and James I. It is probable that the neglect and subsequent declension of this and other similar amusements were caused by the severe and fanatic zeal of the Puritans, who were violently opposed to these popular games. It was also called the *Last couple in hell*, from the middle place in the game being so termed, to which frequent allusions are made by our old writers. Thus Herrick in his *Hesperides* has the following epigram:

Barley-break: or Last in Hell.

We two are last in Hell: what may we feare
To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here?
Alas! if kissing be of plagues the worst
We'll wish in Hell we had been Last and First.

So also Robert Armin in his *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608,

——— flings out of his cell, like a girle at barley-breake, leaving the last couple in hell, away she gads, and never looks behinde her.

The story relates the obtaining possession of his mistress by a lover, who gains his object by a falsehood practised on her father — and the tragical fate of the lovers and of her father, exemplifies the latter part of the title, as "a warning for wantons." The names of the principal characters are old Elpin the father, his daughter Euphema, Streton her lover, Raimon his rival, and the father of Streton. A considerable portion of the poem is occupied with the story of Calisto, related by old Elpin as a warning to his daughter, which is versified from Ovid. The opening of the poem will afford a fair sample of the author's versification.

Vpon *Arcadias* greene and fertile plaine,
Where snowie girles doe feede their prettie lambes,
Where *Pan* and *Faunus* as the chiefest raigne,
The onely wonder of *Dame Nature's* hands:

Old *Elpin* with his sweete and louely May
Would oft prepare (as Pastorals use to doe)
To keepe their sheep, that noue might go astray,
And from the Woolues, that silly flocks pursue.

And to a shade he her would often call,
To shrowd her from the splendour of the sunne,
Leauing his flocke unto the charge of *Bawle*,
A trustie Curre, and wondrous well could runne.

There would he talke of things done long agoe,
When gods on earth disdain'd not sheepe to feed:
O then (quoth he) great grace from heauen did grow,
And *Pan* himselfe mask't in a shepheard's weede.

Then *Hate*, and *Enuie*, all to tatters went,
That now goes pampred vp in silke and gold,
Then milke and cheese the chiefest might content,
And garments best, that best could shun the cold:

Then new wrought ditches kept no Commons in,
Nor gentle Okes deuour'd in *Vulcans* forge:
Ceres of *Pan* the conquest could not win,
The stately stagge in groues might fill his gorge:

Then one in others rights would not intrude,
But each lamented at his neighbours paine:
None gaue a cause to sue or to be su'de,
The weight of conscience wanted not a graine.

By pleasant springs the young and youthful sort
Would sit and talke of their vnfained loue,
Whose simple truth would in a word report
More faith and zeale, then in an age we proue.

A full description of the game of Barley-break is given in the poem, which has been quoted by Mr. Haslewood in his account of this work in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. i. p. 65, and by Dr. Drake in his *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 311. See also Giffard's edition of Massinger's Works, vol. i. p. 104; Archdeacon Nares's *Glossary*, p. 38; Dr. Jamieson's *Etymological Dict. of Scottish Words*, vol. i.; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* p. 41.

It is priced in the *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 1585, at 2*l.* 15*s.*; Utterson's ditto, pt. i. No. 433, 2*l.* 10*s.* (bad copy); Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 619, 4*l.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. ii. No. 381, 6*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. iv. No. 162, 7*l.* 7*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 41, 10*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig A to D 4, in fours.

Bound by C. Smith. In Calf extra, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — I would, and would not. London, Printed by Tho. C. for Tho. Bushell. 1614. 4to, pp. 44.

From the general style of this work, and the resemblance which the address to the reader bears to some others of the same author's, there is little doubt that it is one of the numerous productions of Nicholas Breton, whose initials it was not unusual with him to reverse at the end of his dedications and addresses in several of his tracts. It is not only one of the scarcest but also one of the most remarkable and valuable of his manifold performances, and deserving of an extended notice. Under the above short title is a woodcut representation of a large bee, and the only preface is the brief address "To the Reader," signed B. N., which is given at length in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 392. The work is composed in six-line stanzas, which are all numbered, and extend apparently to 174, but are in reality only 154. For there is a singularity attending this volume, that in the several copies we have been able to collate, the stanzas numbering from 81 to 100 inclusive, are invariably wanting, and have been seemingly designedly omitted. It is to be remarked also that the sense of the passage is continued on from the 80th stanza through the 101st, and, had the others been intended to be inserted, the numbering of the 101st stanza, with which the poem is continued, should have been placed on the other side of the page. The reason for this omission is not very apparent, unless the missing stanzas were too broad and indelicate to be inserted. The signatures are continued regularly, and the number of pages corresponds with the collation given by Lowndes.

The title explains the wavering and indecisive character of the author's design in this singular production, which is characterized by an eminent poetical bibliographer as "not unworthy of the ingenuity, fertility, fluency, metrical ease and moral force of Breton's commendable pen." It is written with considerable point and satirical humour, and contains several allusions to popular expressions and customs of the day. The following extracts from it will enable the reader to form some idea of this curious and humorous composition, of which these are the opening stanzas:

1.

I would I had as much as might be had,
Of wealthy wishes,* to the worldes content:

* And wishes fall out as they're will'd. *Pericles.*

That I might live, all like a lusty Ladde,
And scorne the world, and care not how it went:
But eate, and drinke, and sleepe, and sing, and play,
And so in pleasures, passe my time away.

2.

And yet I would not: for too wealthy then
I should be troubled with a world of toyes;
Kinred, Companions, Troups of Seruing-men;
Fashion-Deuisers, Fooles, and Guirles, and Boyes,
Fidlers, and Jesters, Monkeys, Apes, Babounes,
Drunckards, and Swaggerers, and such trouble-townes.

3.

Besides, I should forget to finde the way
That leades the Soule to her Eternall blisse;
And then my state were at a wofull stay,
No, I would wish, a better world then this.
And in Afflictions, here on Earth to dwell,
Rather than seeke my Heau'n on earth, and run to hell.

4.

I would I were a man of such deepe wit,
As might discerne the depth of euery cause:
That wheresoere I did in Iudgement sit,
I might be held a Note-Book, in the Lawes.
My braine might seeme a kinde of miracle:
And euery word I spake, an Oracle.

5.

And yet I would not, for then, woe were me,
I should be troubled with a world of Cases:
Both rich and poore, would then my Clients be,
Some, with their pleasing, some, with piteous faces;
And when the Rich had left their briberie,
I should not rest for *Forma pauperie*.

We give another specimen or two, taken at random:

10.

I would I were the fairest, sweetest Creature,
That could be painted, with the purest Art:
That Arte might wonder at the worke of Nature,
How so perfection made vp euery part.
That euery Eye that saw mee, might admire mee,
And euery heart, heard of me, might desire me.

11.

And yet I would not, for then, out alasse,
I should be troubled with a world of fooles:
When many a simple idle headed asse,
Would put his wits vnto some Poets schooles,
To learne to make a verse to flatter mee:
As there were no such louing foole as hee.

12.

No, I doe rather wish the louely Browne,
Where vertues Beauty makes the Inward faire;
Then be the gallant Gazer of the towne,
And make mine honor, but a Barber's Chaire:
When none that had, with losse of treasure tride me,
Once finding my foule Inside would abide me.

* * * * * *

74.

I would I were a Player, and could act
As many partes, as came vpon a Stage:
And in my braine, could make a full compact,
Of all that passeth betwixt Youth and Age.
That I might haue fiue shares in euery Play,
And let them laugh, that beare the *Bell* away.

75.

And yet I would not: For then doe I feare
If I should gall some *Goos-cappe* with my speech,
That he would fret and fume, and chafe, and sweare,
As if some Flea had bit him by the Breech.
And in some passion, or strange *Agonie*,
Disturbe both mee, and all the Companie.

76.

I would I were a Poet, and could write,
The passage of this paltry world in rime:
And talke of Warres, and many a valiant fight,
And how the *Captaines* did to Honor clime.
Of Wise, and Faire, of Gratious, Vertuous, Kinde,
And of the Bounty of a noble minde.

77.

But speake but little of the life of *Loue*,
Because it is a thinge so harde to finde:
And touch but little at the Turtle-Dove,
Seeing there are but fewe Byrdes of that kinde.

And Libell against leawde and wicked harts,
That on the earth, doe play the Diuells-parts.

78.

And yet I would not: for then would my braines
Be with a world of toyes intoxicate:
And I should fall vpon a thousand vaines,
Of this and that, and well I know not what.
When some would say, that saw my frantick fittes,
Surely the *Poet* is beside his wittes.

The author, after thus veering about and arguing in this vacillating humour, agrees at length that there must be some place, and some employment,

In true Conceit, in state of Comforts store,
Where he would be, and say "would not" no more.

136.

Yea, there is something wheresoere it is,
And it is somewhere, and no-where, but there:
Where all is well, and nothing is amisse,
But yonder, here and there, and euery-where.
Where the bright Eyes of *Blessed-Soules* may see,
Where all the *Ioyes* of *Hearts* and *Soules* may bee.

He then goes on in a humorous manner through several stanzas, to state what he would *not* be, as thus:

142.

Nor would I be a Byrd within a Cage,
Nor Dogge in Kennell, nor a Bore in Stye:
Nor Crab-Tree-staffe, to lean vpon for Age,
Nor wicked Liue, to leade a Youth awrye.
Nor like a Flooke, that floates but with the Fludde,
Nor like an Eele, that liues but in the mudde.

143.

Nor would I haue the Crane picke out mine Eyes,
Nor Pyes, nor Parats, teach me how to prate:
Nor fill my Pawnche too full of Wood-cock-pyes,
Nor haue *Madge-Howlet* make me watch *too-late*.
Nor let the *Cuckooe* learne me how to sing,
Nor with a *Buzzarde*, make too lowe a wing.

After continuing this jocular strain for some time, he at last wisely resolves to

——— haue another World then this,
Where he would seeke for his *Eternall-Blisse*.

And then, after praying for all estates of men, and wishing that each may have the virtue of some eminent character mentioned in Holy Scripture, and suited to each particular state, the author thus concludes his poem:

Thus would I spend in seruice of my God,
The ling'ring howres of these fewe daies of mine,
To shew how sinne and death are ouertrod,
But by the vertue of the power diuine.
Our thoughts but vaine, our substance slime and dust,
And onely Christ, for our Eternall trust.

This is one of the rarest of Breton's publications. The copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 392, was priced at 15*l.* 15*s.*; and at Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 182, was purchased by Mr. Miller for 6*l.* The present copy was formerly in the collection of Narcissus Luttrell, and afterwards in that of Mr. Caldecot, No. 175, where it sold for 3*l.* 18*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to F 2, in fours.

Bound by Bedford, in Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — Characters vpon Essaies Morall and Diuine, Written for those good Spirits, that will take them in good part, and make vse of them to good purpose. London, Printed by Edward Griffin, for Iohn Gwillim, and are to be sold at his shop in Britaines Burse. 1615. Sm. 8vo, pp. 58.

The Essays of Sir Francis Bacon, which were the original prototypes of these by Breton, and were so frequently reprinted, first appeared in 1597. The present little production is dedicated to Lord Bacon, and in allusion to the many imitations of those which were prevalent at that time, and to the circumstance that he had first led the way in this style of writing, Breton says that Bacon "had broken the ice to their inventions, and that he himself was unworthy to touch neere the rocke of those Diamonds, or to speake in their praise, which so far exceeded the power of his capacitie." A short prose address "To the Reader" ensues, followed by commendatory verses to the author signed W. D., W. C., J. B., J. R., C. N. and R. B., probably Richard Brathwaite. We give the first of these by W. D.

Ad Authorem.

He that shall read thy characters (Nic: Breton)
And weigh them well; must say they are well written:

They taste the lampe; much reading, obseruation,
Art, matter, wit, all worthy commendation.
Some weaue their lines of such a slender thred,
They will not last so long, as to be read.
Thou hast so spunne, so weau'd: thy words, thy lines,
They please vs most being viewd a hundred times.

W. D.

The characters are sixteen in number, and comprehend Wisdom, Learning, Knowledge, Practise, Patience, Love, Peace, Warre, Valour, Resolution, Honor, Truth, Time, Death, Faith, and Feare. They are written in a quaint, antithetical, and epigrammatic strain, much resembling some other pieces by the same author, and full of the paradox and conceit which so much prevailed at that period, and of which the following may be quoted as a short example:

Truth.

Truth is the Glory of time, and the daughter of Eternity: a Title of the highest Grace, and a Note of a diuine Nature: she is the life of Religion, light of Loue, the grace of Wit, and the Crowne of Wisedome; she is the beauty of Valor, the brightnesse of Honor, the blessing of Reason, and the joy of Faith; her truth is pure gold, her Time is right pretious, her word is most gratious, and her will is most glorious: Her Essence is in God, and her dwelling with his servants, her will in his wisedome, and her worke, to his glory; she is honored in loue, and graced in constancie, in patience admired, and in charity beloued; she is the Angels worshippe, the Virgins fame, the Saints blisse, and the Martirs crowne; she is the Kings greatnesse, and his Councels Goodnesse, his Subiects Peace, and his Kingdomes Praise: she is the life of Learning, and the light of the Law, the honor of Trade, and the grace of Labor: she hath a pure Eye, a plaine Hand, a piercing Wit, and a perfect Heart: she is wisedomes walke in the way of holinesse, and takes vp her rest, but in the resolution of goodness: Her tongue neuer trippes, her heart neuer faintes, her hand neuer failes, and her faith neuer feares: her Church is without schisme, her City without fraude, her Court without vanity, and her Kingdome without villainy: In summe, so infinite is her Excellence, in the construction of all sence, that I will thus only conclude in the wonder of her worth: she is the Nature of perfection, in the perfection of Nature, where God in Christ, shewes the glory of Christianity.

The work has been reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges in the first volume of *Archaica*, and has also been noticed by the late eminent bibliographer Mr. Park in the *Cens. Liter.* vol. vi. p. 95; by Mr. Fry in his *Bibliog. Memoranda*, p. 126, and by Mr. Halliwell in his vol. of *Characters*.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to D 6, in eights.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — The Good and the Badde, or Descriptions of the Worthies, and Vnworthies of this Age. Where the Best may see their Graces, and the Worst discern their Basenesse. London, Printed by George Purslowe for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at the great South-dore of Paules, and at Brittaines Bursse. 1616. 4to, pp. 46.

Bishop Hall, in his *Characters of Vertues and Vices*, first published in 1608, 8vo, which are termed by Warton "a set of sensible and lively moral essays," appears along with Sir Francis Bacon to have set the example in this style of writing, which afterwards became extremely popular; and among others who followed with considerable success in the same track was Nicholas Breton in the present volume, one of the earliest of the kind; but which having been reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges in the first volume of *Archaica*, will require only a brief notice from us here. It is dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull and Worthy Sir Gilbert Houghton of Houghton, Knight, the noble favourer of all vertuous spirits," who was the son and heir of Sir Richard Houghton of Houghton Tower in co. Lancaster Knight, by Catherine, daughter of Sir Gilbert Gerard of Gerard's Bromley in co. Stafford Knight, Master of the Rolls. This Sir Richard was created a Baronet by King James I. 22nd May, 1611, and had the honour of entertaining that monarch for several days at Houghton Tower, when on his progress through Lancashire into Scotland in 1617. Sir Gilbert Houghton was Knight of the Shire for many years, and distinguished for his loyalty to King Charles I., and died in April, 1647. A short address "To the Reader" succeeds the dedication. The number of the characters or "Descriptions" amounts to fifty, and they are composed like the same author's *Characters upon Essaies* in a quaint and epigrammatic but clear and forcible manner, as may be seen from the following short examples of a Worthy and an Unworthy Gentleman:

A Worthy Gentleman.

A Worthy Gentleman is a branch of the tree of Honour, whose fruites are the actions of Vertue, as pleasing to the Eye of Iudgement, as tastefull to the spirit of vnderstanding: whatsoeuer hee doth, it is not forced, except it bee euill, which either through ignorance vnwittingly, or through compulsion vnwillingly, he fals vpon, hee [is] in Nature kinde, in Demeanor courteous, in Alleageance loyall, and in Religion zealous, in Seruice faithfull, and in Reward bountifull: Hee is made of no Baggage stuffe, nor for the wearing of base people; but is wouen by the Spirit of Wisedome, to adorne the Court of Honor. His Apparell is more comely than costly and his

Diet more wholsome then excessiue, his Exercise more healthfull then painefull, and his Study more for Knowledge then Pride; his Loue not wanton nor common, his gifts not niggardly nor prodigall: and his carriage neither apish, nor sullen. In summe, he is an approuer of his Pedigree, by the Noblenesse of his passage, and in the course of his life, an example to his posterity.

An Vnworthy Gentleman.

An Vnworthy Gentleman is the scoffe of Wit, and the scorne of Honor, where more wealth then wit is worshipt of Simplicity; who spends more in Idlenesse, then would maintaine Thrift, or hides more in Misery, then might purchase Honour: whose delights are Vanities, and whose pleasures Fopperies, whose studies Fables, and whose exercise worse then Follies: His conuersation is base, and his conference ridiculous, his affections vngracious, and his actions ignominious. His Apparell out of fashion, and his Diet out of order, his Carriage out of square, and his Company out of request. In summe, he is like a mungrell Dogge with a veluet Coller, a Cart-Horse with a golden Saddle, a Buzzard Kite with a Falcons Bels, or a Baboune with a pied Ierkin.

The reader may consult further respecting this work and some others by Breton, Dr. Bliss's edition of Bishop Earle's *Microcosmography*, 8vo. 1811, p. 265, who has quoted from it one or two of the characters, and also a poem by Breton, called "The Chesse Play," from *The Phœnix Nest*, 4to. London, 1593.

Utterson's sale, 1852, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 432, 2*l.* 19*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to F 4, in fours.

In Red Cloth binding.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — Englands Selected Characters, describing the good and bad Worthies of this Age. Where the best may see their graces, and the worst discerne their basenesse.

The Particulars be these:

1. A worthy King.
2. An unworthy King.
3. A worthy Queen.
4. An unworthy Woman.
5. A worthy Prince.
6. An unworthy Prince.
7. A worthy Privy Counsellour.
8. An unworthy Privy Counsellour.
9. A worthy Nobleman.
10. An unworthy Nobleman.
11. A worthy Bishop or Minister.
12. An unworthy Bishop or Minister.
13. A worthy Judge.
14. An unworthy Judge.
15. A worthy Knight and Souldier.
16. An unworthy Knight and Souldier.
17. A worthy Gentleman.
18. An unworthy Gentleman.
19. A worthy Lawyer.
20. An unworthy Lawyer.

21. A worthy Souldier.
22. An untrained Souldier.
23. A worthy Physitian.
24. An unworthy-Physitian.
25. A Jesuit reprobated.
26. A cowardly Cavalier.
27. A Bawd of the black Guard.
28. A malignant knave, a hatcher of plots.

London, Printed for T. S. 1643. 4to, pp. 16.

Another edition of the same work, with a different title, but considerably abridged; the present impression having only twenty-eight characters, whilst the former counted fifty. It has not the dedication to Sir Gilbert Houghton which was in the former, but on the reverse of the title is the short address from the author "To the Reader," signed with Breton's initials reversed B. N. The fourth character is that of "An unworthy Queen or woman," which was not in the former edition. The following characters in the previous impression are not in the present: 24. A worthy Merchant. 25. An unworthy Merchant. 26. A good Man. 27. An Atheist or most badde Man. 28. A Wise Man. 29. A Foole. 30. An honest Man. 31. A Knave. 32. An Vsurer. 33. A Beggar. 34. A Virgin. 35. A Wanton Woman. 36. A quiet Woman. 37. An Vnquiet Woman. 38 A good Wife. 39. An effeminate Foole. 40. A Parasite. 42. A Drunkard. 44. An honest Poore man. 45. A Iust man. 46. A Repentant Sinner. 48. An Old man. 49. A Young man. 50. A Holy man.

These characters form a portion of a branch of our literature which was highly popular at the period when they were written, and are therefore deserving of notice.

A copy sold in Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 433, for 2*l.* 3*s.*

Collation: Sig. A and B, in fours.

Bound by Bedford. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton, (Nicholas).—The Case is Altered. How? Aske Dalio, and Millo. London, Imprinted by T. C. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in S. Dunstons Church-yard Fleet-street. 1604. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 30.

Whatever difficulty we may have had in assigning the tract called Barley Breake to the pen of Breton, we have little or no hesitation at all in ascribing the present work, *The Case is Altered*, to the same authorship.

The imprint and device of Thomas Creed on the title, who was the printer of some of Breton's other pieces; the whole style and nature of the work; the smart and witty repartee of the shorter portions of the dialogue; and the satire and broad humour of the tract, leave no doubt in our own mind that this is one of the genuine productions of this clever writer. For although at the commencement of the dedication the initials employed are F. B. and at the close of it and of the address to the reader F. T. we know that in this point Breton was not at all particular, and frequently employed other initials than his own; and we do not consider this circumstance as having much weight when balanced against the testimony on the other side already produced. It is a short prose dialogue between two neighbours who meet together, and proceed to argue over several pitiful cases amongst their relations and friends, much in the style of the Taker and Mistaker in *A Mad World, my Masters*, already noticed. It is preceded by a short dedication "To my very kind and approved friende D. R.," and by an address "To the Reader."

The nature of the dialogue may be judged of from the opening passages:

Dalio. Millo, Good morrow.

Millo. And a thousand to thee, honest *Dalio;* but whither plod you so sadly?

Dal. I was walking towardes your house, and finding your wife was abroad, I hoped y^e^ better to have you quiet at home.

Mil. You say well: Is it not a pittiful Case, that a man's house that should bee his castle, and his wife his comfort, should through the vnquietnesse of her indiscretion, become more terrible to him then a towne of Warre?

Dal. I must confesse it is too true, I haue pittied you often, but could neuer doe you good: and he that could iudge what I see and you feele, would confesse it were a pittifull Case indeed; God helpe you.

Mil. I thanke you, for I thinke that the noyse of a volley of shot, is not comparable to the roaring mouth of an vnquiet woman; which since it will not be mended, it must be borne, and so forth. But I pray you tel me, how doth your eldest sonne? followeth he his olde courses? will no good counsell bring him home againe?

Dal. Oh, no, Neighbour: I may sigh to heare men say, that yonder is an honest man, yet hath a sonne able to breake the heart of his father: Oh, it is a pittifull Case, that a man should carke and care all the dayes of his life, to lay by wealth for a wicked sonne, that shall spend it before he were ready to part with it: and ere he could leaue to be a childe, be sicke of the father, make matches vpon his death, be glad of his sicknesse, and feare his recouery, and continuing in an euill course, scorne to be reformed, till hauing escaped the Lawe, he growes so shamelesse in his life, that he be loathed of all good company, become an eye-sore to his friends, and a gaull to his fathers heart: when, neither the woe of want, the shame of punishment, the feare of God, nor the loue of a father can perswade him to good: Is it not a pittifull Case,

to see him so past grace, that there is no hope of amendment? and yet nature is of such force, that a man cannot hate his owne childe: what shall I say to it?

Dal. Why, as you sayd to me, let me say to you, a pittifull Case, a pittifull Case, for tis no lesse; A scolding wife, and a stubburne childe, are two pittifull Cases for patience to plead in.

The following is a specimen of the sharper turns of dialogue in the shorter Cases:

Dal. Let us leave these long Cases: and in briefe answere me to such Cases as I will put you.

Mill. As I can, I will.

Dal. Well then, first, tel me your opinion in this: Is it not a pittifull Case, to see a proper man without mony?

Mill. It is.

Dal. And to see a faire woman without wit?

Mill. No lesse.

Dal. And an old man leacherous?

Mill. Alas! poore man.

Dal. And a yong man vitious?

Mill. He will be sped.

Dal. And a rich man couetous?

Mill. Tis pitty that he hath so much.

* * * * *

Dal. And a Goose goe bare-foote?

Mill. It is naturall.

Dal. And a woman weepe?

Mill. It is ordinary.

Dal. And an Asse loaded?

Mill. He serues for it.

Dal. And an Ape cloathed?

Mill. Tis the Bearwards gaine. . . . . .

Dal. You answere briefly, but not directly to my propositions: I aske you if al these be not pittifull Cases?

Mill. No: some are, and some are not.

Dal. Which are not?

Mill. Why a bare-foote Goose, for she can weare no shoes, but she would leaue them in the water: and a weeping woman when she cryeth for curst heart: and a bearing Asse, for hee is good for nothing else: and an Ape in his coate, for he makes sport for fooles. These and a number more of this nature, I thinke neede not greatly to be pittied: for others, you may iudge my minde by mine answeres.

Dal. You say well: and yet let the Goose alone to feed with the Gander: but to the woman, I thinke when she weepes she cryes not, and then a kinde heart will pittie her: and to loade an Asse too much, may breake his backe: and to cloathe an Ape

too richly, is cost ill bestowed: and therefore some way there is, none of these things but are to be pittied.

After thus arguing their pitiful Cases over, Dalio and Millo separate and return home to their wives, and the volume is finally concluded with these few lines:

A merry Case is wittifull:
A wofull Case is pittifull.
The wittifull doth breede but Iest:
The pittifull, may breede vnrest:
Then leaue the last, and take the first:
And take the best, and leaue the worst.

This work was reprinted in 1630, 4to, of which edition a copy sold in Brand's sale, No. 8281 for 2*l.* 3*s.*, and again in 1635, 4to. A copy of the first and present impression sold in the Gordonstoun collection, No. 607, for 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* There is a copy in the British Museum.

Collation: Title A 2. Sig. A to D 4, in fours.
Bound by C. Lewis. In Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRETON, (NICHOLAS.) — The Mothers Blessing. London, Printed for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to bee sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard vnder the Diall in Fleetstreete. 1621. 4to; pp. 36.

A very rare poem, apparently by Breton, written in seven-line stanzas, containing much excellent advice and instruction, and many admirable rules for his guidance in life from a mother to her son. On the titlepage is John Smethwicke's pretty device of a duck with a label in its mouth with the word *wick*, and round it the motto "Non altum peto. J. S."; and the only prefix to the poem is a short address "To the Reader," one leaf, signed N. B. The title forms Sig. A 2, a blank leaf being A 1. The catchwords "If" and "Be" on A 4 are merely misprints. It was intended no doubt at first to print three stanzas on the recto of Sig. A 4, so that the catchword "If" would be right for the fourth. So likewise the word "Be" would be correct for the seventh stanza. The poem entirely consists of a number of short and sententious maxims, and embraces the young man's conduct in every situation of life both public and private. A few stanzas taken at random will serve to indicate the nature and character of the poem:

Heare all men speake, but hearken to the wise,
Learne of the learned, and the vertuous loue:
And let no pride thy blessed Soule surprise
That may discretion from thy minde remoue:
Humilitie is grac't with God aboue.
And Courtesie, with honors carriage
'Twixt Loue, and Beautie, makes a marriage.

Giue not thine eare to euery idle tale,
And trust no more then what of needs thou must:
Set not the secrets of thy heart to sale,
For feare they throw thine honor in the dust,
And doe not loue the treasure that will rust.
Make it thy day, but when the sun doth shine,
And ioy in soule, but in the loue diuine.

Place not thy learning in a Library,
Yet reade, and marke, remember, and apply:
And till thou art a perfect Antiquary,
Stand not too much vpon antiquitie:
Let vertue note the best abilitie.
Be wise in all things, that thou doest intend,
A good beginning makes a blessed end.

The poem thus runs on through ninety-five stanzas, and the mother concludes her "Blessing" with giving her son some excellent advice as to his religious conduct. Then, after enumerating the dismal torments which will await the various classes of the wicked, she concludes with a description of the blessings which would attend him hereafter in a state of bliss, if he would rightly serve the Lord his God.

But if thou rightly serue thy Lord and God,
And day and houre doe sue to him for grace:
When faithfull truth this world hath ouer-trod,
Thy soule shall flye vnto a fairer place;
Where thou shalt see thy Sauiour in the face;
And in that face, that euerlasting blis,
In which the brightnesse of all glory is.

There shalt thou see from hie the day-light springing,
Which darksome night hath neuer power to shade:
There shalt thou heare the Saints and Angels singing,
And all their ditties to his glory made:
There shalt thou feele the ioyes that neuer fade,
There shall thy soule more perfect ioyes possesse,
Then tongue, or heart, or spirit can expresse.

There shalt thou see the bounteous richly crowned,
The gratious Prince in Angels arms embraced:
The vertuous souldiers with the Saints renowned;
The Iudge of Iustice, in high honor placed:
The faithfull witnes, in truths fauour graced:
The Virgins singing, in the Angels quire,
How patient hopes vnto their heau'n aspire.

There shalt thou feele the blessed ioy of peace,
Wherein the life of holy loue doth rest:
There shalt thou heare the Musicke neuer cease,
Where Angels voyces euer are adrest,
In their best tunes to sound his glory best,
Where euery one a blessed part doth beare,
God blesse thee, sonne, to set them euer there. Amen.

The style of this poem very strongly resembles some others of Breton's compositions, and there is little doubt that it is from his prolific pen. Beyond the mere mention of the title, it is unnoticed by any of our bibliographers. The first edition of it was printed in 1602, 4to. A copy of this impression is in a volume in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, bequeathed to that University by Bishop Tanner. The present is apparently the second edition. This was Narcissus Luttrell's copy, and was afterwards in the collection of Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart., at whose sale in 1824, pt. i. No. 551, it sold for 4*l.* 4*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. iv. No. 721, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 300, 10*l.* 15*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 185, 3*l.* 2*s.*; Miller's Duplicates, No. 151, 3*l.* 12*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to E 3, in fours.

Fine copy. Bound by C. Smith. In Olive Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — Strange Newes out of Divers Countries, neuer discouered till of late by a strange Pilgrime in those parts. London, Printed by W. Iones for George Fayerbeard, and are to be sold at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1622. 4to.

On the titlepage of this work, usually assigned to Nicholas Breton, are woodcut figures of a knight in armour, holding a lance, and a man in a cloak and ruff, and over them the words, "The Pilgrimes," of which a fac-simile is here given:

The Pilgrimes.

We are not aware if there was any earlier edition than the present, but it is not at all unlikely, as of several of Breton's pieces there were more impressions than one, but this is not one of his most attractive productions. A short address "To the Reader" of no interest is signed B. N., a practice not unusual with Breton of reversing his initials. The whole is written in a satirical and somewhat coarse style, giving a description of the manners and customs of an imaginary people. In the government of these, certain articles are to be observed, and to be read in Markets, Fairs, Wakes &c., much in the nature of those formerly sworn to at Highgate; such for instance as the ensuing:

No man should blush at the telling of a lie, because it was more common than truth.

No man must commit any secrets to a woman, lest it burst her heart before she have revealed it.

No man must kneele to a dead image, while there is one alive for the purpose.

No man must go on foot if he may ride, lest his horse be founderd in the stable.

No landlord must let his trees grow too long, lest they prove dotards.

No widow must be afraid to marry, because one man may be like another.

No man must die for love, lest a Goose graze on his grave.

No man must denie his neighbours Goose his Gander, for feare of wanting Goslings at Goose Faire.

No man must be too learned, for feare he be thought to conjure.

No man must build castles in the aire, for feare they breake his necke in the falling.

In the descriptions of the wonderful accounts brought by travellers from foreign lands, there appear to be some humorous and satirical allusions to many of the works and pamphlets issued from the press by these pilgrims into distant parts, the purport of which is not now altogether intelligible to us. This first part of the book is in prose; at the end are three leaves in verse, comprehending eleven different "dreams put into rime," containing more rhime than reason, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:

A Dream of a Monkey and a Bee.

A kind of Bee (me thought) did get into a Monkie's eare
Who was more half horn mad to heare her kind of humming there.
He pickt, he puld, he clawd, he scratcht, he mopt, he mowd, and cried
As if his ugly Mastership would presently have died.
But as the Bee came creeping out, he caught her by the wing
Who for his labour in his hand did leave a cruell sting:
Wherewith enrag'd, he eate her up; but yet did feele such pain
He wisht his hand were well, and she were in his head againe,
When such a face the Vrchin made, with such a rufull looke,
That with a laughter at the iest, I suddenly awooke.

See Collier's *Bridgewater Catal.* p. 36, for an account of this extremely rare volume, where it is the only one of Breton's numerous publications noticed. This copy, wanting two leaves at the end, came from the late Mr. Jolley's library. See *Catal.* pt. ii. p. 434.

Half-bound in Russia, neat.

Breton, (Nicholas.) — A Solemne Passion of the Soules Love. By Nicholas Breton. London, Printed by George Purslowe. 1623. Sm. 8vo.

Another edition of this attractive and interesting poem, and of equal rarity with the former, for the Editor never saw or heard of another copy. With the exception of some slight variation in the spelling, and in being less correctly printed, it is exactly the same in its contents with the edition of 1595. The poem commences on the back of the title, without any de-

dication or other prefix, each page containing four stanzas, with a woodcut border at the top and bottom. The prose part of the volume comprised in the former edition is entirely omitted in this impression, and whether it had ever been previously reprinted we are unable to say. The present copy was obtained on the recent dispersion of a curious old collection formed about the time of James I., which contained some very rare and valuable works. And it is not improbable that if a careful and searching examination took place of the contents of the libraries of some of our venerable ancestral halls scattered throughout the land, other similar discoveries might be made of works of rarity and value of our early poets.

Bound in Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

Bretон, (Nicholas.) — Fantasticks: Seruing for a Perpetuall Prognostication.

Descants of

1. The World.	13. Summer.
2. The Earth.	14. Haruest.
3. Water.	15. Winter.
4. Ayre.	16. The 12 Moneths.
5. Fire.	17. Christmas.
6. Fish.	18. Lent.
7. Beasts.	19. Good Friday.
8. Man.	20. Easter day.
9. Woman.	21. Morning.
10. Loue.	22. The 12 Houres.
11. Money.	23. Midnight.
12. The Spring.	24. The Conclusion.

London, Printed by Francis Williams. 1626. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 44.

In continuing our notices of this writer's numerous productions, we now present our readers with a few particulars of one of the most rare and curious of the series. It is in black letter, and has a dedication thus addressed, "To the Worshipfull and worthy Knight, Sir Marke Ive of Riuers Hall in Essex, N. B. wisheth on earth hearts ease, and heaven hereafter;" which is succeeded by a brief address to the reader. These Fantasticks are short Descants or prose descriptions of the seasons, the months of the year,

and some particular festivals; and, at the end, of the various hours of the day. They are most of them extremely natural, full of beautiful touches, and highly poetic images; and independently of the great rarity of the work, they are in themselves highly deserving the attention of the reader. The following is a description of the month of April:

Aprill.

It is now April, and the Nightingale begins to tune her throat against May: the Sunny showers perfume the aire, and the Bees begin to goe abroad for honey: the Dewe, as in Pearles,* hangs upon the tops of the grasse, while the Turtles sit billing upon the little greene boughes: the Trowt begins to play in the Brookes, and the Sammon leaues the Sea, to play in the fresh waters. The Garden bankes are full of gay flowers, and the Thorne and the Plumme send forth their faire Blossomes: the March Colt begins to play, and the Cosset Lamb is learned to butt. The Poets now make their studies in the woods, and the Youth of the Country make ready for the Morris-dance: the little Fishes lye nibbling at a bait, and the Porpus playes in the pride of the tide: the shepheards pipe entertaines the Princesse of *Arcadia*, and the healthfull Souldier hath a pleasant march. The Larke and the Lambe looke up at the Sun, and the labourer is abroad by the dawning of the day: Sheepes eyes in Lambs heads tell kind hearts strange tales, while faith and troth make the true Lovers knot: the aged haires find a fresh life, and the youthfull cheeks are as red as a cherry. It was a world† to set down the worth of this moneth. But in summe, I thus conclude, I hold it the heauens blessing, and the Earths Comfort. Farewell.

The reader may take two more specimens; one of "Morning," and the other of "Midnight:

Morning.

It is now Morning, and Time hath wound up the Wheeles of his day Watch, while the Larke, the Sunnes Trumpet, calls the Labourer to his worke: there is ioy and comfort through the whole world, that the spirits of life are awaked out of their dead sleepe: It is the blessed time of reason, in which the best things are begunne, while Nature goes to experience for the better perfection of her businesse: The Sunne now beginnes to draw open the Curtaine of his Pauilion, and with the heat of his Beames drawes up the unwholesome mists in the Ayre: the Mother Earth is recouered of her cold sicknesse, and sends forth her fayre flowers to perfume the infected ayre: now

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* This image reminds us of the following beautiful lines in the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

† "It was a world," *i.e.* it was quite wonderful. The phrase is very common, and occurs in the *Taming of the Shrew.*

the Sorceresse with her magicke Art puts her charme to silence, and the Birds of the woods make musicke to the poore traueller. Now begin the wits of the wise, and the limbes of strength to compasse the world, and make Art honorable: Theeues now are caued or imprisoned, and knowledge of comfort puts care to a *Nonplus*. The beasts of the forrests use the silence of feare, and the Wolfe like a Dog dares not looke out of his denne: the Wormes into the earth, and the Toads into the Waters, flye for feare of their heads: This is a time that I ioy in, for I think no time lost but in sleepe: and now haue imaginations their best meanes to attire themselues in the golden liuerie of their best graces; to which the night is at no time by depriuation of action. I conclude, it is in it selfe a blessed season, a dispersing of the first darknesse and the Diall of Alexander. Farewell.

Midnight.

Now is the Sunne withdrawne into his Bedchamber, the Windowes of Heauen are shut up, and silence with darknesse haue made a walke over the whole Earth, and Time is tasked to worke upon the worst actions; yet Vertue being her selfe is neuer weary of well doing, while the best spirits are studying for the bodies rest: Dreames and Visions are the Haunters of troubled spirits, while Nature is most comforted in the hope of the morning: the body now dyes as a dead lump, while sleepe, the pride of ease, lulls the senses of the Sloathfull: the tired Limbs now cease from their labours, and the studious braines giue ouer their businesse: the Bed is now an image of the Graue, and the Prayer of the Faithfull makes the Pathway to Heauen: Louers now enclose a mutuall content, while gracious minds haue no wicked imaginations. Theeues, Wolues, and Foxes, now fall to their prey, but a strong locke, and a good wit, will aware much mischiefe; and he that trusteth in God will be safe from the Deuill. Farewell.

This work is not mentioned in Ritson's catalogue of Nicholas Breton's writings, nor is it described in any other bibliographical work that we are acquainted with, excepting the slight mention of it in Lowndes's *Bibliog. Manual.* The present copy was purchased at Fillingham's sale in 1805 for 3*l.* 1*s.* by Mr. Heber, who inquires "Who has ever seen another copy?" There was another copy in Garrick's collection, No. 2383, bound up with some other scarce tracts, which was bought by Thorpe for 9*l.* 15*s.*; one in Bright's sale, No. 704, 5*l.* 14*s.*; and one in Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 435, 7*l.* 7*s.* We do not know of any other copies.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to F 3, in fours.

In Brown Speckled Calf.

Breton, (Nicholas.)—The Figure Foure: Being a New Booke, containing many merry Conceits, which will yield

both Pleasure and Profit to all that reade or heare it. The Last Part. London, Printed for W. Gilbertson, at the signe of the Bible in Guilt-spur-street without New-gate. 1654. Sm. 8vo.

From the *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. p. 721, we are enabled to ascertain that the *Figure of Foure*, one of a series of curious tracts of a similar kind published about that period, consisted of at least three parts, viz.: *The Figure of Foure, or a Handfull of Sweet Flowers*, 8vo, Lond. Printed for John Wright, 1631; *The Second Part of the Figure of Foure*, 8vo, Lond. Printed for the same, 1626; and the present or Last Part, 8vo, 1654. A copy of the Second Part, consisting of twenty pages not numbered, with the initials N. B. at the end of the Preface, is in the Bodleian Library. Some of the other Figures, those of Five, Seven, &c., were apparently written by Martin Parker, whose initials are on the titlepage. They are all of extreme rarity, much resemble each other, and are highly curious.

The part before us is preceded by a short prose address "To the Reader," signed N. B., and by these lines, entitled "The Prologue," signed "By L. P.," whose initials we are unable to identify:

Kind Friends and Neihbours, which are come to see
Or heare strange Newes, give eare a while to me:
Here's that which cannot chuse but make you smile
If you be pleased to listen to't awhile.
'Twas written and printed for to move delights
And passe away the weary winter nights:
When Folks sit by the fire, themselves to warme,
The reading of this Booke will doe no harme.
Warme Clothes, brave fires, soft ale, will nourish blood
And this same new Conceit will doe you good.

The nature of the tract will appear from a few sentences taken from the commencement:

There are foure things greatly to be taken heed of: a flye in the eye, a bone in the throat, a dog at the heele, and a thief in the house.

There are foure bitter things that are used for necessity: Rhubarb, Gall, Wormwood, and a dogged wife.

There are foure grievous lacks to a great many in the world: lack of health, lack of wealth, lack of wit, and lack of honesty.

There be foure especiall poore Schollers in the world: Petty-foggers, Quacksalvers, Balladmakers, and A. B. C. Schoole-masters.

There are foure things ill to be proud of: a painted face, a patcht body, a pide coat, and a paultry wit.

There are foure things fair at the first sight: new books, fat horses, fresh colours, and flikt faces.

There are foure strange men in the world: they that make a God of their Gold, an angel of the Divel, a paradise of their pleasure, and glory of their pride.

At the end, on the last page, are these lines with the same initials "L. P.," and from whence we may gather that the usual price at which these little tracts, which were in fact mere chap books, were sold, was one penny.

Now courteous Friends
I hope I have pleased you well
In this rare newes
which I did you tell:
I pray, please me as well
draw forth your money
All that's here read
will cost you but a penny.
L. P.

Very rare. Bound by Bedford.
In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRETON (NICHOLAS.) — The Court and Country, or, a briefe Discourse betweene the Courtier and Country-man: Containing the manner, nature, and condition of their lives; and Delectable and Pithy Sayings worthy observation. Also, necessary Notes for a Covrtier. Written by N. B. Gent.

[Woodcut of the Country-man and the Courtier.]

Printed at London by G. Eld for Iohn Wright, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Signe of the Bible without Newgate. 1618. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 38.

The present amusing and entertaining tract closes our list of the publications in prose and verse of Nicholas Breton, which, although extended to a considerable length, is still an imperfect one; several of his valuable works, *The Bowre of Delights*, 1591, 4to; *Longing of the blessed Heart*, 1601, 4to; *The Ravisht Soule of the blessed Weeper*, 1601, 4to; *The Soules Harmony*, 1602; *A Murmurer*, 1607, 4to, &c. &c., being omitted, including also some of those of a more doubtful character. But we have already furnished our readers with a sufficiently numerous list to shew them the value and importance of this pleasing writer's works, who performed such a conspicuous part in the literary history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The

value of them also being considerably enhanced by the exceeding rarity of many of the volumes. Among them the present tract, which is in prose, is one of a highly interesting and instructive kind, relating to the manners and employments of the court at that period, and to the lives and domestic occupations of the dwellers in the country. It commences with a dedication, signed by Breton's name in full, and a short address "To the Reader," and is in the form of a dialogue, in which the Courtier gives a description of the delights of the gallant life which he leads,

As if on earth it were the Paradise of the world, the maiesty of the Soueraigne, the wisdome of the Councell, the honour of the Lords, the beauty of the Ladies, the care of the Officers, the courtesy of the Gentlemen, the diuine Seruice in the Morning and Euening, the witty, learned, noble, and pleasant discourses all day, the variety of wits, with the depth of iudgments; the dainty fare, sweetly dressed and neatly serued; the delicate wines and rare fruites, with excellent Musique, and admirable Voyces, Maskes and Playes, Dauncing and Riding; deuersity of Games, delightfull to the Gamesters purposes; and Riddles, Questions and Answers; Poems, Histories, and strange Inuentions of Witt, to startle the Braine of a good vnderstanding: rich Apparell, precious Jewells, fine proportions and high Spirits, Princely Coaches, stately Horses, royall Buildings and rare Architecture, sweete Creatures and ciuill Behauiour: and in the course of Loue such carriage of content and of the Spirit in the lap of pleasure, that if he should talke of the praise of it all day, he would be short of the worth of it at night.

In answer to this the Country-man reminds him that the sour must be taken with the sweet, and the cost with the pleasure; and he inquires "if when once in seauen yeares, when his state is weakened, and his Land wasted, his Woods vntimberd, his Pastures vnstored, and his Houses decayed, whether he finds the prouerbe true of the Courtier young and old:" and then proceeds to describe the pleasures of a country life in answer to the Courtier:

Oh, the sweete of the Country life, in which are so many and so true varieties of pleasures as keepe the spirit euer waking, and the senses euer working for the full content of the whole Creature, in so much that if there may be a similie of heauen vpon earth, it is onely in the precinct of the Country passage, where both nature and reason behold and enuy that satiety of pleasure that is not easily to be expressed.

The following description of a true gentleman is a fair specimen of the style and reasoning used by the author in this tract:

I thinke we haue more ancient and true Gentlemen that hold the plough in the field then you haue in great places that waite with a trencher at a Table: and I haue heard my father say, that I beleeue to bee true, that a true Gentleman will be better knowne by his inside then his outside, for (as he said) a true Gentleman will be like

himselfe, sober, but not proud; liberall, and yet thrifty; wise, but not full of words; and better seene in the Law, then be too busie with the lawes: one that feares God, will be true to his King, and well knowes how to liue in the world, and whatsoeuer God sends, hath the grace to be content with it; loues his wife and his children, is carefull for his family, is a friend to his neighbour, and no enemy to himselfe: and this (said my father) is indeed the true Gentleman. And for his qualities, if he can speake well, and ride well, and shoote well, and bowle well, wee desire no more of him: but for kissing of the hand, as if hee were licking of his fingers; bending downe the head, as if his neck were out of ioynt; or scratching by the foote, as if he were a Corne-cutter; or leering aside, like a wench after her sweeteheart; or winking with one eye, as though hee were leuying at a Woodcocke: and such Apish tricks, as came out of the Land of Petito, where a Monkey and a Baboone make an urchin Generation: And for telling of tales of the aduenturous Knight and the strange Lady; and for writing in rime, or talking in prose, with more tongues then teeth in his head, and with that which he brought from beyond the Seas, which he cannot be rid of at home; for swearing, and brauing, scoffing and stabbing, with such trickes of the diuils teaching, we allow none of that learning. Now, if you haue any such where you liue I know not. I hope with us there are none of them, but I am sure if they come amongst us, wee desire to be rid of them.

We haue good husbands and honest widdowes, pure Virgins and chast Bachelors, learned Church-men, and ciuill Townes men, holesome fare, full dishes, white bread, and hearty drinke, cleane platters, and faire linnen, good company, friendly talke, plaine Musique, and a merry song: and so when God is praysed and the people pleased, I thinke there is no course where a man may be better contented.

In this manner the contest is continued without success on either side, each leaving off where they began, although the Country-man appears to have the best of the argument. And after speaking of Astronomy, of Nature and Art, learning, wisdom, valour, truth, love, favour, and various other subjects, the Author concludes with virtue, "in which," says he,

You lay vp all the treasures of life, I doubt not it is in the best, I would it were so in all with you, but bee it where it pleaseth God to send it once, I verily belieue it to bee as truly in the Country as in places of higher compasse: and by your leaue, let me tell you of a Riddle of my fathers owne writing, touching that rare and pretious Jewell:

There is a secret few doe knowe,
And doth in speciall places grow,
A rich mans praise, a poore mans wealth,
A weake mans strength, a sicke mans health:
A Ladyes beauty, a Lords blisse,
A matchlesse Iewell where it is:
And makes where it is truely seene,
A gracious King and glorious Queene.

At the close, in speaking of cookery and dishes of meat, there is a curious story of a Porpoise Pye; and after much argument, the two principal characters separate as they met, each unconvinced by the other, and return to

their own homes. On the last page of this portion of the tract there is an elegant woodcut of a sheaf bound up. Then occur some "Necessary Notes for a Courtier," written in the form of a dialogue in question and answer, occupying the last five pages. These are penned with considerable cleverness and ability, and the selection of a few of them may perhaps afford some interest and pleasure to our readers:

Question. What is a Courtier?

Answer. An Attendant vpon Maiesty, a companion of Nobility, a friend to Vertue, and a hope of Honour.

Q. What things are chiefly to be required in a Courtier?

A. Two.

Q. What are they?

A. A good body, and a good minde.

Q. How are they to be vsed?

A. In humility and ciuility.

Q. To whom?

A. The first vnto God, the second to man.

Q. What is a Courtier chiefely to take note of?

A. The disposition of the best, the words of the wisest, the actions of the noblest, and the carriage of the fairest.

Q. What things chiefely is a Courtier to be charie of?

A. His tongue and his hand, his purse and his midle finger.

Q. What conuersation is fittest for a Courtier?

A. Wise wits, noble spirits, faire eyes, and true hearts.

Q. How should a Courtier hope of aduancement?

A. With prayer to God, diligence in his seruice, respect of persons, and iudgment in affections.

Q. What discourses are fittest for a Courtier?

A. Admiration of wisdome, desert of honour, truth of valour, and life of loue.

Q. What friends are fittest for a Courtier?

A. The wise and the wealthy, the valiant and the honest.

Q. What seruants are fittest for a Courtier?

A. The expert, the faithfull, the diligent, and the carefull.

Q. What is the true valour in a Courtier?

A. To feare no fortune, to be patient in aduersity, to master affections, and to forgiue offenders.

Q. What are follies in a Courtier?

A. Vaine discourses, idle complements, apish fancies, and superfluous expences.

Q. What are most dangerous in a Courtier?

A. To bee inquisitiue of Occurrents, to reveale Secrets, to scorne Counsaile, and to murmur at Superiority.

Q. What things are most profitable to a Courtier?

A. A sharpe wit, and a quicke apprehension, a smooth speech, and a sound memory.

On the last page is a medallion woodcut of a crowned head.

It is not improbable that an earlier edition than this may have been printed, but no other than the present one is known, which is so scarce that it has hardly received any notice from bibliographers. It is a work of great curiosity, and valuable for its numerous literary notices and allusions, among which may be reckoned one of the old ballad, "My mind to me a kingdom is." The only other copy we can trace is one in Heber's *Catal.* pt. iv., No. 187, which sold for 1*l.* 18*s.* The present copy came from the old library of the Wolferstans of Statfold Hall in the county of Stafford, and has the autograph of Frances Wolferstan the wife of Francis Wolferstan Esq., and eldest of twenty-two children of George Middlemore of Haslewell Esq., who appears to have had a great fondness for our early English Literature. It was afterwards sold in one of Mr. Halliwell's sales of Shakesperean lore, No. 186, for 3*l.* 10*s.* where it is erroneously described as *unique*. This work is slightly noticed by Winstanley in his account of Breton in his *Lives of the English Poets*, who expressly mentions it as one of the two works of his there noticed.

Collation: Sig. A to E 3, in fours.

The title and some leaves are defective, but neatly repaired, and the text of the work itself, except the dedication and address, is complete.

Bound by Tuckett. In Maroon-coloured Morocco, gilt leaves.

Breton (Nicholas.) — The Scholler and the Souldiour. A Disputation pithily passed betweene them, the one defending Learning, the other Martial Discipline. Written by the saide author, N. B. Gentleman.

[London, Printed by Thomas Creede. 1606. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 30.]

To the series of Breton's works, though now formally closed, we may be permitted to add this little prose tract in blk. lett. which is complete in itself and forms a portion of one of the editions of Breton's *Will of Wit, Wits Will, or Wils Wit*, already noticed, most probably of that printed in 1606, 4to, but as there is no date or printer's name on the title, this is somewhat uncertain. The conference between the Scholar and the Soldier is carried on in the form of a dialogue, and much resembles in style and mode of argument some of the works of Breton previously described. The

title is followed by a short address of one page "To the Courteous and gentle Reader," which is dated "from my Chamber at the blacke Friers. N.B." The tract opens with the Scholar sitting alone on a bank side under a shady tree, talking to himself concerning beauty, riches, honour, virtue, friendship, love, time, &c., upon each of which he discourses separately, and is then met by the Soldier, and the following, which may be taken as a specimen of the work, forms the opening passage of the dialogue between them:

The Scholler to the Souldiour.

Ben trouate Signore; bien trouve Mounsieur, buene baliado, es la Vuestra merced. Salue Domine. Countreyman, well met.

The Souldiour.

Well met good freende. *Che sote voi? Inglese? Dou venes vous? Amigo?* Dic mihi quæso.

The Scholler.

Oh Syr, for that I see you vnderstand the Englishe tongue, and my trauailes in these Countreyes, hath not beene long: leauing other languages, you shall vnderstand, that first for my Countrey I was borne *Isula Beata;* I come from I know not whence, and am going I know not whither; by profession, I am a scholler: Now what are you?

The Souldiour.

Friend, I professe armes, and to aunswere thee otherwise, I was borne in *Terra Fortunata,* I come from a Combatte, and am going to a challenge. But what a fantasticall fellow art thou? to tell me comst thou knowest not whither: what? hast thou studied thy self starke mad? thou speakest so vndiscreetely?

The Scholler.

No Syr, but indeed I am somewhat wilde headed with want of companie, and almost halfe mad for lack of meate, so that blame me not if I speake wisely: for indeede when a man hath beene long fasting, the braynes will bee out of temper, and when the head is ill, all the body is the worse, and the wittes not at best: and yet Schollers are hardly brought vp, therefore they should away with hardnesse the better: their allowance in Colledges is but small, therefore little meate should content them.

The Souldiour.

Schollers brought vp hardly? No, it is the Souldiour that hath the body to beare hardnesse: hee is seasoned (as the Carpenter sayes by his boords) for all weathers, hee can go further with a crust, and cuppe of colde water, then the Scholler with his pound of beefe, and his potte of beere: the Scholler must haue his diet at due times, or else his stomacke will wamble, and hee must be sicke like a woman with childe: and oh, it must be well dressed, or else it goes against his stomacke, and if he fare ill once a weeke, hee liues hardly. Alas for him, the Souldiour must haue his meate

when he can get it, and take paines himselfe to dresse it, and eate it perhaps at midnight, disgest it as he may, giue God thanks for it, and think himselfe happie if he so may haue it. Therefore in respect of the Souldiours life, for his fare, the Scholler is at far better state then the Souldiour: but then for honour, the life of the Souldiour.

The Scholler.

And why so?

The Souldiour.

For that the Scholler sits alwaies crouding at home in his Chamber eating up the wealth of his Countrey, with his nose ouer the fire, or lapped vp in a furred Gowne, to defende him from the cold of the winter: and in Summer plucking vppe the Flowers that should beautifie the grounde, and so goes he plodding vp and downe, with his eyes bended downewardes, as though he were seeking Pearles among Pybles, or else staring into the Element, as though he watched when the man in the moone would come out among the starres: and when they come in againe, then they fall to reading of one booke or other, sometime they reade the famous acts of gallant Souldiours, such as Cæsar, Alexander, Hanniball, Hector, Achilles, (and many other that I leaue to recount), whose victorious deedes they take pleasure to peruse, but the base minded fellowes are neuer the more readie, or willing to stirre their owne foote out of the Countrey, to see an inch of seruice.

The Scholler.

Oh good sir, speake not so in discommendation of a Scholler: for why, if he sit at home (as you say) hee is not idle, when hee is reading on his booke, and when hee looketh downwardes, it is because (his braine beeing busied about studie) hee would not lift vp his eyes, least the beholding of some vaine thing or other (which the worlde is full of) should carrie away his wittes with a wanton delight, from his desire otherwise determined. If hee lift them vp into the Heauens, it is either for heartie repentance he makes unto God for his offences; or else for his grace, to studie no higher causes, then may be graunted with his fauour.

There seems to be an attempt at the end of the tract to hitch the closing sentences into rhyme, as may be seen from the subjoined passage put into metre.

Now that we may togither,
to the heauenly place thither,
the only place whither
the Scholler espieth
the good Souldiour hieth:
with humble heartes lette vs pray
that we may walke the way
that at the latter day,
we may haue cause to say,
Truth will not lead astray.
To which good and blessed place
God grant vs all his grace
that when wee haue runne this race;
that wee may walke apace,
that within little space,
wee may all face to face,
beholde our blessed Lord
whose name with one accord
let vs with laude record.
And so let the Souldiour,
make much of the Scholler,
and trust to the Scholler,

that he loues the Souldiour,
and let vs bee sure of this,
When we doo pray, I wis,
Gods hand doth neuer misse,
to worke for our auaile.

Mr. Halliwell in his reprint of the original work from the edition of 1599 has observed that there were five impressions of it printed, including that of 1606, 4to, which shews that it must have been popular.

The present copy came from the Wolferstan collection in Staffordshire, and is half bound

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Being exceedingly desirous to render our account of this writer's works, both in prose and poetry, as full as possible, in addition to the thirty-five volumes we have described in this catalogue, we now add in a note the titles and imprints of all those other works of Breton, which we have been enabled to collect from other sources, amounting to twenty-three works, so as to afford a more complete and elaborate list of his writings than has ever before been attempted.*

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* *A list of other works of* NICHOLAS BRETON *not noticed above.*

The Workes of a young Wit trust vp with a Fardell of prettie Fancies: Wherevnto is ioyned an odde Kinde of Wooing with a Banquet of Comfettes. [Colophon.] Imprinted at London nigh vnto the three Cranes in the Vintree by Thomas Dawson and Thomas Gardyner. 1577. 4to, blk. lett. In verse. 39 folios. In the library of S. Christie Miller, esq., at Britwell.

The Arbour of Amorous Deuises. Wherin young Gentlemen may reade many plesant fancies, and fine deuises. And thereon meditate diuers sweete conceites, to court the loue of faire Ladies and Gentlewomen. By N. B. Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Johnes, dwelling at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne, neere Saint Andrews Church in Holborne. 1597. 4to, pp. 48. In the library at Britwell.

Britton's Bowre of Delights. Contayning many most delectable and fine deuises of rare Epitaphes, pleasant Poems, Pastoralls and Sonnets by N. B. Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones at the Rose and Crowne, neere Holborne Bridge. 1591. 4to.

Britton's Bowre of Delights. Contayning many most delectable and fine deuises of rare Epitaphes, pleasant Poems, Pastoralls and Sonnets, by N. B. Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Johnes at the Rose and Crowne, neere Saint Andrewes Church in Holborne. 1597. 4to. In verse.

Br. (Fr.) — The Tragedie of Alceste and Eliza. As it is found in *Italian* in *La Croce racquistata*. Collected and translated into English, in the same verse and number. By Fr. Br. Gent. At the request of the right vertuous Lady, the Lady Anne Wingfield, wife unto that noble Knight, Sir Anthony

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The Second part of Pasquil's Mad-cap, intituled The Fooles-Cap. With Pasquil's Passion. Begun by himself, and finished by his Friend Marphorius. Imprinted at London for Thomas Johnes, dwelling neere Holborne Conduit. 1600. 4to, pp. 38. In verse. See Collier's *Bibliogr. Catal.* p. 86.

A diuine Poeme, diuided into two Partes: The Rauisht Soule and the Blessed Weeper. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. Imprinted at London for Iohn Browne and Iohn Deane. 1601. 4to, pp. 48. In verse. See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* p. 34. Reprinted at the Lee Priory press, 1817, 8vo, in the *Excerpta Tudoriana*, vol. ii.

An Excellent Poeme vpon the Longing of a blessed Heart: which loathing the world, doth long to be with Christ. With an Addition vpon the definition of Loue. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. Imprinted at London for Iohn Browne and Iohn Deane. 1601. 4to, pp. 48. In verse. See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* 37. Reprinted at the Lee Priory press, 1814. 4to.

Old Mad-Cappes new Gallymawfry, made into a Merrie Messe of Mingle-mangle out of these three idle conceited Humours following. 1. I will not. 2. O the merrie Time. 3. Out vpon Money. At London Printed for Richard Johnes neere St. Andrewes Church in Holborne. 1602. 4to, pp. 40. In verse. In the library at Britwell.

A trve Description of Vnthankfulnesse: Or an Enemie to Ingratitude. London. 1602. 4to.

The Mother's Blessing. London. 1602. 4to. In verse.

The Soules Harmony. Written by Nicholas Breton. Imprinted at London by S. Stafford for Randoll Beerkes: and are to be sold at the signe of the White Vnicorne in Popes-head Alley. 1602. 8vo. In verse. Extends to C 4 in eights. In the British Museum.

Wonders worth the Hearing, which being read or heard in a Winters Euening by a good Fire, or a Summers Morning in the greene Fields, may serue both to purge Melancholy from the Mind, and grosse Humours from the Body. Pleasant for youth, recreatiue for age, profitable for all, and not hurtfull to any, London, Printed for Iohn Tappe, and are to be solde at his Shop on Tower-Hill. neere the Bulwark Gate. 1602. 4to, blk. lett. To sig. D in fours. In prose interspersed with verse. In the British Museum.

Pasquils Mistresse; or, the worthie and vnworthie woman; with his description and passion of that Furie, Jealousie. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and

Wingfield Baronet, his Majesties High Sheriffe for the county of Suffolke. London, Printed by Th. Harper for Iohn Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Crowne. 1638. 8vo. pp. 76.

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are to be soulde at his Shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleete Streete, 1600. 4to. In verse. The dedicatory Epistle is signed Salohein Treboun. pp. 48. Unique. In the rare and valuable library of S. Christie Miller, esq., at Britwell, to whose kindness we are indebted for this notice.

The Passionate Shepheard, or, The Shepheardes Loue: set downe in Passions to his Shepheardesse Aglaia. With many excellent conceited Poems and pleasant Sonnets, fit for young heads to passe away idle hours. London Imprinted by E. Allde, for Iohn Tappe, and are to bee solde at his Shop, at the Tower-Hill, neere the Bulwarke Gate. 1604. 4to, pp. 38. In verse. Unique. See Collier's *Bibliogr. Catal.* vol. i. p. 78.

Grimello's Fortunes. With his Entertainement in his Trauaile: A Discourse full of pleasure. London, Printed for E. White, and are to bee solde at his Shoppe neere the little North doore of S. Paules Church at the Signe of the Gun. 1604. 4to, pp. 30. In prose. In the library at Britwell.

Diuine Considerations of the Soule. Concerning the Excellence of God, and the Vilenesse of Man. Verie necessarie and profitable for euerie true Christian seriously to looke into. By N. B. G[ent]. London, Printed by E. A[llde] for Iohn Tappe, and are to be solde at his shop on the Tower-Hill, neere the Bulwarke Gate. 1608. Sm. 8vo. Extends to sig. H, in eights, after which occur four leaves without signatures. The Dedication to Sir Thomas Lake is signed Nich. Breton. Prefixed are commendatory verses by I. T., and "A Diuine Poem" in eighteen eight-line stanzas by the author. The work is in prose. In the British Museum.

Honest Counsaile. A Merrie Fitte of a Poetical Furie. Good to read, better to follow. Imprinted at London by W. W. for W. Jones. 1605. 4to. In verse. See *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. 177.

I pray you be not Angry for I will make you Merry. A pleasant and Merry Dialogue betweene two Trauellers, as they met on the High-way. London, Printed by B. A. and T. F. for Samuel Rand. 1632. 4to. See *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. 178. It was first printed in 1605, 4to, and again in 1624, 4to, of which there is a copy in Malone's collection, in the Bodleian Library.

The Honour of Valour, by Nicholas Breton. London, Printed by Christopher Purset, and are to bee solde at the Mary Magdalen's Head in Holborne. 1605. 4to. See *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. 171.

A Murmurer. London, Printed by Robert Raworth, and are to be sold by John Wright at his shop neere Christ Church Gate. 1607. It is in prose, and is dedicated "To the Lords of his Maiesties Priuy Counsell.". See *Collier's*

The story which forms the subject of this exceedingly scarce poem is an episode that occurs in the Italian heroic poem of *La Croce racquistata*, written by Francis Bracciolini, whose initials are given above, a native of Pistoia in Italy, who was much patronized by Cardinal Barberini, afterwards Pope Urban VIII., during whose pontificate he resided chiefly at

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Bibliogr. Catal. vol. i. p. 552, and Jolley's *Catal.* part ii. 429. A copy is in the choice library at Britwell.

The Crossing of Proverbs. The second Part, with Certaine Briefe Questions and Answeres, by N. B. Gent. London. 1616. 8vo. See *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. 111.

The Hate of Treason, with a touch of the late Treason, by N. B. Gent. Printed at London.. 1616 4to, pp. 22. In verse. The MS. of this poem is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum. Unique. See *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. 184. In the Library at Britwell.

The Figure of Foure, or a Handfull of Sweet Flowers. London, Printed for Iohn Wright. 1631. 8vo. See *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. 721.

The Second Part of the Figure of Foure. London, Printed for Iohn Wright. 1626. 8vo, pp. 20. In the Bodleian Library at Oxford. *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. 721.

The Figure of Foure, being a new booke, containing many merry conceites, which will yield both pleasure and profit to all that read or hear it. The last Part. London, Printed for W. Gilbertson. 1654. 8vo.

The Figure of Six, containing these six things, Wit, Mirth, Pleasure, pretty Observations, new Conceits, and merry Jests. London, Printed for John Wright. 1654. 8vo. There were two editions. See *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. 721. The other Figures were chiefly by Martin Parker.

Five of Breton's poems are contained in the *Phœnix Nest*, 1593, 4to; and eight in *England's Helicon*, 1600, 4to; and besides the MS. of the *Hate of Treason*, among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, already mentioned, some other MS. poems of his are in a volume bequeathed by Bishop Tanner to the University of Oxford. Mr. Halliwell also printed a long poem by Breton, in six cantos, from an early MS. in his possession, which is included in his description of the MSS. in the Plymouth Library, printed in 1853, 4to.

The title to *The Pilgrimage to Paradise, ioyned with the Countesse of Penbrookes loue* is incorrectly divided in the last edition of Lowndes's *Bibliog. Man.*, as if it formed two separate works, the latter one being miscalled "the Countesse of Pembrooks Passion" instead of loue: and *Wits Trenchmour* is there printed as "Wits Trenchmone." We need also hardly remark that it is an error in the same publication to include such works as *Pleasant Quippes for Upstart New-fangled Gentlewomen*, 1595, *England's Joy*, and *Sir Philip Sydney's Ourania*, 1606, 4to, among the productions of Breton, as they were all of them written by other persons. We may possibly have fallen into a similar mistake ourselves, in ascribing "*Barley-*

Rome; but returning to his native city, died there in 1645. He was the author of several tragedies and other poetical works, but is best known probably by this poem, which was ranked by some, but without much judgment, next to the works of Ariosto and Tasso. It is somewhat singular that Mr. Hallam should have omitted any notice whatever of this well known poet in his account of the Italian writers.

Of the English translator of this episode we have no knowledge, and it might be unsafe to hazard a conjecture. Allowing for the difference between a literal translation from a poem in another language and his own original work, a slight resemblance may be traced with the measnre and style of Sir Francis Kynaston, who wrote about the same period, but so slight that we are not disposed to place very much reliance upon it ourselves. It is preceded by two short poetical addresses, each of two stanzas, the first to "My Booke," the second to the "Reader," and by a prose argument or explanation (one leaf) "For the better understanding of this History." The translation is written in octave stanzas, and commences on lib. iii. p. 49, stanza 28, of the original poem, and is continued to the end of the ninety-fourth stanza. Here the author makes a digression of two stanzas, which he explains by these lines:

Breake, or, A Warning for Wantons, 1607, 4to; and *The Case is Altered. How? Aske Dalio and Millo*, 1604, 4to, to the pen of Breton. The latter tract has been assigned to Francis Thynne by Mr. Collier, in his valuable and interesting *Bibliogr. Catal.*, which we had not seen when our article (p. 73) was printed off. Mr. Collier appears to be guided mainly by the initials F. T. To ourselves, the style appears to be so peculiarly Breton's, that with this fact before us, that he occasionally used other initials than his own, we had no hesitation in ascribing the tract to Breton. We rejoice to find that Mr. Collier has had better fortune than we have had in his registration researches, by which he has been enabled to add some new and interesting particulars to Breton's biography. For, while our researches were directed more especially to the registers of those parishes in which, from his addresses at the close of the dedications of some of his works, he appeared to be then residing, viz., in Holborn and in the Black-friars, he seems in 1625 to have lived in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, for Mr. Collier states that "in the register of that church, under date of 27th July 1625," he finds that "Matilda, the daughter of Nicholas Brittaine" was buried. He finds also his own marriage with Anne Sutton recorded there 14th January 1592, and that his father, or possibly grandfather, named also Nicholas Brittayne, was buried at St. James's, Garlickhithe, on the 24th May 1564. These are valuable additions to Breton's biographical history, and may perhaps lead to further discoveries.

And here my author leaves this loving pare,
To tell what other accidents befell
In both the Armies, which I must forbeare
As not belonging to the tale I tell.
Yet lest the Reader stray too farre aboute,
I'le lend him this short thread to help him not.

He then resumes his story or episode, as it is again taken up in lib. xxiii. p. 407. At the end of the forty-fifth stanza there is another digression, and the story is resumed in the next or twenty-fourth book, and continued for fifty stanzas. The Italian author again comes to this tale in lib. xxviii. p. 567 for sixteen stanzas more, when another digression takes place, and the tale is finished in the same book p. 583, stanzas 66 to 70. A concluding stanza by the translator, and a description in Latin of some of the places mentioned in the poem, end the volume.

The great rarity of the work, exclusive of its interest, induces us to present our readers with a few selections from it. The first is one where Alceste, believing his wife Eliza to be false, sends a servant to murder her, who, overcome with pity, quails before her, and leaves the work undone.

Vnable now to strike or fetch a blow,
His arme grew weake, his hand his sword let go.

* * * * *

But after that *Eliza* had some while
Begg'd death of that her murtherer in vaine,
And by intreating in an unus'd stile
Had shew'd a noble courage to remaine,
(In hope her innocence to reconcile
At better leasure, if she were not slaine,)
Commands herselfe at last to be content,
And to a loathed life doth give consent.

And both her cheekes bedewed with her teares
(Like untoucht roses in a mornings frost)
To lead her banish't feete to him she sweares
Amongst strange people in a forraine cost.
Her vaile she leaves, and cuts her golden haires,
And all that may disguise her beauties most.
She sadly throwes her purple robe aside,
And in a servile habit doth abide.

He lends it her: — and on a desart place
He leaves her weeping; steales himselfe from thence.
She o're the mountaines all alone doth trace,
Tasts little foode but what her sorrow vents.

Studies to seeme uncivile, rude and base,
As if she had beene bred to give offence,
Like those rude people that she met with ever,
Yet doth her study and her art deceive her.

In vaine she strives to hide the gentle aire
Of her aspect, her fashion, or her gate;
Her court like carriage will not rude appeare,
Nor yet her eyes their loveliness abate.
Her faire hands shew too white, her skin too faire,
In all she does they marke too great a state.
As when a cloud doth over-spread the sunne,
With her black curtaines, yet the dai's not done.

Now when sh' had wandred up and down 10 moones
A forlorne stranger, in an unknown land;
And with her scalding sighes, and inward groanes
Had made the woods resound that were at hand;
A curteous Shepheard that had heard her mones
Receiv'd her home into his household band:
Where (taken for a Boy) she's set to keepe
Sometimes great cattell, sometimes flockes of sheepe.

And with a sheephooke, and a Shepheards accents,
(Accents too sweet for such a meane profession)
She drives her flockes unto the hills ascents,
To feede or fold them, as she sees discretion.
The woods attentive to her sad laments,
She makes compassionate, beyond expression.
The rivers and the groves by turnes condole
The lamentations of her vexed soule.

There is a curious story of a burning glass in the shape of a hemisphere, devised by the Pagans to set fire to the Christian camp, which an arrow from Eliza's bow shivers to pieces; but in her escape from the foe her horse falls, and while being defended by her husband, now convinced of her innocence, both are wounded, and he soon after dies. The furies are then commanded to take possession of Eliza's breast, and the following passage is a description of the horrors she undergoes when under their dominion:

She feeles a silent horrour overflow
Her brest, yet knowes not what the cause should be:
She little thinks her alterations grow
From divels, which torter her so cruelly;
Meane while those spirits all their poyson blow
Into her organs: and they make her see

(Or rather think she sees, such are her feares)
Both Lyons, Panthers, Tygers, Woolfes, and Beares.

'Twas midnight then, and heaven as dark as pitch,
No moon appear'd, nor could one see or heare
Ought in that desert place to stir or quitch,
So mute the world was, and so dark the sphere:
And yet the power was such of that damn'd Witch,
(What with transparent poyson and such geare)
That this poor damsell did both heare and see,
And when 'twas midnight, thought it noon to be.

She turn'd about, and saw a sudden fire
Rise in a medow out of broken stones:
And by that kindling (which was soon grown higher)
A winde to rise from out their flinty bones;
It blew amaine, and that breath did inspire
A flame, which up to heaven did clime at once;
And in that flame deceased mortals cast,
By those infernall ghosts we spake of last.

And when those divels had gather'd up as fast
The ashes of their burned flesh againe,
They sprinkled them with teares, and made a paste,
Wherewith they shap't anew the bodies slaine;
Which reincarnate and patch'd up in haste,
Consume afresh in never dying paine.
The flames doe bellow, and the horrid sound
Of Ghosts tormented endlessly resound.

Now whilst *Eliza* this strange torment ey'd,
A cold ran to her heart through every veine,
A crue of hell-hounds ready there she spy'd,
To drag her husband to that scorching flame;
The wretched knight exclaim'd, complain'd and cry'd
Vpon *Eliza*, and her love did blame,
But she that saw him thus (in spight of hell)
Would not abandon him she lov'd so well.

Till feare at last so much possest her brain,
That (cold and trembling like a leaf i'th' winde)
She was no longer able to refrain
Her fearfull foot, but more affrighted minde.
She runs away, and heares *Alceste* plaine
Speaking and groning at her back behind.
He calls upon her, and intreats her back,
And makes her challenge that she loves him not.

And thercupon she stayes, afrighted sore,
And feeles her heart still stricken with the sound,
She hardly breathes; yet running more and more,
Flyes from that sad report, which now she found
More fear'd in death, then dear in life before:
The noyse afflicts her still with fierce resound,
And still she runs to finde a safer place
Through thickest woods that rend her haire and face.

O're highest mountains, and the broken horns
Of steepest rocks, and craggy cliffes she strayes,
And where 'tis overgrown with bush and thornes,
There findes she out impenitrable wayes:
And yet the fearfull noyse where ere she turnes
Pursues her still at heels, and never stayes.
She looks with eyes distorted, gastly fierce,
Neither in colour nor in shape as erst.

She speakes in divers tongues, and doth at full
Pronounce each Countries accents though remote,
Neighs like a Horse, and bellowes like a Bull,
Bleats like a Sheep, and stammers like a Goat,
Of many sounds makes one confus'd and dull,
The Adders hissing and the Panthers note,
The Woolfs hoarse howling, and the whistling sound
Of hollow vaults and crannies under-ground.

The poor soule flyes, and strikes her weary brest,
Her ivory palms she beats and wrings for woe,
She teares her haire, and gives her cheeks no rest,
That to a palenesse turn their untoucht snow,
A thick deep panting shakes her sides, opprest
With violence of her heart, that strikes them so.
Now whilst this torment lasts, the liquid night
Gives way unto the daies succeeding light.

And she her sad lights turning towards the East,
And viewing there the new approching Sun,
Suppos'd a fire to rise from out the dust,
Which burning every mortall thing did run:
With that she ran more eagerly than erst,
And call'd with her each thing, the fire to shun.
Away ye groves (she cryes) ye fields away,
The fire will catch you if you longer stay.

And at an instant with her tender hands
(O wondrous force of power demoniack!)
She pluckt up ancient trees like little wands,

Stript off their boughs, and made their bodies crack,
The wood gives way on heaps, and quaking stands,
Where that infernall fury drives it back.
An angry eastern wind did never blow
To waste a Forrest, or consume it so.

But when those lothsome fiends themselves withdrew,
And gave a little respit to her flight;
And that her eyes had lost their bloudy hue,
Her haire grown smooth that stood before upright,
She rightly found from whence her error grew,
She sees but Firres and Mirtles in her sight;
Ther's no *Alceste* now; she heares no cryes;
The fire is quencht; and *Phœbus* mounts the skies.

Whereby (poor thing) she well perceiv'd at last,
That she with unclean spirits was possest.
And that their fury carried her so fast
O're hills and dales, without one minutes rest.
Frozen and dumb, amazed, and agast,
She mused a while; and then with griefe opprest,
Fixing on heaven her sad and watry eyes,
She cals on God in this most humble wise.

In this wretched state, while watching over her husband's corpse, she is found by some shepherds who chanced to pass that way, and who, after burying her husband, bring her bound unto the island of Saro, to a holy man, Niceto, an aged hermit, who takes compassion on her miseries and exorcises the evil spirits from her. Having brought her to a convenient place he settles her in a monastery, where she ends her days.

Thither the man of God convei'd his guest,
Who of a Souldier now a Nunne would prove,
(Craving the sacred vaile amongst the rest)
By vow a Recluse never to remove.
Where long time after, she herselfe exprest
Hand-maid to God, as she had beene to Love.
Till of her mortall vaile by death bereaven
She re-enjoy'd her faithful Love in Heaven.

This work is not noticed by Lowndes, nor by his late editor; and with the exception of the present copy, which came from the Freeling collection, No. 128, and one which occurred in Mr. Rice's sale, No. 597, *1l.* 1*s.*, we never saw or heard of another copy.

Collation: Title, A 2; Sig. A to E 7, in eights.

In Calf extra, gilt leaves.

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

B[RADSHAIGH], (I^a.)—Virginalia. Or Spiritvall Sonnets in prayse of the Most Glorious Virgin Marie, vpon euerie seuerall Title of her Litanies of Loreto: All or most part of the principall passages therein confirmed by the euident testimonies of the ancient Fathers, to preuent the obiections of such as vsually detract from her deserued prayers. By I. B.

What is more noble than the Mother of God? what more glorious than she, whome Glorie hath chosen? S. Ambr. lib. ii. de Virg.

Printed with Licence. 1632. 8vo, pp. 48.

This little poetical work consists of forty-four sonnets in praise of the Virgin Mary, written by a member of the ancient faith, whose fervent zeal and enthusiasm in behalf of his subject may perhaps be considered by a severe Protestant critic as superior to his powers of poetical composition; still an occasional elevation of tone and happiness of expression cannot be said to be wanting, but in such a series the sameness, which can scarcely be avoided, gives a general impression of heaviness to the whole. The volume is without any dedication or address, the only prefix being "A Catalogue of such Fathers as hereafter are alleadged; togeather with the age they liued in," one leaf. At the bottom of each sonnet are quotations from the Fathers in confirmation of the sentiments adopted in the sonnets. We have not thought it necessary to give more than the following sonnets as specimens.

Sonnet 10: *Mater Amabilis.*

Amiable Mother, louelie, chast, and faire,
Faire through the beautie of that speciall grace,
And those rare vertues, which without compare,
Thy bounteous Sonne in thy blest soule did place.
Faire through thy spotles pure Conception,
Made for the temple of Heauen's soueraigne Lord,
Faire through the wondrous Generation
Of th' Father's glorie, the Eternall Word.
These and thy other graces do inflame
Each vertuous hart so with thy sacred loue,
As all praise, honour, and respect thy name.

Let vs not then, sweet Mother, backward proue,
While in this wretched vale of teares we liue,
To yeald thee that, which all the world doth giue.

Sonnet 32: *Stella Matvtina.*

O Morning Star, when wee this star behould
Wee are forewarned of th' approaching Sonne,
Thy glorious rising to the world foretold
The comming of a brighter Sun, thy Sonne.
The sky's most glorious star cannot compare
In glitt'ring clearnes with the morning star;
Al Angels thou and greatest Saints that are
In glorie, worth, and place surpassest farre.
This star, though great, seemes to our eyes but small,
So thou with thy profound humility
Didst couer stil thy glorious Sanctity.

Rest in our soules, bright star, and thither call
The Sunne of Iustice, that his heauenly light
May thence expell darke sin's Infernall night.

Sonnet 41: *Regina Martyrvm.*

O Queene of Martyrs, who can e're expresse
The wondrous griefe, which when thy dearest sonne
To giue his seruants life gaue vp his owne,
Did all the powers of thy soule oppresse?
The sword of sorrow which then pearc't thy hart,
Caused thee such paines as thou mayest well compare
With greatest Martyrs: nay, the great'st that are
Bee farre surpast by thee, in euerie part.
Theyr glorie may bee equalled to thyne,
As may the starres vnto th' irradiant rayes
Of Sol, when as he doth most clearely shine.

If euer Hell death-threatning stormes doe rayse
Against our constancy, thou for vs pray
And th' subtle force of all such tempestes stay.

The work is attributed, in a handwriting of the time, to I^a. Bradshaigh, but whether on sufficient authority we are unable to say. It is, however, most probable that it was written by a member of the old Lancashire family of the Bradshaighs of the Haw or Haigh, who at that period were Roman Catholics, and whose pedigree may be found in the *Visitations of Lancashire*, and in Barrett's *Lancashire Pedigrees* in the Chetham Library at Manchester, No. 8017, pp. 52 and 105. James Bradshaigh of the Haigh, son of Roger Bradshaigh by Jane daughter of Alexander Standish of Standish esq., married Jane, sole daughter and heiress to Thomas Houghton of Houghton and Ashton-under-Lyne, and had about sixteen children, of whom the eldest,

Roger Bradshaigh, son and heir, married Anne daughter of Christopher Anderton of Lostock esq., and died in 1641. Of this large family four or five of the sons were living abroad in France and Italy, and three of the daughters were nuns, one of them at Rouen. It is probable that these sonnets were written by some one of this family, and we are ourselves disposed to believe, notwithstanding the parade of authority from the Fathers, which might be furnished by one of her religious brothers living at St. Omers, that they were composed by one of the female members of it. The book appears to have been printed abroad, most likely at Douay or St. Omers. It is of great rarity, and is not noticed by either Watt or Lowndes.

Collation: Sig. A to C 8, in eights.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Russia, gilt leaves.

BREWER, (THOMAS). The Weeping Lady: or, London like Ninivie in Sack-Cloth. Describing the Mappe of her owne miserie, in this time of her heauy Visitation; with her hearty Prayers, Admonitions and Pious Meditations, as the occasions of them offer themselves in Her Passion. Written by T. B. Printed at London by B. A. and T. F. for Mathew Rhodes, and are to be sold by Nath. Browne in the Long Walke, neere Christ Church. 1625. 4to, pp. 24.

The title to this rare poetical tract by Thomas Brewer is over a wood-cut engraving, representing a view of old St. Paul's Cathedral and a preacher holding forth at Paul's Cross, with a scroll issuing from his mouth, inscribed: "Lord have mercy on us. Weepe, Fast, and Pray." This wood-cut, which shews the exact position of the cross, where the sermons were preached, is again repeated on the reverse of sig. A 3. The tract is dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull, Generous, and euer-worthy Lover of Goodnesse, and Pious Endeauours, Walter Leigh, Esquire, Sword-Bearer to the Honourable Lord-Maiors of this Famous Citie of London," and commences thus:

A sad Sharer of the common miseries of these sad times, prompted by his owne Sorrowes, has, (though too weak a Pencil-Man for such a Piece) vndertaken to draw that Sorrow to the Life, that has drawne many thousands to Death: my Title speaks my meaning, The Wounds of this WEEPING LADY.

To haue drawne Her in her *Health*, the Idea or Conceptions of the most pure and pregnant Wits might haue been deficient, such was Her Beauty, Her Splendor, such were her change of Colours, Glorious within, and without, in Embroydered Garments. But now, (such is her Change) Shee has no Change, wearing only one Suit, and that the sad habit of *Mourning*.

In thus presenting Her, I present you with nothing but grones, sighs, tears, shreaks, folding of armes, beating of brests, wringing of hands, pale looks, deiected eies, bleeding hearts, and most heauy and bitter condolements. How vnpleasing this might be to many I am not ignorant; but imboldened by that of the *Preacher*, *The Heart of the Wise is in the House of Mourning* &c. my hopes are faire of her fauorable and gracious receiuing.

The dedication is followed by a short "Epistle to the Reader." *The Weeping Lady* consists of a series of short poems on various subjects relating to the dreadful Plague which then devastated London, and which so frequently employed the pens of both her prose and poetical writers in describing the miseries and calamities of that lamentable time. We quote the opening lines of the first poem as a specimen of Brewer's verses:

Ierem. 9, 21.

Death is come up into our windowes, and entered into our Houses.

Like tender Plants, beate with too great a showre
Or like a Tree that's blasted: or a Flowre
Pluckt from the Roote; December's gloomy shade,
The Sunne eclips'd; Youth to disease betraid:
Or like to any thing that *Chance*, or *Time*,
Or Heauens just *Anger*, scourges in the *Prime*,
Disroabing it of ornament, of Grace,
And seating what's opponent in their place
Sits now the Mistresse, Lady of her kinde;
That Queene, whose Beauty did attract the minde
Of all, to see it; to admire, to loue,
And (in their Functions serue it) to approue
Her worth, and their owne duties: — ô like these,
Or sadder Figures, of Her sad disease
Lies *London* now; beate, blasted, wither'd, shooke,
Of strangers pittied, of Her own forsooke.
But, to diuide Her sorrowes, and to bring
The wounds, the sighs, teares, and each particular sting
Of Her afflicted Bosome to your Eye,
Liues not in my Intention. Nor if I
Had such a Will, had I the power to speake
My Griefe; for Hers (too strong) makes me too weake,

P

Her selfe doe that, for what's in Sorrowes breast,
The Bearer of it, can decipher best.
I onely drawe the Curtaine, and thus show
This Queene of Cities, now, the Queene of woe.

In the next poem on "Her Bells continually towling," he thus alludes to the rejoicings which had taken place on the return of Charles I. from Spain, and on the arrival of Queen Henrietta Maria, and the contrast of the present melancholy season:

What change there is in all things vnder Fate?
How sadly now they sound! And but of late
When their shrill voyces did proclaime the Gaine
Of *England's* Heart out of the Hate of *Spaine*,
What dulcet sounds they had! And while they plaid
To th' mounting flame of Bonfires, that were made
Ioying his safe arriuing? Since that Time
What musicke made they, when the pride and prime
Of all her Sex (MARIA) in our Land
Made Her most wisht arriuall; Hand in Hand
Ioying two royall Sisters, to advance
The Glories of them both: Great *Britaine, France.*

In relating the miseries which many of those that fled the city fell into in the country, the author thus pictures the anguish and sufferings they underwent in their journies;

O let me weepe (weepe blood) and through that glasse
Looke yet a little further; where (alas)
Wee may behold some of my Sonnes that here
Had soft and easie lodging, lodging there
In Stables, Barnes, out-Houses; nay be glad
To sleepe in Houels; thinke no roome too bad
That had a couering o're it: some be faine
To lodge, where neither 'gainst the Wind, the raine,
Nor the Suns fury, they could shelter haue;
Heau'n only couering them, and they their Graue.
* * * * *
See some o'retaken with so faint a breath,
Ere halfe their Iourneyes done they Inne with Death,
I'th' common way they tread on; as they goe
Fall to the ground and dye: great numbers so
In Rodes, in Ditches, in the open Field,
The debt of Breath, thus to their Maker yeeld;
And where they dye, are buried. Some agen

(So bold we are to sinne to adde more sinne)
On Sledges, Barrowes, Dung-carts, anything
(The wisedome of those places please to bring)
Are borne to places more remote; and some
(Like Dogges) are hal'd with Cart-ropes to a Tombe
Fit, but for Dogges and Caryon: into which,
As they are found, th' are tumbled; Poore and Rich:
Their rich Apparell, their rich Pockets; all
Nay, Gold it selfe they bury; that must fall
To th' place it came from: so that by this Rod
That seemes a Diuell now, seem'd once a God.
Oh! I could weepe my selfe into a Stone,
Or my, as senselesse Image, in the mone
Of my poore Sonnes and Daughters; that with me
Had had farre better usage: But, in vaine
I weepe for them.

Each page is ornamented with a black border at the top and bottom, and on the last are these "Foure things euer to bee remembred."

Think on thy Sinne,
That thou maist grieue:
On DEATH,
That thou thy sin maist leaue:
The Last great Iudge,
That thou maist feare:
On MERCIE,
That thou not dispaire.
Finis.

Brewer was the author of a satirical poem entitled *A Knot of Fooles*, &c., the first edition of which, printed in 1624, 4to, the year before the present volume was published, is noticed in Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.* p. 37, and in his *Bibliog. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 89. It was reprinted in 1658, 4to, and is extremely rare in both editions, a copy of the first of 1624, produced at Mr. G. Daniel's sale, No. 222, the sum of 5*l.* He likewise published some other tracts on the Plague, viz.: *Lord have mercy upon us; The world, a Sea, a Pesthouse*, Printed by H. Gosson, 1636; *A Dialogue betwixt a Cittizen, and a poore Countrey-man and his Wife* (in verse); *London Trumpet sounding into the Country; When Death drives, the Grave thrives*, London Printed by H. Gosson, 1636, all in 4to. See *Bibl. Heber*, pt. 8, 234, where they sold for 4*l.* 6*s.* To Brewer has also been ascribed, although probably without foundation, *The Life and Death of the Merry Deuill of Edmonton*, 4to,

blk. lett. 1631. See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 31, *3l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, Dr. Bandinel's sale No. 221, *2l.* 9*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to C 4, in fours.
Half bound in Black Morocco.

BRICE, (THOMAS.) —A compendious Regester in Metre, conteinyng the names, and pacient suffrynges, of the membres of Jesus Christ, afflicted, tormented, and cruelly burned, here in Englande, since the death of our late famous kyng, of immortall memorie EDWARDE the sixte: to the entraunce and beginnyng of the raign, of our soueraigne and derest Lady ELIZABETH, of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, quene, defender of the faithe; to whose highnes truly and properly, apperteineth next and immediatly vnder God, the supreme power, and authoritie of the Churches of Englande and Irelande. So be it. Anno 1559. [Colophon.] Imprynted at London by Jhon Kyngston, for Richard Adams. 8vo. **blk. lett.** *n.d.* pp. 64.

On the reverse of the title as given above is a quotation from the 7th chap. Revel. v. 13, 14, 15, (A ii. is blank), then the dedication in prose, four leaves, "To the righte honourable Lorde Par, Marques of Northampton: Thomas Brice, your lordshippes dayly Oratour wissheth cōtinuall encrease of grace, concorde, and consolation in hym that is, was, and is to come, euen the first and the laste. Amen." In which he says of his work, "This my short and simple worke, I commēde and dedicate unto youre Lordeship, crauynge pardon at your handes, for this my to homely and rude enterprise, cōsidering that albeit golden frute were offered in Peuter, and by the handes of a simple man, yet is the frute notwithstandyng stil precious, and neither abased by the Peuter or giuer, euen so (honorable Lorde) though the verses be simple, and the giuer unworthy, yet the frute or matter is precious, comfortable, and good." Then a prose address, two leaves, inscribed, "To the gentle Reader mercye and peace;" a blank leaf B i., and next, "The maner how to vnderstande the letters and fygures," six leaves, in which, after stating at some length the mode of finding out the month, and day of each person's death from the figures on the margin, he goes on to add:

Some therefore perchaunce will iudge muche rasshnes in me to write with ignoraunce; to whome with reuerence I answere, that as I receyued the names regestred, and gathered by a good gentleman, euen so (at a frendes desier) I haue putte theym in metre in this litle booke, thinking that by pleasauntnes of reading, and easines of prices they myghte be the moore largely blowen and knowen, for my desier is that all menne should participate thys my trauayle. And were the authour and endightynge half so worthye as the matter, then woulde I moste earnestly wyshe and desyre that it myght bee conueyed and delyuered to the Quenes maiesties owne handes, wherein her grace mighte see what vnmercifull ministers had charge ouer the poore shepe, who woluishely at theyr wylles deuoured the same. And also what ruyne and decay of her graces subiectes (that myght haue been) they haue broughte to passe, therein might her grace see as in a glasse, howe that blood thyrstie generation neither spared hore-headed and auncient age, which al men ought to honour, neyther youth, nor middle age, neither wyfe nor widow, yonge man, nor tender virgins: but lyke the unnaturall egges of Astiages that tyraunte, destroye and spyll the blood of all, besydes stockynge, rackyng, and whyppyng of the yonger sorte, whome shame woulde not suffer to kyll (as some are well ynoughe knowen), and I am not altogether ignoraunt. Should such tyrannycall tragidies bee kept one houre from the handes of so noble and vertuous a gouernesse, whose princelye and natural hart (I doubt not) shulde haue occasion thereby to be in both kindes bothe heauie and ioyfull, heauy for the innocent bloud spilt, but ioiful for the prayses of her God and our God shal be honoured therby, while the world doth endure, — I dout whether her grace (inwardlye rapte vp wyth Paule and Jhon) in diuine science wyl brast out and say: Oh happy Latymer, Cranmer, Hoper, Rogers, Farrer, Tailer, Sanders, Philpot, Cardmaker, Bradford, &c., you membres of Christ, you faithful fathers and preachyng pastours, you that haue not defiled yourselues (with abhominacion) but haue washed your garmentes white in the bloud of the lambe, you that in fyrye tormentes with Steuen haue called vpon the name of youre redemer, and so finished youre lyues: — you that now are clothed in white garmẽtes of innocency, with crownes of consolation, and palmes of victory in your handes, folowyng the Lambe whether soeuer he goeth. Or elles in anguishe of soule syghyngly say, Oh thou tyrannous and unmercyfull world, thou monstrous and unnaturall generation, what deuyl inflamed thy mynde wyth such malicious mischief to torment and shedde the bloude of suche innocent lyuers, perfect preachers, and worthye councelours, learned ministers, diligent diuines, perfecte personages, and faythfull shepherdes, they were constant confessours before, but thou (with the Romain Emperour) thoughtest to preuent the determinacion of God, in making them martyrs, to be the sooner with their Christe, whome they so much talked of. Oh cruell Neroes that could kyll (through malice) such worthye men, as haue often preached to oure dere father and brother, the euerlasting ghospell of GOD. Coulde neyther honourable age, innocent syngle lyfe, chast matrimonye, inuiolate virginitie, nor yet pitie moue you to cease sheadyng of bloude (alas to muche unnaturalnes) whether the sighte of thys symple booke, I saye, shoulde bryng to her graces naturall heart the passions of heauiness or ioye (I doubte) but I thynke rather both. Therfore would to God it weare worthy to enter into the hands of so noble and naturall a

Princes and Queene, whom the Lord of his eternal and foreseyng determination hath now placed in this royal dignitie, to the redresse of such unnatural and bloudy factes, as in thys booke are contayned. But forasmuch as some imperfection is (and may easily be) in this gathering, I commende it to thy goodnes (gentle reader) beseechyng thee not to bee too precise in perusynge the dirge, for it maye bee that eyther through my negligence, or some other wrytyng before me, we may misse so narrow a marke, such as it is, I commende unto thee, onely judge well.

On the reverse of the last leaf of this declaration are five verses, "The Booke to the Reader"; and then another blank leaf. The Register of English Martyrs, which ranges from the 4th day of February 1555 to the 17th day of November 1558, comprises seventy-seven six-line stanzas. At the end of this there is another poem, inscribed

The wishes of the wise
Which long to be at reste:
To God, with lifted eyes
Thei call, to be redreste.

This is written in twenty verses of four lines each, signed T. B., after which is the Colophon, as given before.

The extreme rarity of the *Regester* rather than any poetical merit which it possesses, demands some quotations to be furnished, which are taken at random.

1555.

February.

When Rogers rufully was brent
When Sanders did the like sustayne
When faithfull Farrar forth was sent
His life to lose, with greuous paine
When constant Hoper died the death
We wyshte for our Elizabeth.

When Rowland Tailer, that diuine
At Hadley left thys lothsome lyght
When symple Lawrence, they did pine
With Hūter, Higby, Picket, and Knyght
When Causun constantly died the deth
We wyshte for our Elizabeth.

March.

When Tomkins tyranny did abide
Hauing his hand with torche light brent
When Laurence White, and Diggill died
With earnest zeale, and good entent
When W. Flower was put to deth
We wyshte for our Elizabeth.

July.

When Bradford, beautified with blisse
With yong Jhon Least in Smithfield died
When they like brethren both did kisse
And in the fyre were truely tried
Whē teares were shed, for Bradfords deth
We wyshte for our Elizabeth.

October.

When learned Ridley and Latymer
Without regarde, were swiftly slayne
When furious foes could not confer
But with reuenge, and mortall paine
When these two fathers were put to deth
We wishte for our Elizabeth.

1556.

March.

When constant Cranmer lost his life
And held his hande into the fier
When streames of teares for him wer rife
And yet did misse their iust desier
When popysh power put him to death
We wishte for our Elizabeth.

Some copious quotations from this work are given in the first volume of *Devotional Poetry of the reign of Queen Elizabeth*, published by the Parker Society, from a copy in the possession of William H. Miller Esq., and the whole of the latter poem, *The Wyshes of the Wise*, is there reprinted at length.

Thomas Brice appears to have been a religious poet living in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who published some other sacred and moral poems, and pious songs and ballads, besides the present singular production, which are now most of them lost, perhaps irrecoverably. Amongst other things *The Court of Venus moralized by Thos. Bryce*, printed by Hugh Singleton, 1567; and *Songes and Sonnettes by Thomas Bryce*, printed by Henry Bynneman in 1568. Nothing seems to be known of his personal history, but in 1570, John Allde had license for printing *An Epytaph of Mr. Bryce, preacher*, from which it appears that he did not long survive the last publication. From his being styled preacher, and from the religious tone of his writings, it is probable that he was a clergyman. Richard Adams was fined 5*s.* by the Stationers' Company, for printing this work in 1559 without license. It was again printed by John Kyngston for the above

without date, and there was a third edition of it also printed in 1599, by Simon Stafford. They are all exceedingly scarce. The Martyrology of John Fox did not appear till 1562, so that it is not improbable that he may have seen this poem of Brice, although he does not allude to it in that work. It is mentioned by Ritson in his *Bibliogr. Poet.*, but Warton seems not to have seen it, nor had Dibdin met with a copy. Mr. Markland has noticed this singular work in the *Cens. Liter.* vol. i. p. 349 from the present edition, and mentions also the later one of 1599, printed by Simon Stafford, of which he has given the title in full and the address to the reader. This was "newly imprinted at the earnest request of diuers godly and well disposed Citizens," with the omission however of the dedication, preliminary part, and verses after the *Regester* contained in the former edition.

There was a copy of the present edition in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 79, which is there marked at 10*l.* 10*s.*, but which was deficient in one leaf. This was afterwards sold in Mr. Midgley's collection in 1822. It was again sold in the fourth part of Mr. Heber's Library, No. 217, which also contained a fine copy (sold in the next lot) of the edition by Simon Stafford. But we look for this work in vain in other sale Catalogues.

Collation: Sig. A to D 8, in eights; Sig. A ii. B i. and B viii. are blank leaves.

Fine clean copy. Bound in Blue Morocco extra, gilt leaves.

BRITAIN. — Great Britain's Glory, or a brief Description of the present State, Splendor, and Magnificence of the Royal Exchange, with some remarkable Passages relating to the present Engagement. Humbly Presented to the several Merchants of the City of London, who daily Meet, Traffique, and Converse in the said place. By Theophilus Philalethes. With Authoritie. London, Printed by Tho. Ratcliffe, and Nat. Thompson, for Jonathan Edwin at the three Roses in Ludgate Street, Anno Domini, 1672. 4to. pp. 32.

The Royal Exchange which was erected by Sir Thomas Gresham in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and honoured with her presence at its opening, when he was knighted by her majesty, was destroyed in the great fire of London in 1666, but was rebuilt with additional splendour shortly afterwards, and is the one now in existence, and here described in this poem by

a writer whose name is unknown. It is preceded by a prose dedication "To the Right Honorable, and to the Right Worshipful Merchants of the City of London," a short address "To the courteous Reader," and a metrical "Introduction," one leaf. The poem itself is devoted to a brief description of the great fire of London; an account of the visit of Queen Elizabeth with her nobles and princely train to the first Exchange Royal built by Sir Thomas Gresham; with a digression on the war then going on between Charles II. and the States General of the United Provinces and the Dutch people, here styled the Hogan Mogan Dutch. The latter portion of the tract is descriptive of the New Royal Exchange, and of its rich and multifarious contents; a short extract from which may serve as a specimen of the writer's mode of treating the subject, and of his versification.

Let's now advance unto the Walks above,
Wherein great Ladies do frequent and love
There for to come, because of that rich sort
Of Wares therein, which by fam'd report
There you may have, and no where else be found
In all the Shops upon our English ground,
Search where you will, for goodness, and for fair
You shall not find the like for to compare.
Here's in the first place, that rich sort of ware
Which by our Gentry are esteem'd so rare
As Gowns, and Mantles, Twillets of all sizes,
Rich Caps and Slippers, of all sorts and prizes.
Here is also, great choyce of rich Bone lace,
Rare beauty waters, for your Ladies face,
Gloves for the hand and Garters for the knee.
Here is also, good choyce of point-Paris,
And if you will your purse, but farther squeeze,
Here is likewise great choyce of point-Venice,
Linnen of all sorts, either lac'd or plaine
All sorts of Ribbons, that you well can name,
Within this place, is also to be sold
All sorts of Pendents, richly set in gold.
Here is also, most rare Cornelian Rings,
Lockets and Bracelets, and such pretty things,
Which by our Gentry, are esteem'd so high,
And therefore come, unto this place to buy.
Here's Toyes of all sorts, English, French, and Dutch
To please the Ladies, who delight in such,
Here they are tempted, oftimes o're and o're
To buy such knacks, they never saw before

And as they pass along, they oft do cry
That *John Traduskin* here they do outvy.
In pretty knacks and toyes, which to their sight
Seems very strang, but yet of great delight.

There is much more of this to the same purport, followed by a description of the building itself, with which our quotations from this anonymous tract may very fitly be closed:

View now the Ciellings and the Lanthorn-lights,
The curious Signs which are such stately sights,
The rich Balconies fixed round about
As well within, as those which are without
The arched Tower and its lofty head,
The Marble stones, whereon the Merchants tread;
The Bells, the Clock, the Turrets, and the Crest
Of good S^r *Thomas* mounted o're the rest,
With the large Statue of this worthy Knight
Which on the South side is expos'd to sight.
As if our City did intend thereby
The name of *Gresham* here should never dye.
The Kings of *England*, and the Maiden Queen,
Which on the *North*-side, here are to be seen.
Six of these *Cæsars* there you may behold
All in one Shop, richly bedeckt with Gold;
Three for a Sign, and three for Ornament,
With choice of Wares too, for your good Content.

The author of this tract under the sobriquet of Theophilus Philalethes is to us unknown, and the reference given in Watt's *Bibl. Brit.* vol. iii. under the word "Glory," 467 m, is from some typographical error inapplicable. It sold in Bindley's sale, pt. ii. No. 1618, for 1*l.* 1*s.*; Inglis's ditto, No. 710, 8*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to D 4, in fours.
In Calf neat.

Brome, (Alexander.) — Songs and other Poems. By Alex: Brome Gent.

Dixero si quid jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. — *Hor.* I. Sat. 4.

London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivy-Lane. 1661. 8vo. pp. 344.

A dedication "To the Honourable Sir J. Robinson, Knight and Baronet, his Majesties Lieutenant of the Tower of London," is followed by an address "To the Reader," giving his reasons for the publication of his poems, and by commendatory verses by W. Paulet E medio Templo, Rob. Napier E medio Templo, Iz. Walton and C. W. The first portion contains his songs (38) on various and diversified subjects, chiefly anacreontic; then a second part with forty-two more, for the most part on political subjects; after which are ballads (17), epistles, elegies and epitaphs (60), epigrams and translations (52). The present is the first edition of these poems, which were several times reprinted, and were from their subjects more popular at the time they were published than they have been since. Brome's style is light and easy, sprightly and joyous. His songs were extensively circulated in his own day, and are to be found in most of the Miscellanies of the time. He was a thorn in the sides of the Roundheads, and was a great poetical support to his party by his lively and satirical songs and epigrams. Isaak Walton has thus highly eulogized him in the introductory eclogue prefixed to his poems, from which we draw a favourable character of his merits:

Here's a Collection in this book
Of all those chearfull songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry glee:
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of *God's Anoynted*, and our *lawes:*
Such songs as make not the least ods
Betwixt us *mortals* and the *Gods:*
Such songs as Virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave Matron hear.
Here's love drest neat, and chast, and gay,
As gardens in the month of May:
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and chear thy heart.

Dorus.
Written by whom?

Daman.
A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:
A civil swain, that knowes his times
For business, and that done, makes rimes;
But not till then: my Friends, a man
Lov'd by the Muses; dear to Pan;
He blest him with a chearfull heart:
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no *Swain*
That's loyal, does or should complain.

Both Campbell and Ellis have noticed this poet, and have each given specimens of his songs in their selections, and we add one or two more here:

The Resolve.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curles in order laid:
Nor of a rare seraphick voice,
That like an Angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
I would have all these things.

But if that thou wilt have me love
And it must be a she,
The only argument can move
Is, that she will love me.

2. The glories of your Ladies be
But Metaphors of things;
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and checks,
Lillies their whitenesse stain:
What fool is he that shadows seeks
And may the substance gain?
Then if thou'lt have me love a Lass
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
That's with *Canary* lin'd.

Song. Translated out of French.

Clymena still complains of me
And I of her complain to;
But would you know the cause, why we
This quarrel did attain to.
'Tis cause I am not true, saies she,
And I say that again to.

2. I cannot choose but wonder why
This lovely toy doth blame me,
If my heart wears in constancy,
It is but what became me.
Since she was fickle why not I?
I'm but as she did frame me.

3. Time was I thought our flames of love,
Would burn for ever brighter;
But when she did so faithless prove,
I vow'd I would requite her,
I quickly did my flames remove,
And now for ever slight her.

Epitaph

To the memory of that loyal patriot Sir I. Cordel, Kt.

Thus fell the grace and glory of our time.
Who durst be good when goodness was a crime.
A Magistrate that justly wore his gown
While *England* had a King, or King a Crown:
But stoutly flung it off, when once he saw
Might knock down right, and lust did justle law.
His soul scorn'd a *Democracy*, and wou'd
No longer stay than while the Kingdome stood:
And when that fled, his followed it, to be
Joyn'd to his King i'th' *Hieromonarchy*.

Brome was born in 1620, and was an attorney practising in the Lord Mayor's Court. He was eminent for his loyalty and attachment to the monarchy, and is said to have been the author of most of the songs and epigrams which were so plentifully poured forth against the Rump. In 1660 he published a congratulatory poem on the return of Charles II., in 4to, and was the author of a single comedy called *The Cunning Lovers*, Lond. 1654, 4to. He also contributed to a variorum translation of Horace, in which we find the names of Fanshaw, Holyday, Cowley, Ben Jonson and others, of

the date of 1666, and which was intended to have been followed by a similar translation of Lucretius. He was the editor of the dramatic works of Richard Brome, in two volumes 8vo, who does not appear to have been related to him, and died at the age of 46, in June 1666.

See Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 31; Phillips's *Biogr. Poet.* 1684, vol. ii. p. 23; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.* vol. i. p. 68; Ellis's *Specim.* vol. iii. p. 298; Campbell's *Do.* vol. iv. p. 63; Rose's *Biogr. Dict.* vol. v. p. 86. White Knights sale, No. 611, 18*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 1102, 19*s.*

Collation: Title not numbered; Sig. A to C, in eights; then Sig. * four leaves, not paged; D to K, in eights; K repeated, do.; L to U, 8, do.; pp. 344. With an engraved portrait of the author with falling band by Hertocks; motto, "Carmina desunt."

In Green Calf extra, yellow leaves.

Brome, (Alexander.) — Songs and other Poems by Alex. Brome Gent.

Dixero quid si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. — *Hor.* I. Sat. 4.

The second Edition corrected and enlarged. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivy Lane. 1664. 8vo, pp. 376.

The variations in the present edition from the former consist in an engraved portrait of the author with flowing wig and band by D. Loggan; a prose commendatory letter signed R. B., probably Richard Braithwaite; additional copies of verses by Cha. Steynings and Valentine Oldys, and a prose letter signed H. T., who thus speaks of his honoured friend the author:

You that are a wonder your self in this kind, would be less so, if any were like you; that can reconcile *Poetry* with *Westminster Hall*, where nothing of a fine spinning (not so much as *Cobwebs*, they say) can have a place: that can swallow down the rank *phrases* of our Law, like so many heads of *Garlick*, next your heart in a morning; and before night breath forth soft and jovial airs, surpassing the most captivated votaries of Love or Wine: these are toss'd about like the *Sibylls* prophetick leaves, and at length you find them crowning every Feast, and dancing on the lips of every *Lady*. But for mine own part, if perhaps I have been found of late amongst our *Academical* Versifyers, it was but as *Cleveland's Presbyterian* danced, only — *in obedience to the Ordinance*. For you must know that *Doctors* appear in Verse, as old men sometimes have done in a *Morris*, not so much for ostentation of *Ability*, as for

uncouthness of the sight, and to shew how ready they are to be laught at *for his Majesties service.*

There are some few additional songs and poems in this impression which were not in the first, — seven in the first Part, after the "Advice to Cœlia;" one in Part II., after "The Chearful Heart;" one at the end of "The Ballads;" an epistle "To his Friend Thomas Stanley Esq. on his Odes;" and three at the end of the volume, "Cromwell's Panegyrick," "A Record in Rhythme," and "To the Kings most Sacred Majesty on his miraculous and glorious return 29 May 1660."

Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum Angl.* has recorded of Brome, that he was "of so jovial a strain, that among the sons of Mirth and Bacchus, to whom his sack-inspired songs have been so often sung to the spritely violin, his name cannot choose but be immortal: and in this respect he may well be stiled the *English Anacreon.*"

Bibl. Ang. Poet. No. 75, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Bindley, pt. i. No. 453, 1*l.* 2s.

Collation: Title, A 2; Sig. A to Z, and A a 5, in eights. The present copy has a fine impression of the portrait of Brome by Loggan.

In the original Calf binding.

BROME, (ALEXANDER.) — Songs and other Poems by Alex. Brome Gent.

Dixero quid si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. — *Hor.* I. Sat. 4.

The Third Edition enlarged. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Star in Little Brittain. 1668. 8vo, pp. 380.

Brome was dead when the present edition was published, which has the portrait by Loggan prefixed, and after the introductory prose part and before the other commendatory verses, contains the following additional poems: "On my Friend Mr. Alexander Brome," by Charles Cotton; "On the Death of Mr. Alexander Brome, who dyed the 30th of June 1666," by Rich. Newcourt, and "On Mr. Alexander Brome's Poems," by R. Th. Jun. The contents of the volume are the same as the preceding, with the exception of these additional poems, "To his Friend C. S. Esq.," p. 296; "A Dialogue between Alexander, Calisthenes, and Statyra," p. 300; "On a Combat between a Roman Capon, and a French Cock," p. 314, and "On a Parson and a Lawyer," p. 368.

This impression is not noticed by Lowndes, nor is it in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*
Collation: Title and two next leaves without signatures; then Sig. (a) eight leaves; B to Z 4, in eights.

In the original Binding.

BROME, (ALEXANDER.) — Songs and other Poems by Alex. Brome Gent.

Dixero quid si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. — *Hor.* I. Sat. 4.

The Third Edition enlarged. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Star in Little Brittain. 1668. 8vo, pp. 364.

Another copy of the same edition, with the portrait by Loggan. The paging is very incorrect, going at the end from p. 324 to p. 345; the real number of pages, including Henry Brome's Catalogue of Books, being 364.

Collation as before.

Bound in Russia, blank tooled, gilt leaves.

BROME, (RICHARD.) — Lachrymæ Musarum; The Tears of the Muses; Exprest in Elegies; Written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopefull Henry Lord Hastings, onely Sonn of the Right Honourable Ferdinando Earl of Huntingdon Heir-generall of the high-born Prince George Duke of Clarence, Brother to King Edward the fourth. Collected and set forth by R. B.

Dignum laude virum Musæ vetant mori. — *Hor.*

London, Printed by Tho. Newcomb, 1649. 8vo. pp. 98.

It is generally believed that the editor or collector of these elegiac poems on the death of Lord Hastings, who was carried off by small pox on the 9th July 1649, was Richard Brome, who himself contributed one of the poems, and was the author of several plays. Opposite the title is a curious frontispiece etched by Francis Clein or Cleyn, representing a human figure in a shroud, standing in a vessel surrounded by the Muses, and underneath six Latin verses by Edward Montagu. On the back of the title is a list of

"The Names of the Writers of these following Elegies" to the number of twenty-seven; and before the first page is a large folio leaf, surrounded with a double black border, on one side of which is a long Latin epitaph upon Lord Hastings, written by Phil. Kinder, who also contributed an English poem to the same. This leaf is generally found wanting. A complete list of the names of the various contributors to this mournful volume is given in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 434, among whom are the following distinguished persons: Mildmay Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Aston Cokaine, Charles Cotton, Herrick, Denham, Andrew Marvel, John Hall, Alexander Brome, Dryden, &c. The poems, as is usually the case in these lachrymatory effusions, are not remarkable for any poetical or artistical merit, but are dull and heavy, and, considering the celebrity of some of the writers, feeble and trifling. But they are curious, and deserving of notice as containing among other things one of the earliest specimens of Dryden's muse, written in his 18th year, while he was a scholar at Westminster School. The following by Sir Arthur Gorges is perhaps one of the most deserving of quotation:

Since that young *Hastings* 'bove our *Hemisphear*
Is snatch'd away, O let some Angels wing
Lend me a Quill, his noble Fame to rear
Up to that Quire which Hallelujah sing.
Sure *Heaven* itself for us thought him too good,
And took him hence just in his strength and prime,
When Vertue 'gan to make him understood
Beyond the Peers and Nobles of his time.
Wherefore 'twill ask more than a mortal Pen,
To speak his worth unto Posterity;
Whose judgment shin'd 'mongst grave and learned men,
With true Devotion and Integrity:
For which, in heaven, the joys of lasting bliss
He reaps, while we sowe Teares for him we miss.

But I no praise for *Poesie* affect,
Nor Flatteries hoped meed doth me incite;
Such base-born thoughts, as servile, I reject:
Sorrow doth dictate what my *Zeal* doth write:
Sorrow for that rich Treasure we have lost,
Zeal to the memory of what we had;
And that is all they can, that can say most.
So sings my *Muse* in *Zeal* and *Sorrow* clad;
So sang *Achilles* to his silver Harp,
When foul affront had 'reft his fair delight;

So sings sweet *Philomel* against the sharp;
So sings the *Swan*, when life is taking flight:
So sings my Muse the notes which *Sorrow* weeps;
Which *Antheme* sung, my *Muse* for ever sleeps.

After page 42, according to a direction given at the bottom, are two unpaged leaves containing an elegy by Andrew Marvel, transferred, probably, from the latter part of the volume; and at the end of the 74th page is a notice that "Here was the end of the Book intended to have been; and so it was Printed, before these following Papers were written or sent in." This portion ends on Sig. E 8, with the poem by the editor, Richard Brome. The volume is resumed on page 81, Sig. F 3, which leads us to suppose that the two unpaged leaves were removed from hence, forming F 1 and 2, and that the other two pages yet wanting were merely a blank leaf, as all the copies we have seen are exactly alike in this particular.

Brome, the editor, was of low extraction, having originally been a servant to Ben Jonson, who, in some coarse and boasting lines (considering that he had himself been employed as a bricklayer) prefixed to one of Brome's plays, thus alludes to his former connection with him: —

I had you for a servant once, *Dick Brome*,
And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts,
Now you are got into a nearer room
Of Fellowship, professing my old Arts.
And you do do them well, with good applause,
Which you have justly gained from the Stage,
By observation of those Comick Laws
Which I, your Master, first did teach the age.

Being endowed with good natural parts, and having acquired some credit, he was well received; and among others who wrote commendatory verses before his plays were Ben Jonson, his master, Decker, Ford, Shirley, Cockaine, Alex. Brome, and others. Winstanley praises his comedies very highly, and says that three of them are little inferior, if not equal, to the writings of Ben Jonson himself. He wrote fifteen plays in all, and was much commended by his contemporaries. Ten of his plays were collected by his namesake, Alex. Brome, and printed in two volumes 8vo, each under the title of *Five New Plays by Richard Brome*, the second volume being published after his death. It is said of him that his plots were all his own, and that "he forg'd all his various characters from the mint of his own experience and judgment, having studied men and humour, more than books." He died in 1652.

See Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 33; Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, p. 149; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i. p. 68; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, Nos. 434 and 435.

This, which may be termed the first edition, was unknown to Lowndes or to his later editor. It sold in Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 1863, for 2*l.* 12*s.*; and in the White Knights ditto, No. 2267, for 3*l.* 3*s.* The present copy came from the collection of the Rev. Henry White, of Lichfield. The list of names of the writers at the beginning of the volume had been printed off in this edition, before the additional contributions were sent in, and therefore the names of these last contributors, seven in number, are omitted.

Collation: Sig. A to C 8; two leaves without signatures; then D to E 8; F 3 to G 3, in eights.

Fine copy, with the frontispiece and the folio leaf. Bound in Russia, blank tooled.

Brome, (Richard.) — Lachrymæ Musarum: The Tears of the Muses. Exprest in Elegies. Written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopefull Henry Lord Hastings onely Sonn of the Right Honourable Ferdinando Earl of Huntingdon, Heir-generall of the high born Prince George Duke of Clarence, Brother to King Edward the fourth. Collected and set forth by R. B.

Dignum laude virum Musæ vetant mori. — *Hor.*

London, Printed by T. N. and are to be sold by John Holden, at the blue Anchor in the New Exchange, 1650. 8vo, pp. 98.

The general contents of the body of the work in the present edition correspond exactly with the preceding, the only difference being in the introductory leaf, which contains an alteration in the imprimatur, and on the reverse "A Catalogue of the Writers' names," to the number of thirty-six, including those of the additional contributors; and at the bottom of the page is a notice by the Collector of the Elegies, "Of all the Noble, Reverend, and Worthy Writers nominated in this Catalogue without their due additions of Title, or listed contrary to their Degree or Quality, a pardon is most humbly desired for the Collector, whose crime of Ignorance, grew out of the want of timely Instruction."

The work is rare, and sold in North's Sale pt. ii. No. 535 (no frontispiece), for 1*l.* 10*s.*; Freeling's ditto, No. 140, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Reed's ditto, No. 7086, 2*l.* 3*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 1060, 3*l.* 3*s.*; Hanrott's ditto, No. 2005, 3*l.* 4*s.*; Bliss's ditto, No. 1918, 3*l.* 12*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. ii. No. 458, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 434, 4*l.* 4*s.*; No. 435, 5*l.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1387, 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; Daniel's ditto, No. 781, 8*l.*

Collation: The same as before.

The Freeling Copy. In Brown Calf, gilt leaves.

Brooke, (Christopher.)—A Funerall Poem Consecrated to the Memorie of that ever honored President of Soldyership, Goodness, and Vertue; S^r^ Arthure Chichester; Baron of Belfast: Lo: high Treasurer of this Kingdome; one of his then Maiesties most Honorable Priuie Counsell; and of the Counsaile of Warre. Written by Christ: Brooke gent.

Hoc Fonte derivata clades,
In Patriam populumq. fluxit.

Manuscript 4to, 1625. pp. 48.

Christopher Brooke, the author of this MS. Poem, was descended from a respectable mercantile family at York, his father having been twice Lord Mayor of that city. He was educated at one of the Universities, most probably Cambridge, where his brother Samuel was, and afterwards went to Lincolns Inn to perfect himself in the law, where he had for his chamber fellow John Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, to whose clandestine marriage with the daughter of Sir George More he was a witness and gave the lady away, for which act, along with his brother, he was committed to prison by the lady's father. While at Lincolns Inn he became known to Selden, Ben Jonson, Drayton, William Browne, Wither, Davies of Hereford, and other writers of note, and was much esteemed by them. In 1613 he published "An Elegy on the death of Henry Prince of Wales," 1613. 4to; and in the year following, being then a Bencher of Lincolns Inn and Reader of that society, he printed another work, entitled "Eglogues: dedicated to his much loved Friend Mr. Will: Browne of the Inner Temple." Lond. 1614, 8vo. In the same year he also brought out another poem of considerable merit and interest, entitled "The Ghost of Richard the Third,

expressing himself in three parts: I. His Character. II. His Legend. III. His Tragedie, &c." Lond. 1614, sm. 4to. For, although the dedication is only signed C. B., several eminent critics are agreed in assigning these initials to Christopher Brooke, to whose poem were prefixed complimentary verses from some of his intimate friends, Browne, Chapman, Wither, Ben Jonson, &c. Only two copies of this poem are known, one, perfect, in the Bodleian Library, and the other, wanting two leaves, lately purchased for the British Museum. It was reprinted in 1844 for the Shakspeare Society, by Mr. Collier, with an Introduction and Notes. Brooke prefixed commendatory verses before the first part of Browne's *Britannias Pastorals* in 1613, before Drayton's *Legend of Great Cromwell* in 16—, and two sonnets before Lichfield's *Madrigals* in 1613. He also assisted in the production of the *Odcombian Banquet*, 1611, 4to. He appears to have died early in life.

The present work has a prose "Epistle Dedicatorie To the Honorable Gentleman S^r^ Francis Ansley, Knight Baronet," by the Author, after which are some lines by George Wither,

To his ingenious and (w^ch^ is more worthy) his truely honest Frend, Mr. Christ: Brooke.

I have surveid the Structure thow hast here
Composed for thrice honor'd *Chichester;*
(Whose Vertues yield for praise such copious matter
That (if thow wouldst) thow hast not meanes to flatter)
And I com'end thy Judgment that doth knowe
True worth so well, and how to blaze it so.
Oh! I could wish (would Pietie permit)
Thow hadst not gotten this occasion yet
Of shewing vs our losse; who seldome see
How rich wee were vntill wee begger'd be.
But since his Death invited thee to frame
This monvment to memorize his Name,
Erect it, where in publike it may rise
To make hym knowne vnto Posterities.
For when a costly Pile wee do advance
Of farr fetcht marble Touch, or pollisht Rance,
It fills but one small Roome, and standeth dumb,
Even till a heape of Rubbish it become:
But this in many Realmes will speake at once,
And speaks hym playner farr then guilded stones;
Yea, give his Fame a longer being, then
The richest Fabricks of Mechanicks can.

Besides (that thow this paynes mayst)
It shall be of thy love a monument:
And those in whome his Virtues living be,
Will live no longer then they favor thee.

GEOR: WYTHER.

The Poem, which is written in elegiac verse, opens thus:

What takes myne Eares w^th^ such amazefull Newes?
What fearefull Obiect greetes my sleeping Muse?
Such as was *Hecuba's*, when in her Transe
Shee sawe the fall of *Troy*: — what dyre mischance
Hath hapnd to two Kingdomes, w^th^ theyr States,
England and *Ireland*? — what have the Fates
Produc't of sorrow, in theyr sad Events
So generall to theise two Contynents?
What horrid shape hath Nature put vpon her?
What wreck of noblesse, and what rape of Honor,
Hath laboring Tyme brought forth (to humane dearth)
Whose Womb, a Toomb; whose Byrth, a liveles Earth.
What Howse, or rather hospitable Court
(Erewhile a Receptacle for resort
Of all Estates) is that w^ch^ seems so vast
W^th^ desolation, emptiness, and wast?
What Walls are these that to sad eyes discover
Such sable Weedes; whose Fabrick is hung over
W^th^ Blacks insted of Arras? and what Hearse
Is that I see (the Subiect of all Verse)
That stands ingyrt w^th^ Mourners, and appeares
Lyke to an Iland compas't in with Teares?
Whome gapes the hungry Grave for? Fame hath spoke
(W^ch^ all her canker'd Trump might seeme t' have broke
Even w^th^ the sound:) Heroick *Chichester*;
The noble *Belfast;* whose lov'd name did beare
That two-fold Tytle; crown'd w^th^ glorious Wreaths
Of Honor and Renowne; w^ch^ he bequeathes
To aged Tyme, t'impale his wrinckled Temples,
And make hym young in boast of his Examples.

We quote one more passage from the poem, as shewing the warlike spirit with which Sir Arthur Chichester was imbued, and his martial deeds in France and other countries:

Of Armes, and Arts, he had the Theorie;
W^ch^ he reduc't to Practise; but his Eye
Aym'd chiefly at the glorious mark of Warre;

The fyrie Influence of whose radyant Starre
Spur'd hym to Honor; and that Roote of Fame
Grew Cedar-hye, to glorify his Name.
Not Canopies, but Tents, took his desier;
Not Courts, but Camps; no Eye-balls, wrapt in fyre,
(W^ch *Cupid* shootes from the most courtlie Dames)
Could fyre his Spirit; but Bulletts roll'd in Flames:
Armes hardned hym; Love softned not his Lyfe;
His musique was the Trumpet, Drum, and Fife.
* * * * * *
Fights were the Feasts of noble *Chichester;*
Who (but on th' Enemyes Backs) never knew feare:
He fronted danger in the fearefullest Storme;
And outfac't death in his most vglie forme:
The Showres of Bulletts, and the Deawes of Blood
Gave verdure to his Spirit; made Honors bud
Vpon his Crest; w^ch ripened, and were growne
A Wreathe *Olimpiak*, and his Valours Crowne.
Nor let this seeme Hiperbole in me,
To say, Blood deaw'd this Flowre of Chivalrie;
Or that his blooming Honors grew not right
In Stormes of Bulletts, and in heate of Fight;
For *France* (whose civill or vncivill armes
Drew hym (in suite of Fame) to those alarms)
Can witnesse (in *Amienses* Siege) how he
Did shew such deedes of active valiancie;
That lyke to one of *Roomes* great *Trium-viri*,
W^th substance, ayrie; and w^th Spirit, fyrie;
He seem'd to leape at Fame, and take his rise
As if shee were an obiect in his Eyes.
Hence Honors Flowre, sprung out of Valours Bud,
Here did he wyn his golden Spurrs in Blood:
And as he bled, the King of *France* in Feild
Gave hym his Knighthood; w^ch doth give his Sheild
A marke of more Renowne, and honor'd note,
Then Blood from Byrth; or Gentries fairest Coate.
Nor could his crop of Glories reapt in Feild
His covetous mynd her satisfaction yeild;
But his Plough-share (his Swords well temper'd steele)
Now doth he change, to plowe the Seas w^th Keele;
Where prowde *Iberian* Hearts must seede the Furrowes;
Where *Trytons* draw, and *Neptune* speeds the Harrowes:
Where Honors Husbandmen (lyke those of *Greece*)
Travaile and sweate, to gayne the golden *Fleece*.

For *Jason*, *Drake*, who was our ages wonder;
Joves Substitute, that rul'd the earthly Thunder:
Caston, and *Pollux*, Troyns of joviall Style,
Were payr'd in *Chichester*, and *Baskerville*.
Theise were the *Argonautæ* of our Tymes;
Who shifted Ayres, Zones, Tropicks, Contries, Clymes,
In quest of Fame; and w^th^ vnwearied payne
Brought home the Fleece, and left the Hornes w^th^ *Spayne*.

Some lines within brackets shortly following this passage on the ridiculous creation of persons as knights, have been struck out by the licenser of the press, and are referred to in a letter written to him by Brooke, on the last leaf of the work. These lines and Brooke's letter to the licenser are quoted at length by Mr. Hazlewood in an article on this MS. Poem in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. ii. p. 235, &c., who has given several extracts from it, and has noticed also another Elegy on the death of Chichester, by Alexander Spicer, printed in the same year, 1625, 4to. Sir Arthur Chichester, knt., the hero of the Elegy, was educated at Oxford, and became celebrated for his naval and military exploits. He accompanied Sir Francis Drake to the West Indies, and was afterwards employed in France, in company with Sir Thomas Baskerville,* where he had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by Henry the Fourth of France. On his return from France, he was sent into Ireland with the Earl of Essex on the breaking out of Tyrone's rebellion; and for his services there, in 1604 was appointed Lord Deputy, and in 1616 was made by James I. Lord High Treasurer of Ireland and a member of the Privy Council, and advanced to the Peerage as Baron of Belfast. In 1622 he was sent on a diplomatic mission to the Emperor of Germany, but returned again to Ireland, and dying in 1625, was buried at Belfast, much regretted by his country. We subjoin "His Epitaph" given at the end of the Funerall Poem:

That Valiant, Wise, and Loving Man, lyes heere,
To whome each Souldyer owes (as due) a Teare;
Each States-man, Reverence; th' Irish, Love; and wee
(True English Hearts) not one; but all theise three.
His Deeds of Armes give Fame perpetuall Breath;
Being Trophees of his Conquest over Death.

* See a curious letter from Sir Thos. Baskerville to Sir John Norreis, knt., from the original in the Bodleian Library, with some notices of his son Hannibal Baskerville, Esq., in The Life of Anthony Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. xxxiii.

His love to Truth, religiously refyn'd;
His Contries care; the Bounty of his Mynd;
His Patience, Temperance, Wisdome, Fortitude;
(With all the rest wherewith He was indued)
Move zeale in Hearts; that zeale begetts a Fyre;
That Fyre shall make hym mountant, and aspire
A radiant Light; w^ch^ Light shall shine so cleare,
As shall even make a Starre of *Chichester*
In this Horizon.—Thus wee bid Fare-well
In Fame wee meane; her Trump's no Passing Bell
To shew Thee dead to vs: Shee shall advance
Thy Acts in *Ireland*, *Belgia*, *Spayne*, and *France*
To all Posterity: So men shall knowe
Thy Fame flyes hye; although thy Head lye lowe.

The elegy appears to have been composed in Ireland, immediately on the death of Lord Belfast, and was evidently intended for the press; but why it was never printed we are unable to say. On the fly leaf before the title are the following "Directions for the Printer: Let this Poem be printed w^th^ a margent of black above and beneath; and but 12 or 14 lynes on a side at the most; the distinctions duely observed; and some judicious man to correct the Proofes by the Copie. C. B."

Besides the notice of this MS. in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. ii. p. 235. See also further Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 365, and *Fasti. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 401, and Collier's *Bibliog. Catal.* vol. i. p. 91. It was formerly in Bindley's Collection, and afterwards in that of Mr. Heber, pt. ii. No. 95, and is in the handwriting of the author.

Brooke (Fulke Greville, Lord).—Certaine Learned and Elegant Workes of the Right Honorable Fvlke Lord Brooke, Written in his Youth, and familiar Exercise with Sir Philip Sidney. The seuerall Names of which Workes the following page doth declare. London, Printed by E. P. for Henry Seyle, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Tygers head in St. Paules Church-yard. 1653. Folio, pp. 360.

It is remarkable that all the copies of this poetical work by the great friend of Sir Philip Sidney commence without any dedication or prefatory matter beyond "The Names of the seuerall Bookes" on the back of the

Title, on p. 23, with "A Treatise of Humane Learning," in 150 uneven stanzas. The twenty-two missing pages are supposed to have contained "A Treatise on Religion," which was suppressed by order of Archbishop Laud. The first poem, "A Treatise of Humane Learning," is succeeded by two others entitled "An Inquisition vpon Fame and Honour" in eighty-six stanzas, and "A Treatie of Warres" in sixty-eight stanzas. These are all written in stanzas of six lines each, the first four being alternate, and the last two rhyming to each other. After these are two Tragedies — *Alaham*, and *Mustapha* — both formed on the models of the Grecian drama, which were never acted, being entirely unfit for the English stage. The former, the scene of which is laid in Ormus, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, has a chorus, and prologue giving an account of the plot. *Mustapha* is also framed with strict attention to the rules of critical art. There was an early edition of it printed in 1609, 4to, but in an imperfect state, and very incorrect, and probably brought out surreptitiously without the author's consent. Southey was of opinion that Dryden formed his tragic style on the model of this author in his *Mustapha*. The chief part of the remainder of the volume is occupied with his miscellaneous poems, published under the name of *Cœlica*, consisting of one hundred and nine sonnets on various subjects and in different measures, but chiefly on the topic of love. The volume closes with "A Letter to an Honorable Lady," which relates to her conduct in a married state and is unfinished, and "A Letter written by Sir Fulke Grevill to his Cousin Greuill Varney residing in France; wherein are set downe certaine rules and obseruations, directing him how he may make the best vse of his Trauels."

Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, descended from an ancient family settled at Beauchamp Court in Warwickshire, and the son of an elder person of the same names, was born in 1554, the same year as his friend Sir Philip Sidney, and educated at both universities, but chiefly at Trinity College, Cambridge. Being early introduced at court he became a favourite with Queen Elizabeth, from whom, probably through the interest of the father of his friend, Sir Henry Sidney, he obtained a lucrative situation in the court of the Marches of Wales. In 1597 he was knighted by the queen, and sat in several parliaments for the county of Warwick. In 1603 at the coronation of James I. he was created a Knight of the Bath, and soon after had a grant of the Castle of Warwick, then in ruins, upon which he laid out large sums in repairing and restoring it. In 1614 he was made Under-treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Privy Counsellor, and soon after elevated

to the peerage by the title of Lord Brooke of Beauchamp Court. He was continued in favour and in some of his offices by Charles I., and was distinguished for his learning and literary accomplishments. Lord Brooke never married, and lost his life in a tragical manner in September 1628, being stabbed in the back by a revengeful domestic named Ralph Haywood, who was disappointed of an expected reward for his services, and who immediately after destroyed his own life with the same weapon. Lord Brooke was buried with his ancestors in the church at Warwick under a monument of black and white marble, upon which was engraved, by his own desire, "Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." With the latter he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy, and on his death wrote an account of his life, which appeared in 12mo in 1652, and was reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges at the Lee Priory press, Kent, 1816, in two volumes, royal 8vo. Lord Brooke also wrote some other works, printed in 1670, 8vo, and some pieces in *England's Helicon* under the signature of M. F. G. One of his poems with the initials F. G. is in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1576.

Lord Brooke was succeeded in his title and estates by his kinsman Robert Greville, a man of an entirely different stamp, who, taking the side of the Parliament in the Civil War, and being appointed commander of the forces at the siege of Lichfield, was shot in the eye from the cathedral by a deaf and dumb person and killed, March 2nd, 1642, on the festival of St. Chad, the patron saint of the cathedral. He published several prose works, and was particularly inveterate against episcopacy.

Baxter, in the introduction to his *Poetical Fragments*, says of the first Lord Brooke that he was a man of great note in his age, and declares of this book, and of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, that there were no books printed for twenty years which he more wondered at, that they should be endured by the people, for the liberty of the subject, than these two. Lord Brooke in his style of writing is obscure and involved, and his versification is frequently negligent and inharmonious. He was of the metaphysical school, which was followed by Donne, Henry More and others. Mr. Hallam, whose opinion in these matters is generally sound and correct, remarks of this writer that "his mind was pregnant with deep reflection upon multifarious learning, but he struggles to give utterance to thoughts which he had not fully endowed with words, and amidst the shackles of rhyme and metre which he had not learned to manage. Hence of all our poets he may be reckoned the most obscure; in aiming at condensation he becomes elliptical

beyond the bounds of the language, and his rhymes, being forced for the sake of sound, leave all meaning behind."

Our readers will naturally look for a specimen or two of Lord Brooke's poetry, which we prefer taking from the shorter pieces or sonnets in his *Cœlica*, rather than quoting from his longer poems, and which will, we think, show that Mr. Hallam's character of his poetry is by no means universally applicable:

Sonnet III.

More than most faire, full of that heauenly fire,
Kindled aboue to shew the Maker's glory,
Beauties first-born, in whom all powers conspire
To write the *Graces* life and *Muses* storie.
If in my heart all Saints else be defaced,
Honour the Shrine, where you alone are placed.

Thou window of the skie, and pride of spirits,
True character of honour in perfection,
Thou heauenly creature, Iudge of earthly merits,
And glorious prison of man's pure affection,
If in my heart all Nymphs else be defaced,
Honour the Shrine, where you alone are placed.

Sonnet XXII.

I, with whose colors *Myra* drest her head,
I, that ware posies of her owne handmaking,
I, that mine owne name in the chimnies read
By *Myra* finely wrought ere I was waking:
Must I looke on? in hope time comming may
With change bring backe my turne againe to play.

I, that on Sunday at the Church-stile found
A Garland sweet, with true loue-knots in flowers,
Which I to weare about mine arme was bound,
That each of vs might know that all was ours:
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes?
And follow *Cupid* for his loaues and fishes?

I, that did weare the ring her Mother left,
I, for whose loue she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named;
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs, till dead loue be awaked?

I, that when drowsie *Argus* fell asleep,
Like Iealousie o'rewatched with desire,

Was euen warned modestie to keepe,
While her breath speaking kindled Natures fire:
Must I looke on a-cold, while others warm them?
Doe *Vulcans* brothers in such fine nets arme them?

Was it for this that I might *Myra* see?
Washing the water with her beauties white,
Yet would she neuer write her loue to me;
Thinks wit of change while thoughts are in delight?
Mad Girles must safely loue, as they may leaue,
No man can print a kisse, lines may deceiue.

Sonnet LXXI.

Cœlica, you that excell in flesh and wit,
In whose sweet heart Loue doth both ebb and flow,
Returning faith more than it tooke from it,
Whence doth the change, the World thus speaks on, grow?

If Worthinesse doe ioy to be admired,
My soule, you know, onely be-wonders you:
If Beauties glorie be to be desired,
My heart is nothing else; — What need you new?

If louing ioy of worths, beloued be,
And ioyes not simple, but still mutuall,
Whom can you more loue, than you haue lou'd me?
Vnlesse in your heart there be more than all;
Since *Loue* no doomes-day hath, where bodies change,
Why should new be delight, not being strange?

His *Remains: being Poems of Monarchy and Religion*, were first published in 1670, 8vo. There is a MS. of these poems (probably the original) in the library of the Earl of Oxford. See Heber's *Catal.* pt. iv. No. 921. Consult further concerning Lord Brooke and his works Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.* p. 227; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 38; Winstanley's *Lives*, p. 86; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 429; *Biogr. Britann.* vol. iv. p. 2390; Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii. p. 264; Campbell's *Introd.* p. 185; Jones's *Biogr. Dram*, vol. i. p. 299, vol. ii. p. 10 and vol. iii. p. 64; Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 127.

It is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 22 at 18*s.* and No. 23 at 1*l.* 5*s.*; Jolley's Sale, pt. ii. No. 469, 10*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 394, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Roscoe's ditto, pt. i. No. 1341, 1*l.* 13*s.* Copies on large paper sold in Sir M. Sykes' ditto, pt. i. No. 631, for 2*l.* 5*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 215, 2*l.* 15*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 612, 2*l.* 10*s.*; and in Bright's ditto, No. 2571, 3*l.* 17*s.*

Colophon: Title, one leaf; Sig. d to l 2, in fours; then D to Z 4, in fours; Aa to Rr, in fours, but the last signature has five leaves. After the title the paging extends from p. 23 to 82, then begins again with *Alaham* p. 1, and runs through the volume to p. 298.

Half bound in Red Calf; sprinkled edges.

BROWNE, (EDWARD). — A Description of an Annuall World. Or Briefe Meditations upon all the Holy-Daies in the Yeere. With certaine Briefe Poeticall Meditations of the daie in generall, and all the daies in the weeke. By E. B.

O Lord our God, how excellent is thy name in all the world. Psal. 8, 1.

Teach us (O Lord) so to number our daies, that we may apply our hearts unto Wisedome. Psal. 90, 12.

[Figure of the sun, with the motto, "Sol illuminat mundum."]

London, Printed by E. G[riffin], 1641. Sm. 8vo. pp. 512.

The first or prose part of this work is dedicated "To the Right Honourable Edmund Wright, Lord Maior of the City of London; and to the Right Worshipfull the Aldermen and Sheriffes His Brethren;" in which, speaking of this production, he says:

I (though far unworthy) having patched and peeced the *Fine-spun-cloath* of the Prince of Poets, Divine *Du Bartas* smooth eloquence, with my *home-spunne ragges* and course materials, and framed thereof a peece of rough Poetry, for my retired thoughts to repose in; presented the same in private to my judicious loving Master, the right Worshippfull *Sr James Cambell*, the *senior* Alderman of this famous City; which I had no sooner brought forth, but this *Annuall World* so closely followed those Poeticall Meditations, that I could not rest satisfied in my mind, till I had likewise produced it: and so after some pleasing labour and travell in divers Authours, I brought it to this maturity, and because they are as *Twins*, joyned them both together, and placed the younger before the elder, even as *Jacob* was by his father preferred before his brother Esau.

And then after making the usual excuse of authors for the publication of their works, that having been perused by private friends, he had been over-persuaded by them to put them into print, he again alludes to his master Sir James Cambell, "who, as God hath prolonged his life to be called *Pater Civitatis*, so doe I humbly acknowledge he hath been *Nutritius*

meus, for the space of 17 yeeres and upward." The Dedication is followed by two Epigrams and some lines "To the Reader," signed F. Q. [Francis Quarles], and commendatory Verses by John Vicars and Jo: Booker. Then a page containing some lines by the author, "Liber ad Lectorem," and on the other side another set entitled "The Pourtraiture of a Pious Man." Opposite to this is a curious engraved frontispiece or emblematic plate by John Droeshout, representing "The Pious Man" kneeling in the act of prayer at a table, on which is an hour glass and a lighted candle, and in the centre the emblems of mortality, a skull and cross bones. Above are angels, the eye of God, &c., and in different parts of it various short descriptive sentences in Latin. After this is "A preparatory Prayer," one leaf, followed by two other plates, the first representing "The figure of the Heauens and Elements," the second "Salomon's Temple," also by John Droeshout. The work then commences and extends to four hundred and sixteen pages. It comprehends a series of meditations on the various events of our Saviour's life, from His miraculous birth to His death, resurrection and ascension into heaven, and on various other festivals and saints' days of the Church, concluding with one on Trinity Sunday.

The second or poetical part of the volume commences with a fresh paging and title as follows:

"Sacred Poems, or Briefe Meditations, of the day in generall and of all the dayes in the weeke.

"Psalme 90, 12. Teach us (O Lord) so to number our dayes, that we may apply our hearts unto wisedome.

[Figure of the moon.]

"London, Printed by E. Griffin. 1641." 8vo.

This part has a metrical dedication "To the Right Worshipfull his Honoured and loving Master, Sir James Cambell, Knight, and Senior Alderman of the Citie of London; one of his Majesties Justices of peace for the said Citie, Mayor of the Staple at Westminster, President of the Hospitall of Saint Thomas in Southwark, and Governour of the Company of Merchants trading into France." This is followed by "An Acrostick Poem. To his kind and loving Master and vertuous Lady;" some verses entitled "Præsentatio Gratificationis 25. die Martii 1640;" and a metrical "Prayer to God." The Sacred Poems then commence, and extend to seventy-two pages. One short passage will suffice for a specimen of the author's poetry, and is curious as containing an allusion to his age at the time it was written.

Of the Night.

How soone doth darksome night succeed light day;
By this I know I have not long to stay
In this fraile life, which doth so quickly hast,
That as a day it selfe doth spend and wast:
But what neede I to feare death's gastly face,
For I am young and in a healthfull case.
I have not yet arrived at high noone,
For I in yeeres am scarsly *thirty-one:*
Yet what of that? for this same very night
God may bereave me of to-morrowes light:
For cruell death, with his impartiall knife
Doth cut the thread of man's most wretched life,
Before that ten or twenty yeeres expir'd
In this fraile life, whereby I am requir'd
To take due notice that ere long may be
Death's dart may make as quick dispatch of me.
And now because I undertake to write
Of the similitude of darksome night,
I doe desire of God that I could tell
Blinde errors paths, and the dread paines of hell,
Myselfe thereby to warne to take great heed
That in blind errors wayes I may not tread:
For they will lead me to the darke Abysse
Of dolefull horror where no comfort is.

We have been thus particular in the description of this rather scarce volume, for very few copies that we have seen possess the three plates. Lowndes it is clear had never seen the work by the query inserted in his *Bibliogr. Manual*, and by separating the other works of this author evidently believed them to have been written by different persons. In Fry's *Bibliogr. Memor.* article 53, where a notice of it is introduced, the latter part only of the volume (the Sacred Poems) is described. Some interesting particulars are given of the author in this article, gathered from his various publications, and notice is also taken of the obligations he was under to Du Bartas, from whose Divine Weeks as translated by Joshua Sylvester several passages, amounting to more than one half of the volume, are taken literatim. Had Lowndes referred to Fry he would have seen at the end a list of Browne's publications. See Fry's *Bibliogr. Memor.* p. 253. There are commendatory verses by Edward Browne prefixed to N. Billingsley's ΚΟΣΜΟΒΡΕΦΙΑ *or the Infancy of the World*, 8vo, 1658.

Bibl. Heber, pt. viii. No. 311, *1l.* 14*s.*

Collation: *Annuall World*, Sig A to X 7 in eights; *Sacred Poems*, A to E 8, but D has nine leaves.
Bound in olive morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

BROWNE, (EDWARD.)—A rare Paterne of Justice and Mercy; Exemplified in the many notable, and charitable Legacies of Sr James Cambel, Knight, and Alderman of London, deceased: Worthy imitation. Whereunto is annexed a Meteor, and a Starre: or, Briefe and pleasant Meditations of Gods Providence to his Chosen, of the Education of Children, and of the vertue of Love; with other Poems. By Edw: Browne.

Psal. 19, 1. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiworke.

Printed at London for William Ley at Pauls Chaine, neere Doctors Commons. 1642. Sm: 8vo. pp. 172.

The kind master and patron of Browne, Sir James Cambell Knt. and Alderman of London, did not long survive the dedication of the preceding "Sacred Poems" to him, having died on the 5th of January 1641-2, soon after its publication. And there is prefixed to the present volume a neatly-executed engraving of his monument by W. Marshall, representing the worthy knight clad in armour, over which are thrown his robes as an alderman, with a staff in his right hand and a scroll in the other, in a recumbent posture. Behind is a kneeling figure of his lady weeping, with Justice and Charity on each side, while an angel appears descending with a garland of laurel to crown him. On the arch above are figures of Fame and old Time with his scythe, and in the centre the arms of Sir James Cambell. On the pediment is an inscription:

In Memoriam
Prudentissimi Senatoris
Jacobi Cambell
Militis &c.

And underneath:

For prudent Justice, and true Piety
Here lyes a Patern; pray observe him well
And for true Love without Hypocrisy
He was a Mirror; In his soule did dwell

True Faith, the mother of the Graces three
Of Justice, Holynes, and Charity.
So though his Corps seemeth herein to ly,
His Vertues rare shall live and never dy.

The first part of the work is in prose, and is dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull his vertuous and religious Lady, Dame Rachel Cambel, Relict, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Sir James Cambel, Knight, and Alderman of London, deceased. And to the Right Worshipfull his honoured friends, Sir Thomas Abdy, Knight and Baronet, and Mr. James Cambel, Esquire, Joint-Executors with the said Lady." In this Dedication he more than hints at the detraction of some of his neighbours, which had lately "cast her poisonous influence over his best actions," and had blighted his good name and reputation. In the "rare Paterne of Justice and Mercy," he enumerates the various noble and charitable Legacies bequeathed by Sir James Cambell, (who died of the stone without issue the 5th January 1641–2, and was buried in the Parish Church of Saint Olaves, Jewry, the 8th February following, aged 72,) in the hope, as he expresses it, that "God may work such an effect in some rich mens hearts, that they may be induced thereby to doe such like actions, to Gods praise and glory, poore peoples comfort, their owne honour here, and happiness hereafter." After mentioning the various graces and good qualities of Sir James—his piety and devotion, his wisdom and policy in public and private affairs, his temperance and moderation, his fortitude and courage, his frugality and good management, and his long-suffering and patience,—he proceeds to recount the munificent disposition of his property, which certainly proves him to have had a most benevolent and feeling heart,—and entitles him to "be had in everlasting remembrance."

First, that poor children should be wel educated, and brought up in good learning, hee hath given one thousand markes for the erection and maintenance of a Free-Schoole in the towne of Barking in Essex.

Secondly, to keep youth from beggery and thieving, which is begot by stealth and idlenesse, the root of all evill, hee hath bequeathed two thousand pounds for a stocke to keep such at labour and worke in Bridewell, that they as others should labour with their owne hands, and in the sweat of their browes eate their bread, according as God commanded Adams posterity, and this stocke is to be ordered and disposed by the advice and counsell of the sagest and gravest Senators of this City.

Thirdly, to enable young beginners to goe on cheerfully in their callings, in workes of good husbandry, he hath left thirteene hundred pounds to bee lent to poore freemen

of the company of Ironmongers, 100 £ a man, upon good security, at 4 £ per centum for a year.

Fourthly, for the reliefe of poor helplesse children in Christ hospitall he hath given 500. pound. To enlarge the hospitall of Saint Thomas in Southwark with more lodging for poore sick diseased persons, he hath given 1500 li. And for a further reliefe of the poore, blinde, lame, diseased, and lunatique persons in Bridewell, St. Bartholemewes, and Bethlehem Hospitalls, he hath given 300 li. viz. 100 li. to each.

Fiftly, for redemption of poor Captives under Turkish slavery, where they are inforced by cruell torments to forsake their Religion, he hath given one thousand pounds. And for the release and reliefe of poore distressed prisoners that lye in miserable bondage by means of mercilesse creditors, in nine prisons in and about London, he hath given one thousand pounds. What shall I say more? I am amazed at so many charitable bequests of one man, for he hath not onely remembred the Laity, but the Clergie also, not onely the valiant Souldiers, the Gentlemen of the Artillery Garden, with one hundred pounds towards their stock, and one hundred marks for a dinner or supper, because he was once chosen a Colonell of this City: — but poore honest preaching Ministers also, with 500 li. towards the supply of their necessities, not to exceed 5. li. nor less than 40. shillings a man, because he would nourish learning and religion, for he knew learning to bee a maine prop to uphold religion in its purity, and therefore not to be despised, as now it is, for the infirmities of some few men. And not onely mankinde in general, but such things as conduce to his honour and livelihood, this judicious charitable Gentleman hath thought on in the composure of his Testament, first to comfort and refresh the poore destitute in cold weather, he hath followed his fathers steps, and left 500. pounds for a further supply of a stocke of Coales, which his said father Sir Thomas Cambel Knight, and sometime Lord Maior of London began with three hundred pounds:—secondly, to make wayes passable, to abridge long journeyes, and to ease labour, he hath left 250. pounds for the erection of a new bridge over the Foord neere Wansted in Essex: — and last of al, that we as he should delight to bee in the Church of God, which is the congregation of the faithfull, the house of prayer, where with one heart wee should heare God speake unto us by his word and wee unto him by humble confession, earnest supplication, and hearty thanksgiving, hee hath given one thousand pounds towards the repaire of the mother Church the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, which evidently showes he was a man that did approve all things in the worship of God should bee decent and in good order. And lest he himselfe should forget any that were capable of charity, hee hath left the overplus of his estate (which by his computation will be ten thousand pounds, if not impaired by bad debts, or otherwise) in his Executors discretion to dispose of in some such pious and charitable worke or workes, thing or things, as they shall thiuk fit, which I hope will bee to the glory of God, the reliefe of the poor, the honour of the deceased, and to the comfort and joy of the Executors themselves. Yet I have not mentioned all his charitable Legacies, for I have not made relation of 120 £. to 120 poor men in money or gowns, and 12d. a piece for their dinner upon the day of his Funerall. 200 £. to poore beggars to avoid trouble on the same day. 200 £. to

the poore of the Parishes of Saint Peters Poore, and Saint Olaves Jewry, London, and of Barking in Essex. Besides 100 £. to the parishioners of the Parish of Saint Olaves Jewry, for their good will to erect his monument by his fathers and his mothers Master Robert Cambel, late Alderman of London. &c. &c.

The Church of St. Olaves Jewry was one of those which were destroyed by the great fire in 1666, and with it have perished the monuments of the Cambell family. The engraving of that of Sir James Cambell Knt., prefixed to this Volume, is of the greatest rarity, and much resembles the one by the same engraver of Judge Hutton in Brathwaite's "Astræas Teares," 8vo, 1641.

After this account of the charitable bequests of Sir Thomas Cambell, there occur some acrostic verses and anagrams on his name, followed by "An Acrostick Elegie;" "An Acrostick Epitaph," describing his monument in St. Olave's Jewry Church; Verses entitled "Of the favour of man;" "An Acrostick Elegie and Epitaph on the deaths of the right worshipful Mr. Anthony Abdie, alderman, of London, who departed this transitorie life on Thursday the 10 of September 1640, and Mistris Abigail his wife, who died the Friday before." "They were both buried together upon the first day of October 1640, in the Parish Church of Saint Andrew Undershaft." These and a Latin inscription to Sir James Cambell, with the following lines, conclude the first portion of the work:

To make my Sun and Moon shine cleare,
My Starre and Meteor thus appeare
Within bright favours firmament;
I hope my time is not mispent
In useless workes, in fruitlesse pain,
For little Credit, much lesse gaine;
Because my Masters praise and worth
In these Books likewise is set forth:
Yet howsoever, I know this
Spes et Præmium in Cœlis.

A fresh title now occurs:

"A Meteor: or briefe and pleasant Meditations of the Providence of God toward his Chosen: and of the Education of Children."

[Woodcut of the heavenly constellations, with the motto "Conscientia bona non timet pericula."]

On the reverse of the title is a quotation from Exodus ix. 23, 24. This is followed by a long "Proem," addressed to his master, Sir James Cambell,

which is in part a repetition of his former Dedication to the "Description of an Annuall World." The "Meteor," which is in prose, and chiefly scriptural, thus commences: "The consideration of the power of naturall love in the heart of Mankinde, hath of late induced me to write of divers things gathered out of the word of God, and other writings. But now having by the assisting grace of the Almighty, fully finished three Bookes, viz., *Liber Amoris*, *Sacred Poemes*, and *An Annuall World*, I thought good, for the ease of my minde, as my *Vultimum vale* to writing of such mysteries, too high for my capacity to demonstrate, to set downe these confused notions following. The first shall bee the consideration of God's Providence towards his chosen, in the examples of *Iacob* and *David*. In the second place, because I began to write of the love of young men, I will conclude with the love of old men towards their children, in the examples of *Isaac* and *Iacob*.

"In the first I will show, how God turned a *Serpent* to a *staffe of support*, for the preservation of *Iacob*, and also how he made *water* to flow out of the *hard Rocke*, for the reliefe and refreshment of *David*.

"In the second, I will declare and set forth, how aged parents (as in a glasse) may see how to place and fix their love towards their children and kindred. In *Isaacs* love towards *Esau*, and in *Iacobs* love towards *Ioseph*," &c. At the end of the Meteor there is another Title, "A Starre, or, briefe and pleasant Meditations of Love."

Judg. v. 20. The starres in their courses fought against Sisera.

[Woodcut of a Star. Motto, "Stella effulget in noctu."]

This is chiefly in verse, and has prefixed to it two six-line stanzas entitled "The Proem, Primo Die Januarii 1640," and an "Invocation," three stanzas. Then follow some lines inscribed "A Phantastick Lover," preceding which is a full length portrait, engraved by Marshall, of the author writing at a table with a label from his mouth, "Spes et Præmium in Cœlis," and of his two children, each holding a volume with a star, sun, and moon, on the open page, and labels from their mouths, "In Heavenly Light, I will delight," and "My Portion sure, Will ever dure." There is so much apparent truth and simplicity in these lines, descriptive of his own situation, that we cannot resist quoting them entire:

A Phantastick Lover.

Behold, how vainly I have spent my time,
By making Books, in fruitlesse prose, and rime

To win a Damsells love, with Pen and Inke,
I wonder why, I should so fondly thinke
Some win their Mistris by sweet words and rimes,
But such are rare to find, in these our times;
Others like *Jupiter* on *Danaes* Tower,
Do purchase love, in such a golden shower,
But most, and that's the way thy Love to meete
As *Paris*, *Hellen*; *Mars* did *Venus* greete;
These things I know, and yet my troubled mind
Did urge me to make Books, true Love to find
In Vertues breast; but not for forme, or pelfe,
Because like *Jacob* I compar'd myselfe,
That, as he having neither house nor lands,
By Gods great Providence, became two bands:
So, I, that have been very weake and poore
Might come in better state I was before,
Did thinke to get a *Rachel* for my mate,
And by my children come in double state;
But I'm not like to him, neither is she
Like *Rachel*, faire, though *Bright* her name may be.
Neither have I serv'd *Laban*, though 'tis true
In eighteen yeares, eleven pounds paid my due
For Salarie, my bargain was no more,
Why should I care, or too much grieve therefore;
Yes, such like worldly losses breedeth pain
Unto mans mind, and doth much hurt the brain,
But I'll give thankes to God, for he hath brought
My labour to an end, for still I thought
Whether I lost or got, my hope was this
To have Gods Love: for *Præmium in Cœlis*.

A few lines follow "Liber ad Lectorem," and then commences in verse "A Starre: A briefe Meditation of Gods Love in generall, and in speciall to one;" and after this, "A briefe Meditation of Mans Love," in prose, concludes the volume. Many particulars of Browne's life may be gathered from his own writings, and of the hardships which he underwent in his earlier years, when struggling with poverty, and unassisted by friends, he had to carve out his own fortune in the world, and to endeavour to transmit an honourable name to posterity. And among other passages in his writings which furnish materials for this purpose, there are several in this last Poem and in other parts of the present work which supply ample information. Bibl. Heber: Pt. viii, 310. 3*l*. 19*s*.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to M i., in eights; F 6 is a blank leaf; G has only six leaves, K has nine.

Few copies of this work have occurred for public sale, and Lowndes is unable to refer to any but the one in the British Museum. The present copy came from the Utkinton Library in Cheshire, and is bound by Mackenzie in purple morocco, gilt leaves.

BROWNE, (EDWARD.)—Sir James Cambels Clark's Disaster, by making Books, shewing that lying and scandalous pamphlets against King and Parliament are in great estimation, but Bookes of Learning and Religion little regarded. Exemplified in a Compendious Letter to Iohn Philpond in Suffolke. London, Printed in the Climacterian yeere, 1642. 4to, pp. 8.

In this amusing little prose tract of sorrowful plaint by Browne, he gives a few more biographical particulars relating to himself, and shows us that writing books had proved very disastrous to his prosperity in life, in causing him thereby to lose his time, his sweetheart, his money, and his master's favour.

It is not materiall (says he, in addressing his Suffolk friend and fellow-servant), for you to know that our late master Sir Iames Cambell brought me up to no manuall trade, but what Gods Providence, his goodnesse and my endeavours led me into, and that was to be his Clarke as he was a Justice of Peace, which you know was a happy designe, and proved very beneficiall, for surely I thinke it was God who put that motion into my minde, and gave strength to my weake abilities to performe whatsoever I tooke in hand against potent oppositions. And I doe likewise humbly acknowledge, it was my Masters goodnesse to accept of my endeavours, and my Ladies kindnesse to solicit and allure him, who of himselfe was willing to doe me good even to the day of his death, as it is well knowne. But my *Book-making* which I learned of my selfe against the counsell and advise of my friends, proved as unhappy, and much more prejudiciall than my *Clarkeship* was advantagious. Yet this use I will make of it: That God knowing the promptitude of my nature to Pride, Covetousnes, and selfe conceit, to exercise my humility, patience, and contentation, instead of credit and profit, which I expected by my labours, sent me contempt and disdaine from them whom I looked for favour and respect; and so many losses, that I know not how to numerate them. For first I lost *Pretious time*, which some said I might have spent much better. Secondly, I lost my *Love* who is lately married to another; but whether he was so *Eager* to have her for money, beauty, or vertuous qualities he knowes best,

and you may guesse. And last of all, which grieves me most of all, is the losse of *money*. For my *Time*, notwithstanding their sayings, I might have spent much worse then in such laborious and pious actions, tending to the glory of God, good of my neighbours, joy and comfort of my owne heart: and my *Love* may be as well lost as found for ought I know. But *Money* as the times are now, is a matter of great consequence, and very hard to come by when it is departed from us. Therefore I hope you will not blame me, if I complaine that I have lost at the least £20 out of my owne stocke in being at the sole charge to print my *Annuall World*, *Sacred Poems*, *Star*, *Meteor*, and *Patterne of Justice and Mercy*. Secondly, I believe if I had surceased from printing Bookes, my master would have bequeathed me 200£, as appeares by a note found neere his will made in *September* 1641. And last of all I know not what I have lost out of my friends good will, for since I have printed, and published my *Patterne of Justice and Mercy with my Meteor and Star*, some looke upon me very strangly.

Again he says, alluding to his unfortunate success in Booke-making:

I, like that over adventurous sonne of *Sol* and *Clymene* have almost set the frame of Heaven in a combustion, and stated the Sun Moone and Starres upon such improper objects as may cause amazement to the beholders:—Therefore I acknowledge my selfe worthily punished for my *Miscrosmus*, I meane my Booke which I compared to a *little World* seems to be at the period as was afore prophesyed by the truth it selfe of this *Vast universe*, *Marke* 13, 24 and 25 *verse*, for my *Sunne* is darkened, and my *Moone* gives but little light, my *Star* is falne from the Heaven wherein it was fixed and the powers of my *Heavenly meditations* are shaken and esteemed of little worth.

In this way he compares his *Annuall World* to the *Sun*, and his *Sacred Poemes* to the *Moon*, and says that he had lately joined all his *labours of love together* in one Volume with marginal notes and annotations, and offered them to the press. But "no executioner" as he wittily terms the printer would undertake the work, as it was not likely to sell; and therefore he was forced to keepe his labours by him, for 30 or 40 £. was more money than he could well spare upon such a dead commodity. He then concludes:

Thus have I briefely declared my disaster by making bookes, yet I hope this last booke of Iustice and Mercy will by such time as this Kingdome is in a settled peace, cause all the rest of my workes to cast forth a little glimmering light to the praise and glory of God, good of my Neighbour, and joy and comfort of my own soule, at the houre of death, in the day of judgement, and all the dayes of my life. Now for my Trade and Imployment, as I have continued with my Lady 18 yeares and upwards, so I doe intend (God willing) to remaine with her one or two yeares longer at the least, except I be by force expulsed, and then you shall heare my mournfull lamentation.—London 7 Octob. 1642.

Brown does not seem to have published any more works after this year, owing probably to the convulsed state of the times, but we have no knowledge of the date of his death.

Half bound in Brown Calf.

BROWNE, (WILLIAM.) Britannia's Pastorals. — Lond. print: for Geo: Norton, dwell: at Temple-barr. — Folio n. d. (1613.) pp. 120.

Britannia's Pastorals. — The second Booke.

Horat.

Carmine Dii superi placantur, carmine Manes.

London: Printed by Thomas Snodham for George Norton, and are to be sold at the signe of the Red Bull without Temple-barre. 1616. Folio, pp. 148.

Few poetical writers have given greater promise of excellence, especially in scenes of a pastoral character, and of rural imagery, than William Browne, whose publications were all written at an early period of his life, but from whom had he been spared to mature his powers, which were considerable, and to correct those faults of conceit and extravagance, which were in some degree the characteristics of his age, a noble poetical harvest might have been realized. He was a native of Tavistock in Devonshire, where he was educated, and went from thence to Exeter College, Oxford, and afterwards to the Inner Temple in London. But leaving the study of the law, he indulged himself in his taste for poetry, and in his twenty-third year published the first part of the present work in 1613. This was followed in 1614 by his Shepherd's Pipe in seven Eclogues, 8vo, and in 1616 by the second part of his Britannia's Pastorals. In 1624 he returned to Exeter College, was created M.A., and became tutor to Robert Dormer, afterwards Earl of Caernarvon, who was killed at the battle of Newbury in 1643. He was soon after a retainer in the Pembroke family, and according to Wood he became rich, and purchased an estate. He is supposed to have died about 1645 — but little is known of the later years of his life. He wrote a Masque at the Inner Temple, and some other poems, which were published with notes and observations, and a life of the author, by the Rev. Will. Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxford, in three vols. 8vo, 1772.

Browne, although chiefly a writer of Pastorals, is yet sometimes classed with Daniel and Drayton among our historical poets. And this poem, descriptive of some of the local scenery of Devonshire, his native county, may be considered as coming under that kind. The title, which is engraved by W. Hole, is on a scroll held up by two angels under a rustic arch, beneath which are a shepherd and shepherdess conversing. This is succeeded by a metrical dedication "To the no less enobled in Virtue, then ancient in Nobilitie, the right Honorable Edward Lord Zouch, Saint-Maure, and Cantelupe, and one of his Maiesties most Honorable Privie Council," by some verses "To the Reader" "from the Inner Temple, Iune the 18, 1613. W. B.," and by commendatory verses in Greek, Latin and English by I. Selden Juris C., Michael Draiton, Edward Heyward e Soc. Int. Templ., Christopher Brooke, Fr: Dyne e Soc. Int. Templ., Tho. Gardiner Do., W. Ferrar e So. Med. Templ., and Fr. Ovlde e So. Int. Templ. The first book is divided into five songs or parts, each preceded by a short Argument: and although our limits will not permit us to introduce many of the passages remarkable for their beauty or pastoral simplicity, we select a few extracts from this portion of his works to enable our readers to form their own judgments of the merits of this now undeservedly neglected poet.

He commences his first song with this simple allusion to himself:

I that whileare neere *Tauies* stragling spring,
Vnto my seely Sheepe did vse to sing,
And plaid to please myselfe on rusticke Reede
Nor sought for *Baye*, (the learned Shepheard's meede,)
But as a Swayne vnkent fed on the plaines,
And made the *Eccho* vmpire of my straines:
Am drawne by time (although the weak'st of many)
To sing those Layes as yet vnsung of any.

The following passage is full of pleasing ideas and fanciful thought, and not as in some other instances too much over-charged:

As I haue seene vpon a Bridal day
Full many Maides clad in their best array,
In honour of the Bride come with their Flaskets
Fill'd full with flowres: others in wicker-baskets
Bring from the Marish Rushes, to o'er spread
The ground, whereon to Church the Louers tread,
Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the Plaine
Vshers their way with many a piping straine:

So, as in ioy, at this faire Riuers birth,
Triton came vp a Channell with his mirth,
And call'd the neighb'ring Nymphes each in her turne
To poure their pretty Riuilets from their Vrne;
To waite vpon this new-deliuered Spring.
Some running through the meadowes, with them bring
Cowslip and Mint: and 'tis anothers lot
To light vpon some Gardeners curious knot,
Whence she vpon her brest (loues sweet repose)
Doth bring the *Queene* of flowers, the English Rose.
Some from the Fen bring Reeds, Wilde-thyme fro Downes;
Some from a Groue the Bay that Poets crownes;
Some from an aged Rocke the Mosse hath torne,
And leaues him naked vnto Winters storme:
Another from her bankes (in meere good will)
Brings nutriment for fish, the Camomill.
Thus all bring somewhat, and doe ouer-spread
The way the Spring vnto the Sea doth tread.

The whole volume abounds with numerous and beautiful similes, and simple, natural, and forcible imagery, expressed in much sweetness and melody of language, and breathing genuine pastoral spirit. The difficulty in quoting from Browne is not in finding passages to extract, but in the embarassment of too much wealth. Take for instance the following similes:

But as when some kinde Nurse doth long time keepe
Her pretty babe at sucke, whom falne a sleepe
She layes downe in his Cradle, stints his cry
With many a sweet and pleasing Lullaby;
Whilst the sweet childe, not troubled with the shocke,
As sweetly slumbers, as his nurse doth rocke.
So lay the Maide, th' amazed Swaine sat weeping,
And death in her was dispossest by sleeping.
The roaring voyce of windes, the billowes raues;
Nor all the mutt'ring of the sullen waues
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stirre:
But lull'd her more asleepe than wakened her.

Again:

As when some gale of winde doth nimbly take
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make
Some prettie driuing, — here it sweepes the plaine:
There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turnes againe:
Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say
That now it stops, or leapes; or turnes away:

So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their seuerall motions to be one.

And again:

And as the Yeere hath first his iocund Spring,
Wherein the leaues, to Birds sweete carolling,
Dance with the winde: then sees the Summers day
Perfect the Embrion Blossome of each spray:
Next commeth Autumne, when the threshed sheafe
Looseth his graine, and every tree his leafe:
Lastly, colde Winters rage, with many a storme
Threats the proud Pines which *Ida's* toppe adorne,
And makes the sappe leaue succourlesse the shoote,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.
So every humane thing terrestriall,
His vtmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.

Here is another pretty comparison:

As when a maide taught from her mothers wing,
To tune her voyce vnto a siluer string,
When she should run, she rests; rests when should run,
And ends her lesson hauing now begun:
Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
And doing of her best she still is wrong,
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
Then in a chafe forsakes her Virginals,
And yet within an hower she tries a-new,
That with her dayly paines (Arts chiefest due)
She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse
Tame the fierce walkers of the wildernesse,
Then that *Œagrin Harpist*, for whose lay
Tigers with hunger pin'de and left their pray.
So *Riot* when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haste and there long standeth still,
Now getteth vp a step then falls againe,
Yet not despairing, all his nerues doth straine,
To clamber vp a-new, then slide his feet,
And downe he comes: but giues not ouer yet,
For (with the Maide) he hopes a time will be
When merit shal be linckt with industrie.

Our limits will not allow us to quote the description of rural sounds and objects, on p. 42; the picture of night, p. 49; the description of a musical concert of birds in a grove, p. 50; the comparison of the swan, p. 88; of the angler, p. 105; and especially of the maiden retiring to her bed, on p. 106;

all of which otherwise we should have felt pleasure in transcribing for our readers, as favourable specimens of our author's power and fanciful spirit, and of his rich and melodious language. Pages 60 and 61 are engraved on copper, and contain some curious representations, with verses inscribed on them, of a heart, a shepherd's crook, a comb, a garland or lover's knot interlaced, and a figure of Cupid and his bow. These are not given in any of the later editions. This part is also diversified with several songs.

The second book has a separate title:

"Britannia's Pastorals.—The second Booke.

Horat.

Carmine Dij superi placantur, carmine Manes.

London: Printed by Thomas Snodham for George Norton, and are to be sold at the signe of the Red Bull without Temple-barre, 1616."

This part has a dedicatory sonnet "To the truely Noble and Learned William Earle of Pembrooke, Lord Chamberlayne to his Maiestie &c.;" and commendatory verses in Latin and English by Iohn Glanvill, Tho. Wenman e Soc. Int. Templ., W. Herbert (2), John Davies of Heref., Carolus Croke, Vnton Croke e Soc. Int. Temp., Anth. Vincent, Iohn Morgan e Soc. Int. Temp., Thomas Heygate Do., Augustus Cæsar Do., G. Wither, H. B., and Ben Ionson. This book is also divided into five songs or pastorals, and is interspersed like the other, with some songs and lyrical effusions, of which the succeeding verses are not an unpleasing example:

Shall I tell you whom I loue?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a *woman* moue
As I now shall versifie;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none,
That I loue, and loue alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the help of art.
In as many *Vertues* dight
As e'er yet imbrac'd a hart.
So much *good* so truely tride
Some for lesse were deifide.

Wit she hath without desire
To make knowne how much she hath;
And her *anger* flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of *pitty* as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her *vertues* grace her *birth:*
Lovely as all excellence
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to proue
Onely *worth* could kindle *Loue.*

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I haue sung;
Be she *browne, faire,* or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I loue, and loue alone.

Browne was a great admirer of the poems of Spenser, which had been published a few years before, and had captivated his heart. Spenser was dead at this time, to which circumstance an allusion is made in the ensuing lines in the first book, p. 50:

Had *Colin Clout* yet liu'd (but he is gone)
That best on earth could turne a louers mone.
Whose sadder tones inforc'd the Rookes to weepe
And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe:
Who when he sung (as I would do to mine)
His truest loues to his faire *Rosaline*
Entic'd each Shepheards eare to heare him play.

And here again at the close of the first song we have his justly admired and beautiful tribute to the same great poet:

All their pipes were still,
And *Colin Clout* began to tune his quill,
With such deepe art that euery one was giuen
To thinke *Apollo* (newly slid from heau'n)
Had tane a humane shape to win his loue,
Or with the *Westerne* Swaines for glory stroue.
He sung th' heroicke Knights of *Faiery* land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the *Thracian** plaid but halfe so well
He had not left *Eurydice* in hell.
But e're he ended this melodious song
An host of Angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this Swan from his attentiue mates,
To make him one of their associates
In heauen's faire Quire: where now he sings the praise
Of him that is the *first and last of dayes.*
Diuinest *Spencer* heav'n-bred, happy Muse
Would any power into my braine infuse
Thy worth, or all that Poets had before
I could not praise till thou deseru'st no more.

Browne does not confine himself to the eulogy of his favourite Spenser alone, but in the following passage has given a pleasing enumeration of some others of his contemporaries, commencing with the divine Astrophel:

Ere their arriuall *Astrophel* had done
His shepheards lay, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th' admired mirrour, glory of our *Isle*,
Thou farre-farre-more then mortall man whose stile

* Orpheus.

Stroke more men dumbe to hearken to thy song
Then *Orpheus* Harpe, or *Tullyes* golden tongue,
To him (as right) for wits deepe quintessence,
For honour, valour, vertue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crowne his toombe with Bay,
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.
Happy *Arcadia!* while such louely straines
Sung of thy vallyes, riuers, hils, and plaines;
Yet most vnhappy other ioyes among,
That neuer heard'st his Musicke nor his Song.

* * * * *

He sweetly touched what I harshly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I haue writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit so meane
May taste with him the dewes of *Hippocrene*)
I sung the *Past'rall* next: his Muse, my mouer:
And on the Plaines full many a pensiue lover
Shall sing vs to their loues, and praising be,
My humble lines, the more for praising thee.
Thus wee shall liue with them, by rockes, by springs,
As well as *Homer* by the death of Kings.
Then in a straine beyond an Oaten quill
The learned* Shepheard of faire *Hitching* hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*,
In lines, so worthy life, that I imploy
My reede in vaine to ouertake his fame,
All praisefull tongues doe waite vpon that name.
Our second *Ouid*, the most pleasing Muse
That heau'n did e're in mortals braine infuse,
All-loued Draiton, in soule-raping straines
A genuine noate, of all the *Nimphish* traines
Began to tune: on it all eares were hung
As sometime *Dido's* on *Œneas* tongue.
Iohnson, whose full of merit to reherse
Too copious is to be confin'd in verse:
Yet therein onely fittest to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne.
One so iudicious: so well knowing: and
A man whose least worth is to vnderstand:
One so exact in all he doth preferre
To able censure; for the *Theater*
Not *Seneca* transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserue the Bayes.

---

* Mr. Chapman.

Well-languag'd *Danyel*; *Brooke*, whose polisht lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designes,
Whose pen (it seemes) still young *Apollo* guides;
Worthy the forked *Hill* for euer glides
Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time shall see
Thee honour'd by thy Verse and it by thee.
And when thy Temples well-deseruing Bayes
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a christall glasse, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring,
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantitie of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The glasse (of water) could containe no more:
Yet so all-worthy *Brooke*, though all men sound
With plummets of iust praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes can'st take
And not apparent ostentation make
That any second can thy vertues raise,
Striuing as much to hide as merit praise.
Dauies and *Wither*, by whose Muse's power
A *naturall* day to mee seemes but an houre,
And could I euer heare their learned layes
Ages would turne to *artificiall* dayes.
These sweetly chanted to the *Queene* of *Waues*,
She prais'd, and what she prais'd no tongue depraues.

Browne occasionally turns his muse to himself, and alludes in humble and modest lines to his youth, that he had not yet completed twenty years of his life when he wrote this work:

O how (me thinkes) the impes of *Mneme* bring,
Dewes of Inuention from their sacred spring!
Here could I spend that spring of Poesie,
Which not *twice ten Sunnes* haue bestow'd on me;
And tell the world, the *Muses* loue appeares
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeeres.
But ere my *Muse* erected haue the flame,
Wherein t' enshrine an vnknowne Shepheards name,
She many a Groue, and other Woods must treade,
More Hils, more Dales, more Founts must be displaid,
More Meadowes, Rockes, and from them all elect
Matter befitting such an Architect.

Again in his third song he says of himself;

Among the rest a Shepheard (though but young,
Yet hartned to his Pipe) with all the skill
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.
By *Tauies* speedy streame he fed his flocke,
Where when he sate to sport him on a rocke,
The Water-nymphs would often come vnto him,
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him.
Now posies of this flowre, and then of that;
Now with fine shels, then with a rushy hat,
With Corrall or red stones brought from the deepe
To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe,
Willy he hight.

The commencement of the fourth song of this second book describes with a beautiful and interesting simile the strength of his love and attachment to his native scenery on the Tavy, and his unwillingness to leave it:

Looke as a Louer with a lingring kisse
About to part with the best halfe that's his,
Faine would hee stay but that he feares to doe it,
And curseth time for so fast hastning to it:
Now takes his leaue, and yet begins anew
To make lesse vowes then are esteemed true,
Then sayes hee must be gone, and then doth finde
Something he should haue spoke that's out of minde,
And whilst he stands to looke for't in her eyes,
Their sad-sweet glance so tye his faculties,
To thinke from what he parts, that he is now
As farre from leauing her, or knowing how,
As when he came, begins his former straine
To kisse, to vow, and take his leaue againe,
Then turnes, comes backe, sighes, parts, and yet doth goe,
Apt to retyre and loath to leaue her so:
Braue Streame, so part I from thy flowry banke
Where first I breath'd, and (though unworthy) dranke
Those sacred waters which the Muses bring
To woo *Britannia* to their ceaslesse spring.
Now would I on, but that the christall Wels
The fertill meadowes, and their pleasing smels,
The Woods delightfull, and the scatt'red Groues,
(Where many Nymphes walke with their chaster Loues)
Soone make me stay.

In the same song is a digression by the author on his pure and disinterested love of poesy and the muses, which contains some fine and noble

sentiments expressed in strong, graceful, and felicitous language, but too long for quotation here. This part also abounds equally with the former in simple, appropriate, and interesting similes, from which, however, we can only select a couple:

As I haue seene when on the brest of *Thames*
A heauenly beauy of sweet *English Dames*,
In some calme eu'ning of delightfull *May*,
With musicke giue a farewell to the day,
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet Nights ascension to her *Ebon* Throne,
Rapt with their melodie, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore:
So ran the Shepheards, and with hasty feet
Strove which should first increase that happy fleet.

As in an evening when the gentle ayre
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repayre,
I oft have sat on *Thames* sweet bancke to heare
My Friend with his sweet touch to charme mine eare,
When he hath plaid (as well he can) some straine
That likes me, straight I aske the same againe,
And he as gladly granting, strikes it o're
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have beene content if he would play,
In that one straine to passe the night away:
But fearing much to doe his patience wrong,
Vnwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So in this diff'ring Key though I could well
A many houres but as few minutes tell,
Yet least mine owne delight might iniure you
(Though loath so soone) I take my song anew.

We conclude our extracts from this work (already extended to too great a length) with a very few lines more of unusual grace and harmony, which remind us, as Headley has also observed, of the opening of one of Collins's Eclogues:

Faire was the day, but fayrer was the maide
Who that dayes morne into the green-woods straid.
Sweet was the ayre, but sweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the Roses are bequeathing.
Bright shone the Sun, but brighter were her eyes,
Such are the Lampes that guide the Deities.
Nay such the fire is, whence the *Pythian* Knight
Borrowes his beames, and lends his *Sister* light.

Not *Pelop's* shoulder whiter than her hands,
Nor snowy Swans that iet on *Isca's* sands.
Sweet *Flora* as if rauish'd with their sight
In emulation made all *Lillies* white.

There are lines, if not continuous passages by Browne, descriptive of the charms of nature and of rural scenery, which, in our opinion, are quite equal to any in the writings of Daniel or Drayton. He has much originality, great force of expression, and remarkable ease and melody of versification. And he who has been noticed with commendation by Selden, Drayton, Brooke, Davies, Wither, and Ben Jonson, and whose works were evidently well known to Milton, would seem to have deserved a larger share of public attention. But for further information on this subject we must refer our readers to Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 364; Headley's *Select Poets*, vol. i. p. xxix; and *Supplem.* p. 165; an excellent and highly eulogistic article in the *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 149; Ellis's *Specim.* vol. iii. p. 108; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* 69; Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.* p. 38; Campbell's *Introd.* p. 217; Hayward's *Brit. Muse*, vol. —, p. —; Chalmers's *British Poets*, vol. vi. p. 225; Beloe's *Anecd.* vol. vi. p. 58; and Sir Egerton Brydges's Edit. of *Browne's Original Poems*, 4to, 1815.

Copies of this edition of Browne's *Pastorals* have sold at Bindley's sale, pt. i. No. 196, for 2*l.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 223, 1*l.* 7*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 614, 1*l.* 8*s.*; Gardner's ditto, No. 443, 1*l.* 3*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 69, 3*l.* 3*s.*; and Midgley's ditto, No. 119, 3*l.* 10*s.* A copy on large paper, Charles II.'s, with his monogram on the sides, sold in Bright's sale, No. 793, for 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: First part, Sig. A, six leaves; B to P 2, in fours. Book 2: Title, one leaf; A, five leaves; B to S 4, in fours. pp. 268.

In Brown Calf, blank tooled.

Browne, (William.) — Britannia's Pastorals. The first Booke. Britannia's Pastorals.—The second Booke.

Carmine Dii superi placantur, carmine Manes.

London: Printed by Iohn Haviland, 1625. 8vo, pp. 352.

Lowndes mentions an edition in 1623, but gives no particulars of it. If this be correct, the present is the third impression of the Pastorals. The

first book is dedicated in verse as before, to the Right Honorable Edward Lord Zouch, Saint-Maure, and Cantelupe; and the second to William Earle of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlaine to his Maiestie; and the commendatory verses prefixed to both the books correspond in this edition with those in the former one, although the arrangement is somewhat different in the first book. The contents also of this edition are exactly the same as the former, with the exception of not having the copperplate engravings on pp. 60 and 61, in the first book, save only of Cupid and his bow, which is here engraved on wood. A later edition of the Pastorals, and of Browne's other works, including the Inner Temple Masque, never printed before, was published by the Rev. Will. Thompson, late of Queen's College, Oxford, with Notes and Observations and a Life of the Author, in three vols., Lond. 1772, 12mo, said to be edited by T. Davies. Lloyd's copy, No. 281, sold for 1*l.* 1*s.*; Skegg's ditto, 224, 1*l.* 1*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 70, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Nassau's pt. i. No. 942, 3*l.* 3*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to Y 8, in eights.
Ex Libris, Thomas Bernard. Mr. Haslewood's copy.
Bound by C. Lewis, in Calf extra.

BROWNE, (WILLIAM).—The Shepheard's Pipe.

Τν ποιμω φορμιγγικι ορχηθμφ καὶ ἀοιδη.

London, Printed by N. O. for George Norton, and are to be sold at his Shop without Temple-barre. 1614. sm. 8vo. pp. 120.

This first edition of the Shepheard's Pipe, written by Browne in conjunction with Wither, is of extreme rarity. It has a metrical dedication "To the truely Vertuous, and worthy of all Honour, the Right Honourable Edward Lord Zouch, Saint Maure and Cantelupe, and one of his M.^tie^ most Honourable Priuy Councell," and commendatory Verses by E. Johnson Int. Temp. and Iohn Onley Int. Temp. *The Shepheard's Pipe* consists of seven Eglogues, with a short "Argument" prefixed to each. The first is between Willie and Roger, and is chiefly occupied with the story of Jonathas, originally written by Hoccleve in the octave stanza, and taken from the *Gesta Romanorum*, concerning which Browne says in a note at the end of the Eglogue: "Thomas Occleve, one of the privy Seale, com-

posed first this tale, and was neuer till now imprinted. As this shall please, I may be drawne to publish the rest of his workes, being all perfect in my hands. Hee wrote in Chaucer's time." Browne has modernized this simple tale, which was here first reprinted from the works of Hoccleve. The fourth Eglogue is a beautiful Elegy on the death of Mr. Thomas Manwood, a son of Sir Peter Manwood Knt., an intimate friend of the author, who is here shadowed under the name of Philarete. This Elegy, which is full of pleasing passages, expressed in gentle and harmonious verse, has been reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges in his volume of Browne's Original Poems at the private press at Lea Priory in 1815, 4to, and is supposed to have given rise to Milton's poem of Lycidas; but beyond the expression of one or two similar sentiments there is not anything in common between the two. We quote the simile of the rose, which has been thought to betoken a resemblance, and which will prove a pleasing specimen of this Elegy:

'Tis not a Cypresse bough, a count'nance sad,
A mourning garment, wailing Elegie,
A standing herse in sable vesture clad,
A toombe built to his names eternitie,
Although the shepheards all should striue
By yearly obsequies,
And vow to keepe thy fame aliue
In spight of destinies
That can suppresse my griefe:
All these and more may be,
Yet all in vaine to recompence
My greatest losse of thee.

Cypresse may fade, the countenance bee changed,
A garment rot, an Elegie forgotten,
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites bee ranged,
A toombe pluckt downe or else through age be rotten:
All things th' vnpartiall hand of Fate
Can raze out with a thought,
These haue a seu'rall fixed date,
Which ended, turne to nought.
Yet shall my truest cause
Of sorrow firmly stay,
When these effects the wings of Time
Shall fanne and sweepe away.

Looke as a sweet Rose fairely budding forth
Bewrayes her beauties to th' enamour'd morne,

Vntill some keene blast from the enuious North,
Killes the sweet budd that was but newly borne,
Or else her rarest smels delighting
Make her, her selfe betray,
Some white and curious hand inuiting
To plucke her thence away.
So stands my mournfull case,
For had he beene lesse good,
He yet (vncropt) had kept the stocke
Whereon he fairely stood.

In deepest passions of my griefe-swolne breast
(Sweete soule!) this onely comfort seizeth me.
That so few yeares should make thee so much blest
And gaue such wings to reach ETERNITY:
Is this to dye? No: as a shippe
Well built, with easie winde
A lazy hulke doth farre out-strippe,
And soonest harbour finde:
So PHILARETE fled,
Quicke was his passage giuen,
When others must haue longer time
To make them fit for heauen.

Then not for thee these briny teares are spent,
But as the Nightingale against the breere
Tis for my selfe I moane, and doe lament
Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st mee heere:
Heere, where without thee all delights
Faile of their pleasing powre,
All glorious dayes seeme vgly nights,
Me thinkes no Aprill showre
Embroder should the earth,
But briny teares distill,
Since Flora's beauties shall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.

At the end of this Eglogue are some verses in the shape of an altar, "To the vertuous and much lamenting Sisters of my euer admired friend, Mr. Thomas Manwood." The fifth Eclogue is addressed "To his ingenious friend Mr. Christopher Brooke," to incite him to write something of a higher fame than silly shepherds indite. At the end of the Seventh Eclogue is a second title:

"Other Eglogues: By Mr. Brooke, Mr. Wither, and Mr. Davies. London, Printed by N. O. for G. Norton. 1614."

The first is inscribed "To his much loued friend Mr. W. Browne of the Inner Temple, D.D., by Christopher Brooke." The second, entitled "Thirsis and Alexis," is by George Wither, in which, alluding to Brooke and Browne under the pastoral names of Cuttie and Willie, he thus concludes his Eclogue:

Thirsis.

Enough kinde Pastor: But oh! yonder see
Two Shepheards, walking on the lay-banke be,
Cuttie and *Willie*, that so dearly loue
Who are repairing vnto yonder groue:
Let's follow them: for neuer brauer swaines
Made musicke to their flockes vpon these plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents do with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our sheep the short sweet grasse do shere
And till the long shade of the hilles appeare
We'ele heare them sing, for though the one be young,
Neuer was any that more sweetly sung.

The third, by John Davies, is entitled "An Eclogue between yong Willy the singer of his native Pastorals, and old Wernocke his friend," and contains some pleasing lines on the degeneracy of the time.

When those that should presse proper songs for sale,
Bene, in their doomes, so dull; in skill, so crude;
That they had leauer printen *Lacke* a vale,
Or *Clim o Clough* (alacke) they beene so rude!

A third title then occurs:

"Another Eclogue: by Mr. George Wither. Dedicated to his truely louing and worthy friend, Mr. W. Browne.
London, Printed for George Norton. 1614."

This concludes the volume, concerning the rarity of the early editions of which consult the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 71, and Beloe's *Liter. Anecd.* vol. vi. p. 58. See also further Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. i. p. ccxxix. *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 180; and Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. iii. p. 108.

Strettell's sale, No. 1352, 2*l.* 10*s.*; White Knights ditto, pt. ii. No. 4485 (with Wither's abuses), 1*l.* 15*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 487, 1*l.* 6*s.*

A copy of the edition of 1620 in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 71, was priced at 6*l.* 6*s.* There is a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Collation: Sig. A to H 8, in eights.
Half bound in Russia.

BROWNE, (WILLIAM.)—Original Poems, never before published, by William Browne, of the Inner Temple, Gent. Author of "Britannia's Pastorals." With a Preface and Notes, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. K. J.

How simple is the strain that tells
Of fields, and flocks, and groves:
And Nature still in every age
The same sweet notes approves.

Printed at the Private Press of Lee Priory: By Johnson and Warwick. 1815. 4to. pp. 168.

This was one of the most valuable contributions from the Lee Priory Press, and Sir Egerton Brydges is deserving of much praise for having rescued these additional specimens of Browne's poetical talents from obscurity, and for thus giving them to the public. "It appears," says an elegant critic respecting these poems, "that Browne is deserving of a more extended reputation than had before been his allotment. There is a peaceful delicacy and pure morality in these recovered strains which surpass those previously collected in his works." "There is a simplicity," says the editor, "a chasteness, a grace, a facility, a sweetness, in some of the present short poems, which [to me] is full of attraction and delight; and is the more surprising when it is contrasted with the corrupt and absurdly-metaphysical style of many of Browne's contemporaries." In these remarks we are fully disposed to agree, for what can be more truly simple or graceful than the following lines?

An Epistle.

Dear soul, the time is come, and we must part,
Yet, ere I go, in these lines read my heart:
A heart so just, so loving, and so true,
So full of sorrow, and so full of you,
That all I speak, or write, or pray, or mean,
And (which is all I can) all that I dream,
Is not without a sigh, a thought for you,
And as your beauties are, so are they true.
Seven summers now are fully spent and gone,
Since first I lov'd, lov'd you, and you alone:
And shall mine eyes as many hundreds see,
Yet none but you shall claim a right in me:
A right so plac'd that time shall never hear
Of one so vow'd, or any lov'd so dear.

When I am gone (if ever prayers mov'd you)
Relate to none that I so well lov'd you:
For all that know your beauty and desert,
Would swear he never lov'd, that knew to part.
Why part we then? that spring which but this day
Met some sweet river, in his bed can play,
And with a dimpled cheek smile at their bliss,
Who never know what separation is.
The amorous vine with wanton interlaces
Clips the rough elm in her kind embraces:
Doves with their doves sit billing in the groves,
And woo the lesser birds to sing their loves:
Whilst hapless we in griefful absence sit,
Yet dare not ask a hand to lessen it.

The succeeding little poem is one of a series of fourteen Sonnets termed "Cœlia":

Sing soft, ye pretty birds, while Cœlia sleeps,
And gentle gales play gently with the leaves;
Learn of the neighbour brooks, whose silent deeps
Would teach him fear that her soft sleep bereaves
Mine oaten reed devoted to her praise;
(A theme that would befit the Delphian Lyre!)
Give way, that I in silence may admire!
Is not her sleep like that of innocents,
Sweet as herself; and is she not more fair,
Almost in death, than are the ornaments
Of fruitful trees, which newly budding are?
She is, and tell it, Truth, when she shall lie,
And sleep for ever, for she cannot die!

Take another of these:

Night, steal not on too fast! we have not yet
Shed all our parting tears, nor paid the kisses
Which four days' absence made us run in debt,
(O, who would absent be where grow such blisses?)
The Rose, which but this morning spread her leaves,
Kist not her neighbour flowers more chaste than we:
Nor are the timely ears bound up in sheaves
More strict than in our arms we twisted be;
O who would part us then, and disunite
Two harmless souls, so innocent and true,
That were all honest love forgotten quite,
By our example men might learn anew.

Night severs us, but pardon her she may,
And will once make us happier than the day.

The next is one of a set of "Visions:"

I saw a silver swan swim down the Lee,
Singing a sad farewell unto the vale,
While fishes leapt to hear her melody,
And on each thorn a gentle nightingale,
And many other birds forbore their notes,
Leaping from tree to tree, as she along
The panting bosom of the torrent floats,
Rapt with the music of her dying song;
When from a thick and all-entangled spring
A neat-herd rude came with no small ado,
(Dreading an ill presage to hear her sing),
And quickly stroke her slender neck in two;
Whereat the birds (methought) flew thence with speed,
And inly griev'd for such a cruel deed.

We close our extracts with

An Epitaph on his Wife.

Thou need'st no tomb, my Wife, for thou hast one,
To which all marble is but pumice stone.
Thou art engrav'd so deeply in my heart,
It shall out-last the strongest hand of art.
Death shall not blot thee thence, although I must
In all my other parts dissolve to dust;
For thy dear name, thy happy memory,
May so embalm it for eternity,
That when I rise, the name of my dear Wife,
Shall there be seen as in the Book of Life.

The manuscript from which the present Poems were copied is in the British Museum, among the Lansdowne MSS., and is supposed to have been formerly among the collections of Warburton the Herald.

Of this work eighty copies only were printed, in four parts, at a cost of £3, at the private press at Lee Priory, by Sir Egerton Brydges, who intended to have added a few Notes and Criticisms at the end, which, however, were never completed. It is ornamented with some elegant woodcut vignettes and initial letters, and has a neat engraving of the mansion of Lee Priory on the title. This is the only edition of these Poems by Browne.

Bound by Winstanley. In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRYAN (JOHN, D.D.) — Harvest-Home: Being the Summe of certain Sermons upon Job 5, 26; one whereof was Preached at the Funeral of Mr *Ob. Musson,* an Aged godly Minister of the Gospel, in the Royally Licensed rooms in *Coventry;* the other since continued upon the Subject, by *J. B., D.D.,* Late Pastor of the *Holy-Trinity* in that Ancient and Honourable City. The first part being a preparation of the Corn for the Sickle. The Latter will be the reaping, shocking, and inning of that Corn which is so fitted.
London, Printed for the Authour, 1674. 4to, pp. 60.

The author of this privately printed poetical volume was John Bryan, D.D., a learned and pains-taking Nonconformist divine, educated at St. Peter's College in Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. and of D.D. During the Interregnum he was appointed to hold the Vicarage of the Holy Trinity in Coventry, where he preached for some years with considerable success, and was also engaged in the education of youth. He was ejected from the Holy Trinity after the Restoration by the Act of Uniformity, and was succeeded in that living by the Rev. Nathanael Wanley, M.A., on the 28th October, 1662, who was appointed by the Crown. Dr. Bryan was liberal and charitable to the poor, and much respected in Coventry, where he continued to reside till his death, on the 4th of March, 1675. His funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Wanley, his successor. He had three sons, all brought up to the ministry: — 1. John Bryan, M.A., of Emanuel and Peter House, Cambridge, the eldest son, was Minister of the Abbey Parish in Shrewsbury, and afterwards at St. Chad's in that town. 2. Noah Bryan, M.A., Fellow of Peter House, was Minister at Stafford, became Chaplain to the Earl of Donegal, and went with him to Ireland, where he died in 1667. And 3. Samuel Bryan, Fellow of Peter House, Vicar of Allesley, in Warwickshire. He had also a brother, Mr. Jarvis Bryan, who was at one time Rector of Old Swinford, in Worcestershire. These were all ejected ministers as well as the father.

The work is preceded by a short "Preface," in which the author says, "This small Treatise concerning the happy and heavenly end of an holy life, the Authour hath presumed to send to some of his noble and most worthy friends; as an Earnest and Token of his hearty thankfulness for sundry expressions of their bounty, in his now declining age; humbly desiring of

them to receive it as such." The Poem is divided into sections, and is composed in different metres. Mr. Obadiah Musson, whose funeral sermon was preached at Coventry by Dr. Bryan, and forms the subject of the poem, had been pastor at Langton, in Leicestershire, whence he was ejected on St. Bartholomew's Day, and retired to Coventry, where he died at an advanced age. The sermon, which was on Job v. 26, was afterwards turned into a poem, and appears to have been privately printed by the author to give away to his friends. We hope that the divinity and language of the discourse were more attractive than the poem, which is very weak and prosaic, as the short passage we here annex will sufficiently shew:

How soon doth man decay!
When Cloaths are taken from a Chest of sweets
To swaddle Infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way;
Those Clouts are little winding sheets;
Which do consign and send them unto Death.

When Boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary Graves;
Sleep holds them fast; onely their breath
Makes them not dead;
Successive nights like rolling Waves
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for Musick, while his veins do swell;
And all day exchanging mirth and breath
In Company;
That Musick summons to the Knell,
Which shall befriend him at the hour of Death.

When man grows stay'd, and wise;
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the Circle of his Breath;
Schooling his Eyes;
That dumb inclosure maketh love
Unto the Coffin, that attends his Death.

When age grows low, and weak,
Marking his Grave, and thawing every Year;
Till all do melt, and drown his Breath,
When he would speak;
A Chair, or Litter shews the Bier,
Which shall convey him to the house of Death.

Man ere he is aware,
Hath put together a Solemnity;
And drest his Herse while he hath breath
As yet to spare;
Yet Lord instruct us so to dy,
That all these dyings may be life in Death.

After stating the uncertainty of the *time* of death, the author goes on to give examples, also, of the same uncertainty in the manner *how:*

——— By a broken Stone
Cast from a Tower, *Abimelech* is gone.
Two Captains and their fifties were by fire
(Call'd for and sent from heaven) forc'd t' expire.
Zimri was burnt in his own Palace, by
A Fire himself did kindle wittingly.
Some dye by Dogs, *Euripides* did so.
Some by a Fly; a seeming silly foe:
So did a Pope of *Rome*.—A Counseller
Of the same City strangled with an Hair.
Tullus Hostillius was with lightning struck.
Homer, because he at a riddle stuck,
Proposed by Fishermen, dyed with grief:
And *Sophocles* with joy, being judged chief
By one voice onely in a prize of learning:
Wherein he shew'd a judgment best discerning
A Raisin stone did stop *Anacreon's* breath.
Thus numberless have been the ways of death.

The writer has quoted one or two of the songs of the amiable George Herbert, and the fresh and sparkling beauty of his elegant little poem,

Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,
The Bridall of the earth and sky,

forms a strange contrast with the tameness and insipidity of Bryan's verse.

At the end of the poem, on p. 52, occurs a "Postscript" of five pages not numbered, in which he craves leave to delay the second part of the poem, until he had regained more strength of body and spirit, which probably at his advanced age never came, and which was never printed. This portion in the present copy contains some manuscript corrections, apparently in the handwriting of the author himself.

See Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, vol. 1, p. 164, edit. 1730, folio, and Palmer's *Nonconformist's Memorial*, vol. 2, p. 118 and p. 483. The work is scarce, and no sale of any copy is recorded by Lowndes.

Collation: Title and Preface; one leaf; then Sig. B to H 2, in fours; I containing the Postscript three leaves without any paging.
Bound by Hayday; in Blue Morocco, elegant; gilt leaves.

Buc (Sir George.) — *ΔΑΦΝΙΣ ΠΟΛΥΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ*: An Eclog treating of Crownes and of Garlandes, and to whom of right they appertaine. Addressed, and consecrated to the King's Maiestie. By G. B. Knight.

Quod maximum, et optimum esse dicitur, oportet esse Vnum. Ex Arist. Top. li. 7.

At London, Printed by G. Eld, for Thomas Adams. 1605. 4to, pp. 58.

This little poem is the earliest known production of Sir George Buc, who had been knighted by James I. two years before, on the day previous to his coronation, July 13th, 1603. Sir George, though poor himself, was descended from a good family, which had formerly possessed considerable estates in Yorkshire and Suffolk; but having taken the side of Richard III. at the fatal battle of Bosworth, they suffered the loss of most of their property, and had been deprived of it all but for the kind intercession of one of the Howards of the illustrious family of Norfolk, by whose means a small portion was preserved to them.

The present copy has received the corrections of the author himself, and has apparently been a presentation one. After the title is a shield of arms, with the royal crown over it, which, in this copy are coloured, containing four quarterings: — 1st, argent, a cross, Gules for England; 2nd, azure, a Salter argent for Scotland; 3rd, azure, a cross, Or, for France; 4th, Or, the same, Gules, for Ireland. Above is the royal crown, and besides the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, the genest or broom on one side. Underneath:

Mat. 19.
Quod Deus conivnxit,
Homo non separet!

And four Latin lines, the first two of which are MS., in the handwriting of the author:

Floribus ex variis conexit stemma Jacobo
Soli, qui solio regnat in empyreo:

Quatuor hasq: cruces clypeo coniunxit in uno,
(Quas ergo nemo separet) ipse Deus.

On the reverse, the following Latin inscription:

Invicto, Pacif. Foel.
Aug: Christianiss: Fidei Defen-
sori, Jacobo D. G.
Magnæ Britanniæ Galliæ, &
Hiberniæ Regi, Domino
suo Clementiss.
Hæc Stemmata, et Diademata,
I. has Genealogiæ Aug. et.
Imperii Britannici
Leves Advmbra-
tiones,
Geogius Bucus Eq. R. S. P. C.
L. M. D. D.

This Poem was published, as is supposed, when the author was about 23 years of age, but had been written earlier, probably when he was not more than 19 or 20, as appears from the dedicatory Epistle to King James:

I haue aduentured to present your Maiestie, not with a faire pourtrait, but with a slight shadow of your imperiall greatnesse; which I began long since, but then the end was in *nubibus*, or in abeiance (as our Lawyers say), for I could not finish it (according to my proiect) untill such time as he, which should be sent, *Expectatio gentium* (*Britannicarū*) should come, who was ordained from aboue to weare all these crownes and garlands; and to reduce this whole Isle (with the hereditary Kingdomes, and Provinces thereof) to one monarchie, and entire Empire, as they had been in the times of diuers ancient *British*, *Saxon*, and some *Englissh* kings of the *Norman* or *Danish* race, as it shall hereafter appeare.

The genealogy of King James is then drawn from a very early period, and especially "from that great Plantagenet King Henry the second," and he is addressed as

The great *IACOB*, who, enthronized upon the Patriarke *Iacobs* fatall stone, and upon Saint *Iacobs* Festiuall espoused solemnely faire *England* herselfe. And all the former matches were but preparatiues, and (as I said) foundations of this great worke, which your Maiesty (whom I may now call an English man, as well for being descended from so many English Princes, as also for that your Maiesties Father was an English man, and your Mother Princesse and heire of *England*) hath by diuine preordinance now finished and accomplished *in plenitudine temporum*; and that by iust right, for in your sacred person are iointly met, and coalesced, the royal blouds, interests, and titles, not onely of all *Great Britaine*, but also of *France* and *Ireland*.

At the close of the Epistle, the author thus speaks of himself and his

ancestors, concluding with a glowing panegyric on the Royal Monarch. Referring to the law of Christian charity [taught by the apostle] of doing as we would be done by, he says:

I myselfe claime the benefit hereof, for I confesse (with my traducers) I haue other faults besides these. I am ignorant, I am poore, and I am as obscure as *M. Scaurus* was (of whom *Asc. Pedianus* maketh mention) and so haue been euer since the fatall iourney at *Bosworth:* and had then perished utterly, had not the Princely Humanity of the great suruiuing *Howard* preserved my young orphan ancestor: which with my best seruice (as I am bound) I will euer acknowledge to that most illustrious family of Norfolke the *Durateus equus* of great Captaines, graue Counsellours, high Seneschalles, Marshals, Treasorers, and Admirals of *England:* besides many other heroicall Gentlemen fortunate, and faithfull to this Crowne and Kingdomes.

But to conclude shortly, whatsoeuer be the faults of the booke, or of the *Buc* I most humbly submit them to your Maiesties most gracious censure, who (next to the omnipotent Lord of Lords) are *vitæ* et *necis Arbiter*, and not onely the supreme, and highest iudge, but (which is best) the best iudge, i.e. the most wise, the most learned, and the most clement iudge," &c.

After this there is a neatly-engraved genealogical table of the Royal Line of England from Egbert to the Empress Matilda, mother of the great Plantagenet, King Henry the Second. This is inscribed, "*Angliæ Regum Prosapia a tempore quo Anglia appellari cœpit, nimirum ab Egberto Rege primo eiusdem monarcha, usque ad Henricum, primum Regem.*" The engraver's name and date are given at the bottom, "Joan: Wontneel excud: 1602," but altered by pen and ink in this copy to 1605, Sir George having probably, as Mr. Collier remarks, "originally contemplated the publication of the work in 1602." Then follows "The Preface, or Argument of this Poesy," extending to seven leaves, which concludes the introductory portion of the volume. The Eclog itself, which consists of fifty-seven eight-line stanzas, exclusive of one "L'Envoy au Roy," is written in the form of a dialogue between Damætas a Woodman, and Silenus the Prophet of the Shepherds, the former having observed the natures and properties of many trees, being anxious to know from the latter the peculiar maiesticall matter in the *Genest.* And considering the early age at which it was written, the author has shown promise of poetical powers which do not appear to have been realized in his after life; in proof of which we give the opening stanzas of the poem:

Of all the trees in heau'nly *Syluan's* guard
(Wherwith the worthi'st brows were crown'd of yore)
There is but one, or few (O reuerend *Barde*)

Amid whose vertues maze I would require
A line of any learned wiserd's lore:
The *Plante* of *Genest* chiefly I admire,
Whose humble highness makes me oft surmise,
That lowly steps be ladders to the skies.

For well I wist though *Genest* doth not dwell
In proudest soile, nor tops of mountaines hye,
She shews by this that she foreseeth well
The perils, which doe all extreames impend.
Th' aspiring pine whose top doth threat the sky,
Diuine Reuenge doth headlongs oft downe send,
When this is safe vpon her humble hill,
Not thrall to any proud superior's will.

Againe I know her gentle property
To yeeld, and bowe, as reason shall aduise:
Loe here a type of true humility,
And therefore hath by kind the soueraine pow'r
Of parts of man, which onely duty tyes
To bowe to Kings, and to their Creatour.
O iust respects, who can so well deserue
For to commaund, as one that knows to serue?

And that the *Genest* doth by nature holde
A speciall honour of æternall green:
And that hir boughs be charg'd with flow'rs of gold:
And many such like graces more I wot:
But in my minde long this conceit hath been
That yet the greatest wonders I weet not.
And I am wont this tree oft to compare
To that, which is in all the world most rare.

We quote one more brief passage, descriptive of the various garlands of trees assigned to the different deserts of men:

The Laurel-crowne was giu'n, and shall be still
To peerelesse men, to Clarks, and Emperours,
And such as in a mood of metrik skill
Could of my fauours make their vaunts at large.
And then that long-enduring Palme of yours
Was due (my sisters, and my sacred charge)
To such as worthily to gaine the price
Had suffer'd watching, famine, fire, and ice.

And he, which had with valiant hand preserued
A citizen, receiu'd a crowne of Oke.

But he a wreath of Oliue-leaues deserued,
Who had with arts, and pleas of peace beguïled
The bitter times, which discord had forspoke,
Or els some dangerous foe had reconciled.
And he, who long had flam'd in true loues fire,
Receiu'd a crowne of Mirtle for his hire.

I meane whose amorous flame is fed by grace,
By grace of hir, who doth his deare perseuer.
I meane not one forlorne, and in disgrace:
He must a wreath of bitter Willow weare:
For as that tree by buds doth promise euer,
A hope of fruite, yet fruite doth neuer beare,
So vaine, and fruitlesse is his hope, and loue,
Who an inconstant womans loue doth proue.

At the end of the Poem, after "L'Envoy au Roy," are some verses not found in the second edition of this work, entitled Πολυχρονιον, "The Hymne inauguratory for his Maiestie: mentioned in the Epistle D.D." occupying one page, on the reverse of which is a Latin Epigram offered to King James at Hampton, and two lines in Latin headed "Aliud de symbolo nummi novi:" — and a leaf of "Faults escaped in the printing" concludes the volume.

This first edition is of considerable rarity, and seldom occurs for sale, but there are copies in the British Museum and in the Library of Lord Ellesmere. The latter is furnished with a manuscript inscription in the handwriting of the author, addressed to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, a fac-simile of which is given by Mr. Collier in his p.p. *Bridgewater Catal.* p. 41, and is quoted also in *Beloe's Anecd.* See *Ritson's Bibliogr. Poet.* p. 146; *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. iv. p. 365; *Beloe's Anecd.* vol. vi. p. 111; *Moule's Biblioth. Herald.* p. 63; and *Collier's Bridgewater Catal.* p. 40.

Collation: Sig. A to G 4, in fours; and leaf of errata blank.

Along with the present copy is bound up also one of the second edition of "The Great Plantagenet," noticed in the next article.

Half bound, green morocco.

Buck, (Sir George.) — The Great Plantagenet. Or a Continved Svccession of that Royall Name, from Henry the Second, to our Sacred Soveraigne King Charles. By Geo. Bvck, Gent.

Quod maximum et optimum esse dicitur, oportet esse unum. Ex. Arist. Top. lib. 7.

London: Printed by Nicholas and Iohn Okes, Anno Domini 1635. 4to, pp. 54.

The second edition of the preceding work, published after an interval of thirty years. Prefixed to the title is an elegant woodcut of the royal arms. The volume commences with a short dedication "To the Right Honourable Sir John Finch, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas," &c. After which are three sets of commendatory verses by O. Rourke, Robert Codrington, and George Bradley. Then follows "The Preface, or Argument of this Poesie," as before, but somewhat altered and abridged. There is then another title-page, after which comes the poem, reduced in this edition from fifty-eight to fifty-one stanzas, and considerably altered in the language. The fourth and fifth stanza, for instance, in the first edition, are reduced to one, and the sixth and seventh of the former are omitted altogether in the latter. The fifteenth and sixteenth are reduced to one; the twenty-ninth, which relates the institution of the Order of the Garter by Edward III., is altogether omitted; the forty-eighth and -ninth entirely omitted; the fifty-second also transposed, and the whole of the latter stanzas much altered, and others substituted in their place.

The death of Prince Henry, "the flower of flowers," had taken place since the publication of the first edition, and King Charles had also ascended the throne of his father. Instead, therefore, of the hope expressed in the close of the fifty-third stanza,

> Soft Muse: but prosper God, and natiue right
> This flowre of flowers, this sweet S. *Georges* knight,

we now find the following:

> Stay Muse, here drop a teare, for deaths blacke cloud
> Too soone his glory and our hopes did shrowd.
>
> But turne our eyes now from the clouded west,
> And see the new Sun rising in the East,
> With what auspicious browes the heavens exprest
> Their glad præsages, the Cælestiall signes
> With holy Auguries shin'd: *Saturne* did feast
> With sprit'ly *Iove*, whilst *Apollo* divines
> In *Delphicke* raptures: the Age renu'd againe.
> And tooke new influence from bright *Charles* his waine.

The Stars of all yet were not absolute
And Fates conspir'd to keep thē in their wants:
But *Gods* and *Fates*, desert and publicke brute,
Have all pronounc'd him sole the worthy one,
To weare the Garland made of many plants,
And adde eternall Scepters to his Throne:
Of whom *Apollo* in his sacred rage
Did as you heard, such wondrous things præsage.

And to accomplish full his happinesse,
Heavens have to him a royall Spouse decreed;
All those frail Saints and flatter'd Goddesses
Shall knecle to her, so wise, so faire, so loyall,
So great, yet meeke; as doth her sexe exceed,
And both thriee blessed in their issue royall.
For he and they which shal from them descend,
Shall raigne in Britaine till the world have end.

The volume closes with the following copy of verses "Vpon King Henrie the Second the first Plantagenet of England" &c., which are not found in the first edition:

When Warlike HENRY by his Puissance
Had set his Foote upon the brest of *France*,
Scepter'd *Hibernia*, without Blood, or sweat,
And by his Conquests made his *Name* so great,
That it found way to *Victory* and *Fame*,
And burst the gall of *War*, where ere it came.
To crowne his fate, and make him greater yet;
There was no Title but PLANTAGENET:
To whose immortall linage *Fame* could adde
No greater glories; then from him they had
A *Name* so *Great* in Destiny and Fate,
Rome would have envi'd, or have trimbled at,
And her proud Tryumphs too, looke pale: set
By the brighter honors of PLANTAGENET,
Whilst their imperial *bayes*, as checkt with thūder
Dropt frō their swelling *temples*, even with wōder,
To see their Fate so farre out shin'd by odds,
And Pedigree of all their *Demy-gods*;
And to be heire unto *great Henries* fame,
Would not be *Rome*, but change her *fate* and *name*.

This edition is more frequently met with than the former, though of some rarity. The Gordonstoun copy, No. 299, sold for 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*.; Bindley's

ditto, pt. i. No. 753, for 4*l.*; and the one in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 24, for 4*l.* 10*s.*

Fine copy. Bound by Hering in Venetian Morocco, gilt edges.

B.[UC], G.[EORGE.] — The famous History of Saint George, Englands brave Champion. Translated into verse and enlardged. The three first Chapters. By G. B. His first Edition. The first Book.

Autograph MS. 4to. n.d. pp. 524.

Although we have placed this manuscript poem under the above name, because it has been confidently stated in the *Bibl. Hebr.*, part ii. No. 98, from which the manuscript was derived, that it was entirely in the handwriting of Sir George Buc, the initials corresponding with his name, and the handwriting being similar to a manuscript dedication of his poem to Lord Chancellor Egerton, preserved at Bridgewater House, it is certain that it was not written by him. It is unfortunate that there is no date in any part of the volume, by which the time when it was composed could be identified. But from some allusions made in the course of the poem relative to Oliver Cromwell's interment in 1660, it is clear that it could not have been written by Sir George Buc, the Master of the Revels in the reign of James I., who it is well known died in 1623, in which year his will was proved. On folio 118 occurs the name of "Dorothy Brampton" as the former owner of the volume, and the name of Brampton is seen again on the reverse of folio 181. Gaudy Brampton, who in 1660 was Lord of the Manor of Blow Norton in the county of Norfolk, Esq., married for his second wife Dorothy, daughter of John Briscoe, of Hackney, Esq., and had a daughter named Dorothy; and our own conjecture is, judging from these circumstances, that G.[audy] B.[rampton], who was a native of Norfolk, and whose initials correspond, was the writer of the manuscript, and that his daughter Dorothy was the former owner of the volume. On carefully examining the manuscript, and comparing the songs interspersed in it with those in Richard Johnson's *History of the Seven Champions of Christendome*, 1608, 4to, we discovered that the present work was a translation of that prose romance into verse, that the whole of the songs were taken *literatim* from that work, but that the prose part was enlarged and filled in with original descriptions and touches of scenery, passion and character,

sometimes in rather a poetical style, but generally and for the most part in simple and unredeemed doggrel; and the manuscript is perhaps chiefly remarkable for being undertaken by the writer at such an advanced period of life. We are not aware of any other similar attempt thus to versify an old romance.

It is a thick quarto volume of 524 closely-written pages, and was formerly in the possession of the Duke of Roxburghe, and afterwards in that of Mr. Heber. The history extends to 19 chapters, and, besides that of St. George, comprehends also the histories of the other six champions. The volume commences with a metrical Preface, addressed to Typographus or the Printer, entitled "The Muses Apologie," in which he says:

To put these to the Presse yet do intend
what is amisse Typographus must mend.
Consider that my Muse is aged growne,
whose Pilgrimage to *seventy-six is knowne.*

And again:

Farewell my Book, go forth to seeke your Fate,
pray Jove your journy may bee fortunate.
Then I expect thou'll find some better use,
and for thy labour suffer no abuse.
The Country's thy best place to travell ene
small faults to vulger eyes are seldom seene.
Let not thy Spirits be dejected so,
though in unhappy habit thou dost go.
Thy nimble steps to *Norfolk* none forbeare
I'me confident thou shalt bee welcom'd there,
Where that thy Autor *hee was bred and borne,*
though to Parnassus' Girles was never sworne.

This is followed by some other short metrical effusions from the author; the first being addressed "To the vertuous Lady the Lady Bacon at Readgrave-hall in Suffolk," the next "To the Courteous Reader," beginning:

Some certaine Gentlemen did mee engage
to publish forth this work done in myne age
That this, my aged act, it may survive
my Funerall and keep me still alive,
The which I wish may bee of such behaviour
that it may gaine a worthynesse of favour,
And kind esteeme, that you will it defend,
the Anchors are whereon my hopes depend.

The last, entitled "The Autor," is signed "Vale G. B."; after which are

added the following lines, apparently referring to some circumstances in his private life:

Some Poets they are poore, and so am I,
except I bee reliev'd in Chancery;
I scorne to begg, my Pen nere us'd the trade
this Book to please my friends is only made.
Which is performed by my aged Quill
for to extend my Country my good will.
Let not my country think I took this paynes
in expectation of any gaines.

The work is dedicated, in a prose epistle, "To the virtuous Lady and his most honour'd Friend, the Lady Bacon at Readgrave-hall in Suffolk, wife to S^r^ Edmond Bacon, Prime Baronett of England." The title is then repeated more fully, as we have given it above, and a sonnet of invocation to the Muses added at the bottom of the same page. The poem, which is composed in ten-syllable couplets, then commences, each chapter being preceded by the argument in verse. It is evident, from the style of the handwriting, that the poem had been written by the author at an earlier period of his life, and that the introductory portion, from which we have before quoted, had been added in his declining years.

Our readers will naturally look for a specimen or two of the author's style and composition, and may first compare the subjoined account of the fair Sabra in her distress at St. George's captivity in Persia with the original prose narrative of the same, which we afterwards annex, and which perhaps they will pronounce the more preferable of the two.

We now returne to Egipt where we left
fayre Sabra of hir dearest Love bereft,
(Lamenting sore) wants his societie
and comfort of his dayly company;
Whose tender love it was ingross'd intyre
burning with rage, did Aetnas flames inspire.
Sabra that wore the Garlands of the spring,
with Floras ritches, and hir Imbroydering.
The fayrest Lady that ere eyes beheld
nature and art did both consent to yeld
Their curious workmanship: — She did outvy
the rare perfections of a Deitie.
That whosoever shall attempt t' excell
against the Lady Nature doth rebell.
Those in this orb do search to find a better,
to the world's Emperess remaine a debter

Hir body it was straight, like Ceders tall,
hir wast it was as slender in the small:
Whose beautie did outvy the Paphian Queene
when Natures pride in hir was to be seene.
These comely featurs sorrowes did confound
and showres of greefes hir rosy cheekes had drown'd.
Hir face bore characters shew'd discontents
the lively portraiturs of sad Laments:
And the true picturs of a soule distrest
where greefes and sorrowes clayme their interest.
All company were lothsome to hir sight
in sollitary meades, hir sole delight.
Societie with Ladies then she did exclud
nor any honor'd Knights that durst intrud.
Into the portall of hir chamber dore
where they receiv'd free welcome all before.
Betakes hir to hir private Cabinet
replenished with woes, alone did sett
To trifle time away, sat sewing there,
upon each stitch she made dropt downe a teare.
With manie a woefull story pictur'd out,
did fill hir crimson Sampler round about.
Whereon somtimes she bathed wounded harts
that long before were perc'd wth Cupids dartes.
With luke-warme teares fell from hir mournefull eyes,
which with hir crisped haire againe she dryes.
These were hir handmaides that did wait upon hir,
sorrowes and greefes they were hir maides of honor.
Then thinking on hir deare beloved Knight
and on his promise he to hir did plight.
Fell into passions and these complaints
would not alow a span to their restraints.

Wee now leaue *Saint George*, languishing in great miserie, & returne againe into *Egypt*, where we left *Sabra* the Champions betrothed Lady, lamenting the want of his company, whome shee loued dearer then any Knight in all the world.

Sabra, that was the fayrest mayd that euer mortall eye behelde, in whom both Arte & Nature seemed to excell in curious workemanship, her bodie being comlier then the stately Cedar, and her beautie purer then the *Paphian* Queenes: — the one with ouer burthened greife was quite altered, and the other stayned with floods of brackish teares, that dayly trickled downe her chrystall cheekes: — whereby shee found the very image of discontent, the mappe of woe, & the onely mirrour of sorrow; she accounted all companie lothesome to her sight, & excluded the fellowshippe of all Ladies, onely betaking her selfe to a solitarie Cabbinet, where shee sate sowing manie

a wofull storie vppon a crimson sampler: — whereon sometimes bathing a wounded heart with luke-warme teares, that fell from the conduits of her eyes—then presently with her crisped lockes of hayre, which dangled downe her iuorie necke, she dried vp the moysture of her sorrowfull teares: — then thinking vppon the plighted promises of her deare beloued Knight, fel into these passionate and pitifull complaints: &c.

The history contains several songs interspersed in different parts, all of which are by Richard Johnson, and form the most pleasing and favourable portions of the volume. The subjoined ditty, warbled forth by the fair Sabra upon her ivory lute, may be selected for quotation as a specimen:

Dye all desires of courtly joyes & pleasures,
Dye all desires of Princely Royalty,
Dye all desires of mirth and worldly Treasures;
Dye all desires of stately Majesty:
Since he is gone that pleased best mine eye
For whome I wish ten thousand times to dye.

O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,
O that my tongue might evermore complaine,
O that my soule might in his bosome sleep
For whose sweet sake my heart doth live in paine.
In woe I sing with brinish teares besprent,
Out-worne with griefe, consum'd with discontent.

In time my sighes will dim the Heavens fayre light,
Which hourly fly from my tormented breast;
Except Saint George that noble English Knight,
Will safe returne, abandon my unrest.
Then carefull cryes shall end my deepe annoy,
Exchanging weeping teares for smyling Joy.

Before the face of Heaven this vow I make
Though unkind frinds have wed me to their will,
And crown'd me Queene, my ardent flames to shake,
Which in despight of them shall florish still:
Beare witnesse, Heavens & earth what I have sayd,
For Georges sake I live and dye a Maide.

The following song, sung by Sabra to the Earl of Coventry whilst lying in her lap, just before she murdered him, in order to preserve her own chastity from his intemperate lust, is one of the pieces by Johnson, interspersed in the volume, of which the translator, whoever he was, availed himself in his work, as already composed to his hand. We add the song entire, two stanzas only having been quoted by Mr. Collier in his *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 153:

Thou God of sleep and golden dreames appeare,
That bring'st all things to peace & quiet rest,
Close up the glasses of his eyes so cleare,
Thereby to make my fortune ever blest.
His eyes, his hart, his sences, and his minde,
In peacefull sleepe let them some comfort finde.

Sing sweete you pretty birds in tops of trees,
With warbling tunes and many a pleasant note:
Till your sweet musick close his watchfull eyes
That on my love with vaine desyres doth dote:
Sleep on, my deare, sleep sound, my loves delight,
And let this sleep be thy eternall night.

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely birds,
Come aid my dolefull tunes with silver sound:
Till your inspiring melody records
Such heavenly musick, that may quite confound
Both wit and sence, and tyre his eyes with sleep,
That on my lap in sweet content I keep.

You silver streames, which murmuring Musick make,
And fill each Dale with pleasant Harmony
Where at the floting fish much pleasure take
To heare your sweet recording Melody
Assist my tunes, his slumbring eyes to close
That on my lap now takes a sweet repose.

Let whispring windes in every sencelesse tree,
A solemne, sad, and dolefull Musick sing:
From Hils and Dales, and from each Mountaine high
Let some inspiring sound or Echo ring:
That he may never wake from sleepe againe,
Which sought my marriage bed with lust to staine.

As an example of the occasional poetical spirit with which the prose tale of Johnson is sometimes turned into verse in the manuscript, we may instance the opening of the sixth chapter, which in the former work thus commences:

It was at that time of the yeere, when the earth was newly deckt with a Summers liuerie, when the noble and heroical minded Champion S. Anthonie of Italie ariued in Thracia, &c.

This passage is thus harmoniously rendered in the poem:

It was at that time of the fragrant yeare
when Flora in hir beautie did apeare,

And put on earth hir Summers livery
wth nature's store of hir Imbroydery,
When Hyems fury and his rage did cease
and fieldes did smile to see a new increase,
And luke-warme Zepherus breathed from the West
where Phebus lulls himselfe to nightly rest.
When Philomel repeats forth sad complaints
both night & day in teares without restraints,
Deploring the false dealing of the world
and wicked deedes that vpon harts are hurl'd
Was in that time when Swallows make their neasts
and in all Chimneyes keep their constant feasts
Reioycing Hyems fiercest rage is gone
both in his morning and his evening toane.
And when the grass with flowers were intermixt
with Flora's richest bounties plac't betwixt.
When this Heroick noble Champion
th' Italian ground that ever trod upon,
In Thracia, his travels there he spent
for seaven yeares time to give himselfe content
In honor to his God and his country
and to his owne surviving memory.

St. George and the other champions being at length free from the magic spells of their enemies, returned safe to England; and the author, or translator, thus concludes his poem with another personal reference to himself and his advanced age, from which it appears that he had then completed his seventy-sixth year, and that the present volume was finished in eight months; and if his life should be spared he threatens, in a closing envoy, another or second book like it, which his advanced years most probably prevented him from accomplishing:

Then towards England did their journey bend
which in short time they brought unto an end.
And landed safe upon the happie shore,
which with much honour then they did adore:
So when they were arrived on the coaste
With winged hast to London they did post
Who with a world of Joyes were entertain'd,
so long as in the City they remain'd.
No presents were too deare that could be bought,
to be presented to them were unsought.
My Muse wants Eloquence and Retoricke,
for to describe it now here Scollerlike.

And doth crave pardon for hir bold adventure
when that upon these subiects she did enter.
'Tis eight mounths since this first Booke was begun
come, Muse, breake off, high time 'tis to adone.
Travell no further in these martiall straines
till wee know what will please us for our paines.
I know thy will is forward to performe
what age doth now deny thy quill t' adorne
Whose age is seventy six compleat in yeares
which in the Register at large appeares.
Come Muse, lets cease and speake of him no more
since England still maintaines Saint Georges score,
And since in London they were landed there
t' increase the story, take no further care.
But leave this Isle to be the Trumpe of fame,
ever to sound forth brave Saint Georges name.
Besides our English Rubricks do depainte
him every yeare to be a Heavenly Saint:
Still for the love our English do him beare,
a Garter to maintaine his Fame they weare:
And once a yeare they do keep Holyday
on which both age and youth doth sport & play.
Now nothings left more for my Muse to say
but that Saint George he bore the Bell away.

Finis.

Vivat Rex
Et currit Lex.

The second Book in time it may be done
But time's uncertaine with my Muse how soone.
When time and oportunity may fit,
Shee doth intend for to accomplish it.
If that shee can hir aged quill preserve
For want of Ink and Paper shall not sterve.
If ought shall seeme amisse, blame but hir quill,
Forbeare to scandalize hir aged will.

It is probable, as we have already observed, that the author intended to have versified the second part of Johnson's romance, which was also printed in 1608, but that he was prevented from accomplishing it by his death. The present part is written in a clear and legible hand, but is disfigured by numerous mistakes in the spelling. But if, as the writer says, the whole was completed in eight months, it must be considered a wonderful undertaking at so advanced a period of life.

See the *Roxburghe Cat.* No. 3228, 1*l.* 10*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. xi. Manuscripts, No. 98, 5*l.* 5*s.*; and *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. pp. 38 and 73.

Bound in Russia, with the arms of the Duke of Roxburghe on the sides.

BUCKHURST, (THO^{S} SACKVILLE, LORD.) — The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex, set forth without addition or alteration but altogether as the same was shewed on stage before the Queenes Maiestie, about nine yeares past, vz. the xviij. day of Ianuarie. 1561. by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. Seen and allowed &c.

Imprinted at London by Iohn Daye dwelling ouer Aldersgate. 16mo, blk. lett. n. d. pp. 62.

Although the notice of dramatic works in general is not intended to be comprehended in this Catalogue, excepting only in a very few rare and early instances, or where the authors have published other poetical volumes, yet we may surely be pardonably excused for bringing before our readers some account of the first historical play brought upon the stage in this country, the earliest regular English Tragedy and the first play in our language written in blank verse.

It was composed for one of the Christmas festivities held at the Inner Temple early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was afterwards acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple with great applause before the Queen's Majesty, at the court of Whitehall, on the 18th of January 1561. It was first printed under the title of *The Tragedie of Gorboduc*, without the consent of the authors, by William Griffith, in 1565, 4to, blk. lett. In the title-page of that edition it is stated that "three actes were written by Thomas Nortone, and the two laste by Thomas Sackuyle." Warton, at the close of his long and elaborate critique on this play, seems disposed to believe that Norton had not much to do with its composition, and that, judging from the "invariable uniformity of diction and versification," and from a comparison with Sackville's poems in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, *The Tragedy of Gorboduc* is marked with his characteristic manner, and the chief merit must be assigned to him, Norton's poetry being generally of a different and inferior cast. And Mr. Ashby has remarked that "it is difficult to conceive how Sackville and Norton, whose general poetic talents were so widely different, could write distinct parts of a play, the whole of

which should appear of uniform merit." Mr. Hallam also inclines to Warton's opinion, grounded upon the identity of style, and the superiority of the whole tragedy to any thing we can certainly ascribe to Norton. And Charles Lamb believed that "Lord Buckhurst supplied the more vital parts" of the play. On the other hand, Mr. Collier, and the latest editor of *Gorboduc*, Mr. Durrant Cooper, see no sufficient reason for depriving Norton of what the contemporary printer considered his right, and the latter believes that he had undoubtedly a principal hand in the execution. Both sides appear to agree that the original conception and plan of the tragedy were Sackville's; and we are of opinion with the former critics, that he had the principal share in its completion, having finished it in the reign of Queen Mary, when he was a student in the Inner Temple, nothing published by Norton leading us to conclude that he was equal to the bolder flights of tragedy. We believe that the play was Sackville's composition, but that it was completed and arranged for the stage by Norton, who probably prepared the Dumb Shews. We must bear in mind also, that the division of the work between Norton and Sackville is only mentioned by Griffith, the printer of the first edition, which was surreptitiously published, without the knowledge or consent of the authors, soon after it was acted.

Whoever was the author, it is remarkable for being the first play in the English language written in blank verse, although short passages had been introduced earlier in some of our poems and plays. On the reverse of the title is "The argument of the Tragedie," which being very brief is here quoted:

Gorboduc, king of Brittaine, diuided his realme in his life time to his sonnes Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearely loued the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger. The people moued with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels, and afterwardes for want of issue of the prince whereby the succession of the crowne became vncertaine, they fell to ciuill warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

This is followed by an address from "The P.[rinter] to the Reader," commencing thus:

Where[as] this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner Temple first written about nine yeares agoe by the right honourable Thomas now Lorde Buckherst, and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her Maiestie, and neuer intended by the authors thereof to be published: yet one W. G. (William Griffith) getting a copie therof at some yong man's hand that lacked a litle money and

much discretion, in the last great plage, an. 1565, about v. yeares past, while the said Lord was out of England* and T. Norton farre out of London,† and neither of them both made priuie, put it forth excedingly corrupted: euen as if by meanes of a broker for hire, he should haue entised into his house a faire maide and done her villanie, and after all to [haue] bescratched her face, torne her apparell, berayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of dores dishonested. In such plight after long wandring she came at length home to the sight of her frendes who scant knew her but by a few tokens and markes remayning. They, the authors I meane, though they were very much displeased that she so ranne abroad without leaue, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet seing the case as it is remedilesse, haue for common honestie and shamefastnesse new apparreled, trimmed, and attired her in such forme as she was before. In which better forme since she hath come to me. &c.

Then occur "The names of the Speakers," and each act is preceded by "The order of the domme shew and the signification therof," which foreshadows what is to happen. The story of *Gorboduc* is taken from our old English Chronicles, "the action," as Mr. Hallam remarks, "though sufficiently full of incident, passes chiefly in narration." The speeches are indeed long and tedious, the sentiments often trite and common-place, and the language, though vigorous, yet without any passion or pathos; so that, from the want of interest and excitement, this tragedy never appears to have been a favourite on the stage, even in former times. It was in fact undramatic. Still the play was much in advance of the age, and was greatly praised by many writers, especially by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1595, 4to, who says: "Our Tragedies and Comedies (not without cause cried out against) obserue rules, neyther of honest ciuilitie, nor of skilfull Poetrie, excepting *Gorboduc*, which notwithstanding as it is full of stately specches, and well sounding phrases, clyming to the height of *Seneca* his stile, and as full of notable moralitie which it doth most delightfully teach; and so obtayne the very end of Poesie: yet in troth it is very defectious in the circumstaunces; which greeueth mee, because it might not remaine as an exact model of all Tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporall actions."

Sir Philip Sidney evidently considered this play as the production of Sackville. And our good old critic Edmund Bolton in his *Hypercritica*, in speaking of Sackville's Induction in the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, as the work of Thomas, afterward Earl of Dorset and Lord Treasurer of England, says: "Whose also the famous Tragedy of Gorboduc, was the best of that

* Sackville was then abroad in Italy. † Norton was studying at Oxford.

time, even in Sir Philip Sidney's judgement: and all skillful Englishmen cannot but ascribe as much thereto for his phrase and eloquence therein." Antony Wood remarks, that "the composition of the whole was attributed to Sackville, and the ingenious men of that age did esteem the tragedy to be the best of its time:" in which opinion his editor, Dr. Bliss, fully coincides, saying that he "cannot fancy that Norton has the slightest claim to any share in this drama. The style is uniformly that of Lord Buckhurst, whose poetical abilities were so far superior to Norton's, as to admit of no mistake in the appropriation of their respective productions."

With the exception of the last one, each of the acts is closed with a chorus in the long measure in alternate rhymes, containing some moral reflections on what has passed. The last act is terminated with a long oration by Eubulus, the secretary of the King. The following is the opening speech of King Gorboduc in the second scene of the first act:

Gorboduc.

My lords, whose grave aduise and faithful aide
Haue long vpheld my honour and my realme,
And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
Guidyng so great estate with great renowme:
Nowe more importeth mee, than erst, to vse
Your fayth and wisedome, whereby yet I reigne:
That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
The kingdome yet may with vnbroken course
Haue certaine prince, by whose vndoubted right,
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay,
And eke that they whome nature hath preparde,
In time to take my place in princely seate,
While in their fathers tyme their pliant youth
Yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernance
Maye be so taught and trayned in noble artes,
As what their fathers which haue reigned before
Haue with great fame deriued downe to them
With honour they may leaue vnto their seede:
And not be thought for their vnworthy life,
And for their lawlesse swaruynge out of kinde,
Worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gaue:
But that they may preserue the common peace,
The cause that first began and still mainteines
The lyneall course of kinges inheritance.
For me, for myne, for you, and for the state,
Whereof both I and you haue charge and care.

Thus do I meane to vse your wonted fayth
To me and myne, and to your natiue lande.
My lordes, be playne, without all wrie respect
Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasyng wise,
Lest as the blame of yll succedyng thinges
Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

The speech of Eubulus, the King's secretary, in the same scene, in answer to the King's proposal to divide the kingdom into two parts between his two sons Ferrex and Porrex, contains some wise and prudent advice, expressed in clear and dignified language:

Eubulus.

Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes,
Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume
To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
Although the same do not agree at all
With that which other here, my lordes, haue said
Nor which your selfe haue seemed best to lyke.
Pardon I craue, and that my wordes be demed
To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your grace,
And to the safetie of your common weale.
To parte your realme vnto my lordes your sonnes,
I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worste of all for this our natiue land;
Within one land, one single rule is best:
Diuided reignes do make diuided hartes
But peace preserues the countrey and the prince.
Suche is in man the gredy minde to reigne
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
That faith and iustice and all kindly loue,
Do yelde vnto desire of soueraignitie.
Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
Your grace remembreth how in passed yeres
The mightie *Brute*, first prince of all this lande,
Possessed the same and ruled it well in one;
He, thinking that the compasse did suffice,
For his three sonnes three kingdoms eke to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine.
But how much Brittish bloud hath since bene spilt,
To ioyne againe the sondred vnitie?
What princes slaine before their timely houre?
What wast of townes and people in the lande?

What treasons heaped on murders and on spoiles?
Whose iust reuenge euen yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthefull remembraunce is yet rawe in minde.
The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe.

The succeeding chorus to the third act, written in alternate rhyme, is offered to our readers as another not unpleasing specimen of the composition of this tragedy:

The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regarde of right;
No kindely loue, no feare of heauen's wrath:
But with contempt of Goddes, and mans despite,
Through blodie slaughter doth prepare the waies
To fatall scepter and accursed reigne.
The sonne so lothes the fathers lingering daies,
Ne dreades his hand in brothers blode to staine.
O wretched prince, ne doest thou yet recorde
The yet fresh murthers done within the lande
Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sworde
Bereft *Morgan* his life with cosyns hand?
Thus fatall plagues pursue the giltie race,
Whose murderous hand imbrued with giltlesse blood
Askes vengeaunce still before the heauens face,
With endlesse mischiefes on the cursed broode.
The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull sire
The mournefull plaintes, to wast his very life.
Thus do the cruell flames of ciuyll fier
Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife:
And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
The dead black streames of mourning, plaints, and woe.

One more short passage from the final speech of Eubulus at the end of the play, containing some moral reflections on the miseries of civil war, shall close our extracts from this early drama:

And thou, O Brittaine, whilome in renowme,
Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torne,
Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed,
These be the fruites your ciuil warres will bring.
Hereto it commes, when kinges will not consent
To graue aduise, but followe wilfull will.
This is the end, when in fonde princes hartes
Flattery preuailes, and sage rede hath no place.

These are the plages, when murder is the meane
To make new heires vnto the royall crowne.
Thus wreke the Gods, when that the mothers wrath
Nought but the bloud of her owne childe may swage.
These mischiefes spring when rebells will arise,
To worke reuenge and iudge their princes fact.
This, this ensues, when noble men do faile
In loyall trouth, and subiectes will be kinges.
And this doth growe when loe vnto the prince
Whom death or sodeine happe of life bereaues,
No certaine heire remaines, such certaine heire,
As not all onely is the rightfull heire,
But to the realme is so made knowen to be,
And trouth therby vested in subiectes hartes.

Thomas Norton, who is said to have joined with Lord Buckhurst in writing this play, the eldest son of a person of both his names, afterwards of Sharpenhoe, not far from Luton in Bedfordshire, was a native of the city of London, born in 1532, and brought up there. He was noticed early in life by the Protector Somerset, and is thought to have been his amanuensis; and, turning his attention to the law as a profession, became in 1555 a student of the Inner Temple, and resided for some time in London. In 1561 he translated Calvin's *Institute of the Christian Religion* into English, which was published in that year, and went through five editions in Norton's lifetime. It was in the same year that *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*, written in conjunction with Sackville, appeared; and in the following year he contributed no less than twenty-eight of the psalms to Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the *Psalter* in English metre, which was printed in 1562. In 1565, according to Wood, he went to Oxford, and became a member of Pembroke Hall, and took his degree of M.A. in 1569. But both Mr. Collier and Mr. Cooper are of opinion that he went to college at an earlier period, as was then the custom, and had left the university before the period when he published his first work, and that the Thomas Norton who matriculated in 1565 was a different person. The Northern rebellion breaking out in 1569, he published two tracts in reference to that event, and in opposition to the Roman Catholics. In 1570 he published a translation of Dean Nowell's *Catechism*, which is said to have gone through four editions in seven years. After leaving Oxford, Norton continued to apply himself to the study of the law, became a barrister, and a married man. In December 1562 he was appointed counsel to the Stationers' Company and also to

the City of London, and a licenser of books; and was much noticed by Lord Burghley and Sir Christopher Hatton. It appears also from the Records of the City of London that in 1571 the important office of City Remembrancer being instituted, Norton was appointed to that office, which he continued to hold till his death. Norton was a member of the Grocers' Company, and in 1571 he was returned as one of the representatives of the city in Parliament, and sat again from 1572 to 1582. In 1574 Norton composed a Treatise or Exhortation on the Duties of the Lord Mayor of London, addressed to Mr. James Hawes, in whose mayoralty it was written, which is still remaining in manuscript. Entertaining Calvinistic principles, he continued extremely bitter against the Roman Catholics, whom he persecuted with great severity. In May 1581 he was one of the commissioners for examining the notorious Campion the Jesuit, and was present when he was put upon the rack. Norton was in consequence on that occasion brought into some trouble himself, and confined to his own house, but was soon afterwards released through the intercession of his two friends, Burghley and Hatton. In 1584 Norton was taken ill and died at Sharpenhoe, his paternal residence, to which he had succeeded on the death of his father only the year before. Nothing appears to be known respecting his family, except that his descendants continued at Sharpenhoe for more than a century after his death. The reader will find more concerning him in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 185, and in Mr. Cooper's Introduction to *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*, published by the Shakespere Society in 1847, p. xxxv. See also *Biogr. Dram.* vol. i. p. 340, and vol. ii. p. 121; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 289; Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii. pp. 116 and 136; *Cens. Liter.* vol. vi. p. 71; and especially two letters published in 1855 in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxvi. p. 97, by Mr. Collier and Mr. Cooper, containing some further particulars of Norton, to which we have been indebted in this account of him.

In a rare volume of six folio pages only, in the British Museum, entitled *Descriptiones quædam illius inhumanæ et multiplicis persecutionis quam in Angliâ propter fidem sustinent Catholicè Christiani*, 1585, is a wood-cut portrait of Norton, inscribed "Nortonus archicarnifex cum suis satellitibus," &c., a copy of which on a reduced scale we intended to have transferred to our pages, although we fear there is no great certainty that it is Norton's actual resemblance, had we been able to meet with a copy of the book.

Of his coadjutor, Lord Buckhurst, the life is so well known as to require but little notice here. He was born in 1536 at Buckhurst, in the parish of Withyam, in the county of Sussex, and was the son of Sir Richard Sackville

by Winifred Brydges, afterwards Marchioness of Winchester, and grandson of John Sackville, Esq., by Margaret Boleyn, sister to Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, and aunt to Queen Ann Boleyn. It was this connection with Queen Elizabeth, no doubt, joined to his own acknowledged talents and virtues, which brought him into favour with the youthful queen, and promoted his advancement in after life. He was educated first at Hart Hall in Oxford, but afterwards removed to Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A., became a student in the Inner Temple, but seems never to have practised at the bar, preferring rather the more pleasing study of poetry than the dry acquirement of the law. In 1555, when quite young, he married Cicely, daughter of Sir John Baker, of Tessingham in Kent, and soon after commenced his political life by being returned to Parliament for Westmoreland. He also, in conjunction with Norton, appeared in 1561 as the author of *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*, and wrote some sonnets and other poems, which are now lost, with the exception of one prefixed to Sir Thomas Hoby's translation of Castilio's *Courtier*, 1561, 4to. It was at this period that, becoming immersed in the labours and cares of a politician, he bade adieu to literary pursuits, but before quitting the haunts of the Muses he conceived the design, and wrote the celebrated Induction to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and the Legend of Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham, one of the stories in the same. Being somewhat in pecuniary difficulties, from his profuse expenditure, he travelled abroad and visited France and Italy, and was detained for a short time a prisoner at Rome; but being released he returned into England on hearing of the death of his father, which took place on the 10th of April 1566. In 1567 he was created Lord Buckhurst, and in 1571 was sent as ambassador to Charles IX. of France to congratulate him on his marriage with the Emperor Maximilian's daughter. In the same year he sat on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk, and in 1586 he was one of the commissioners for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and was selected to inform her of the sentence pronounced against her. In 1587 he went as ambassador to the Low Countries to conciliate those provinces disgusted with the conduct of the Earl of Leicester. By his fidelity in this commission he so displeased that favourite that he influenced the Queen to recall him from abroad, and to confine him to his house for nine months. On the death of Leicester however his influence at Court revived, and the Queen testified her returning favour by conferring upon him, without his knowledge, the order of the Garter; and in 1589 he was one of the peers who sat on the trial of the Earl of Arundel. In 1591 he was appointed, through the influ-

ence of the Queen, chancellor of the University of Oxford, in opposition to Essex, and incorporated M.A.; and was honoured by the Queen with a visit there, who was splendidly entertained by him for several days. In 1598 he was joined, with Lord Burghley, in promoting a peace with Spain; and upon the death of the latter, in reward for his services, was in the following year appointed lord high treasurer, which he enjoyed till the Queen's death. On the accession of King James, his patent of treasurer was confirmed to him for life; and on the 13th March 1603 he was created Earl of Dorset. He did not however long enjoy these honours, for, overcome with age and infirmities, he died suddenly at the council-board at Whitehall on the 19th April 1608, in his seventy-third year. He was buried first in Westminster Abbey, and his funeral sermon preached by Dr. Abbot (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), but his body was afterwards removed to Withyam, and interred in the family vault there. Few persons have left a higher character behind them for public and private worth, ability and integrity than the Earl of Dorset. And there are few who have "used their influence," says one, "with greater moderation and integrity than himself. He exhibits a rare specimen of talent united with virtue, of spirit attempered with gentleness, of high authority accompanied with that singleness of mind which alone can render a statesman worthy of the esteem of his contemporaries and the admiration of posterity."

As a dramatic writer and a poet, with which characters we are more chiefly concerned, Sackville is deserving of great praise for his refined taste and power of imagination, for having brought English heroic verse to such a state of dignity and perfection, and for having given us the first specimen of regular tragedy in blank verse; and it is probable that, had not the cares and labours of statesmanship called him away from literary studies and pursuits, he would have shone in after life with greater light and brilliancy, and we should have reaped more solid and important results from his genius and pen. Dr. Bliss has reprinted the whole of the Induction in his edition of the *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 30; and so has Mr. Capel in his *Prolusions*, 8vo, 1759. See also Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 322; Phillips's *Theat. Poet.* ed. 1800, p. 65; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. pp. 33 and 178; Jones's *Biog. Dram.* vol. i. p. 620; and Lodge's *Port. of Illustr. Persons.*

The present edition of *Gorboduc* is the second, and, although without date, was printed it is believed in 1571. It was reprinted (along with the *Serpent of Deuision*) by Edward Allde in 1590, 4to, noticed in the next article. An edition, edited by Mr. Spence, was published in 1736, in 8vo;

again in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*, in 1773, vol. ii. p. 285; and also in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, edited by Mr. Collier and others, in 1825, vol. i. p. 107; and lastly by Mr. D. Cooper for the Shakespeare Society, with Introductory Memoirs, in 1847, 8vo, from Griffith's edition of 1565, which contains eight lines in act v. se. i. that are not given in the present one by John Daye.

Langbaine is wrong in stating that the first edition of this play printed by Griffith was published under the title of *Ferrex and Porrex;* and both Wood and Dryden are in error in asserting that it was written in English rhyme. See the Appendix to Langbaine's *Dram. Poets;* Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iv. p. 178; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 481; Jones's *Biog. Dram.* vol. ii. p. 237; and Hallam's *Introd.* vol. ii. p. 370.

This second edition is almost as rare as the first. Heber's copy, pt. iv. No. 1865, sold for *5l.*; Jolley's sale, pt. iii. No. 1651, *8l. 8s.*; Roxburghe ditto, No. 5562, *10l.*; White Knights ditto, pt. ii. No. 3668, *13l.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. iii. No. 1123, *16l. 10s.* A copy is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and in the Malone Collection in the same.

Collation: Sig. A to H 3, in fours.

The Bindley and Jolley copy. It formerly belonged to William H. Ireland. Bound in Russia.

Buckhurst, (Thos Sackville, Lord.)—The Serpent of Deuision. Wherein is conteined the true History or Mappe of Rome's ouerthrowe, gouerned by Auarice, Enuye, and Pride, the decaye of Empires, be they neuer so sure.

Three thinges brought ruine vnto *Rome*,
that ragnde in Princes to their ouerthrowe:
Auarice and *Pride*, with *Enuies* cruell doome,
that wrought their sorrow and their latest woe.
England take heede, such chaunce to thee may come:
Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Whereunto is annexed the Tragedye of Gorboduc, sometime King of this Land, and of his two Sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. Set foorth as the same was shewed before the Queenes most excellent Maiesty, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple.

At London Printed by Edward Allde for Iohn Perrin, and

are to be sold in Paules Church yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1590. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 24.

The first edition of this little prose treatise, attributed to John Lydgate, was printed by "Owen Rogers in Smithfielde by the Hospital in little S. Bartolmewes" in 1559, 16mo., of which Herbert had a copy. A similarity of tragical subjects induced Edward Allde, the printer of this second edition of Lydgate's tract, as we suppose, to join with it Lord Buckhurst's tragedy, which is an entirely separate work, with fresh title and signatures. Lydgate's portion commences with an address "To the Gentleman Readers," in which the writer says:

If thou demaund why I publish out Cæsar in this simple manner, I answer; that being not able to doo as I would, I must doo as I can: therefore I yeeld I haue despoyled him of his honor as the Persians Alexander . . . . . I cannot though I would paint him foorth in bare cullours, yet I know his vallour hath blazend his owne perpetuall honour in England, in oyle cullours, which are of longest continuance: for note when he entred Brutes Albion, after called Brittaine, and now of late England: in memory of his name, what rare monuments erected he after he had conquered Cassibilean of Albion, and made this Land paye yeerelye vnto Rome 3000. poundes tribute, then builded he Douer, with the two famous Citties, Canterburye and Rochester, the Tower of London, the Castell and the Town of Cesarisbury, now named Salisbury, and more according to his owne name, he edified Cesar-chester, after called for brevities sake Chichester, and after the strong Castell of Exeter.

In the meane space his prefixed time was past, and he returning to Rome receiued his ouerthrow, which heerafter followeth: as for Marcus Crassus, and proud Pompei, mencion of them is also made, and very difficulte it is when the vphholder of their weale is ouerthrowne by priuie conspiracies: but such is the Serpent of deuision, sowing the seeds of subtilty . . . . . Let it suffise, affable Reader thou sit thee downe and patientlye with a Mer-maiden eye peruse this small volume, or rather Mappe of Romes ouerthrowe . . . . .

Heere shalt thou see also, if with content thou peruse it, the wofull Tragedie of Gorboduc, and Ferrex and Porrex his two Sonnes, as it was presented before the Queenes Maiestie by the Gentlemen of the inner Temple, &c.

Then follows a statement of some of the leading circumstances of Cæsar's life, and of his friends Crassus and Pompey, and the manner of his death, which thus concludes:

The same day of Cæsar's unlookt for dissolution, as he went most royally in his imperiall araye toward the Consistory, a poor man named Tongilius, deliuered into his owne handes Letters of all the conspiracies of the Senate vpon his end, but for he was negligent to unfolde those Letters, wherin was containde the Catalogue of his cares and the shortning of his Princely life: therfore not long after this detested and

monstrous murder was executed vpon him, by which example let no man be slow nor negligent to peruse Letters, least after for his own negligence it may turn to his vtter dammage and ruyne, which after may no waye be recalled: and the cheef woorker of this murder was Brutus Crassus, associed with two hundreth and sixtye of the Senate: all hauing Bodkins in their sleeues: and as it is written in stories, he had twentye fower deadlye woundes as he sat in the Capitall. And as saith diuers Recordes, he neuer in all his smart made cry nor noise, except only a lamentable sigh like one whom sodain sorrow had affrighted, so that touching the manner of his tragedy; I may conclude with y^e^ flower of Poets in our English tung, and the first that euer elumined our language with flowers of rethorick and eloquence: I mean famous and worthy Chaucer which compendiously wrought the death of this mightye Emperour, saying thus:

With Bodkins was *Cæsar Iulius*
Murdred at *Rome*, of Brutus Crassus.
When many a Region he had brought full lowe,
Lo: who may trust Fortune any throw.

At the end on a separate leaf is "The Conclusion," in which the author sums up his warnings to others from the fate of Cæsar and his friends:

Thus by the large writings and golden vollums of that woorthye Chaucer, the froward Dame of Chaunce hath no respecte of persons, she spareth neither Emperour nor King, but from the hiest place of honor she makes him fall lowe, wherby his fall is more infamous: . . . . let therefore the wise Gouernours of euerye Land and Region, make this example a mirrour to their minds, of this manly man Iulius, and consider in their harts the contagious harmes and importable dammages of the serpent of deuision, and let them see aduisedlye how the ambitious pride of hautie Iulius Cæsar, the fretting enuye of Pompeius, and the vnstaunchable greedye couetise of Marcus Crassus: were the cheefe causes of their destruction, executed and accomplished by cruell death. And not only that these aforesaide three abominable vices were cause of their owne deathes, but occasion of the ruyne of many thousands more than I can at this time expresse.

The reader may see an account of another edition of *The Serpent of Deuision*, under the name of "A lytle treatyse entytuled the Damage and destruccyon in Realmes: Newly and of late Emprynted by me Peter Treverys Dwellynge at London in Southwarke, at the sygne of the Wedowes," 12mo, blk. lett.; from a fragment of it noticed by Mr. Haslewood in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. v. p. 316, in which, although the language is somewhat altered from the one printed by Edw. Allde, it is evidently the same work. It is supposed to be a translation. See also *Cens. Liter.* vol. ii. p. 134, for a notice of the present edition; Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.* p. 70; and Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. iv. p. 546. Dr. Bliss, to whom this volume formerly

belonged, states that there is no copy of this portion of the book in the Bodleian Library. There was a copy in the Garrick Collection. Freeling's *Cat.* No. 1584, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. A to C 4, in fours.

Fine copy, bound in Russia.

The Tragedie of Gorboduc, whereof three Actes were written by Thomas Norton, and the two last by Thomas Sackuyle. Set forth as the same was shewed before the Queenes most excellent Maiesty, in her highnes Court at Whitehall, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple.

At London, Printed by Edward Allde for Iohn Perrin, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1590. 4to, **bl. lett.** pp. 56.

This is the third edition of *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*, and is the only one which has the date upon the title-page. It is without any preliminary address, the only introductory leaf containing "The Argument of the Tragedie," "The names of the Speakers," and "The Order of the dumbe shewe before the first Act, and the signification thereof." The present edition contains eight additional lines in act v. scene i., in the speech of Eubulus, which are not in the last impression by Daye; and there are also a few other verbal alterations, some of them for the better. In the Catalogue of Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library it is called a *spurious* edition; and Mr. Collier remarks thereon, that "it is only in the titles of what are considered the spurious copies of this play, that it is stated that Norton wrote the *three first*, and Sackville the *two last* acts."

Bindley's *Cat.* pt. iii. No. 784 (called erroneously the first edition), 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d*; Jolley's ditto, pt. iii. No. 1652, 10*l.* 5*s.* (neither of these copies had the *Serpent of Devision* prefixed); Freeling's ditto, No. 1584, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; Dr. Bliss's ditto, No. 3179, 4*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to G 4, in fours.

Fine copy. Bound in Russia.

Bunyan, (John.)—Divine Emblems: or, Temporal Things Spiritualized. Calculated for the Use of Young People. Adorned

with Fifty Copper Plate Cuts by Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the Pilgrims Progress, and Holy War, &c.

. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

Price Bound 1s. 6d.

Printed and Sold by S. Wilkins, 60, Holborn Hill, and Wm. Kent, 116, High Holborn; and Burton and Briggs, Leadenhall Street, London; Johnstone and Robertson, Edinburgh; Richardson, Manchester; M^cDowall and Clark, Bristol. n. d. 16mo; pp. 88.

It was natural to expect that a mind so fertile in fancy, so enthusiastic, and so fond of allegory, as was that of Bunyan, should be struck with the great force and power of the emblem, as a means of imparting instruction to the young, and of impressing the imagination by the pictures which it exhibits, and especially in connection with the subject of religion. Accordingly, we find that the name of Bunyan must be enumerated amongst the rather limited list of our English emblem writers, and that among his other numerous works, not the least popular of them was his little volume of *Emblems*.

Mr. Offor, whose critical and bibliographical knowledge of the writings of Bunyan is well known, in a letter written to us not very long before his death, observed, that the *Emblems* of Bunyan had given him more trouble and labour than all the rest of his works, and that he was not able to solve the mystery which attends this little book for children, notwithstanding many years of diligent and laborious research. No book under the title of *Divine Emblems* is mentioned in any catalogue of Bunyan's works published during his life. He died in August 1688; and a little book for children is advertised in that year as *Country Rhymes for Children upon Seventy Four Things*, and again, in the same year, as *A Book for Boys and Girls, or Country Rhymes for Children*; and Mr. Offor believed that it was the same work as the *Emblems*. In 1692, and again in 1698, it was included in Charles Doe's catalogue or table of Bunyan's works. In 1701 a second edition was published—"London: Printed for and sold by R. Tookey at his Printing House in St. Christopher's Court, in Threadneedle Street, behind the Royal Exchange, 1701." Mr. Offor had a copy of this rare little volume in fine preservation, from which it appeared that the title-page was altered from

Country Rhymes and Meditations, to *A Book for Boys and Girls, or Temporal Things Spiritualized*. It had no cuts, but exactly the same subjects as in the later editions. In 1707 it had reached a third impression, and was ornamented with cuts, and the title was altered to *A Book for Boys and Girls*, and must have been several times reprinted, for in 1724, when it assumed its present title, it is called the ninth edition, with large additions; and from that time has been so frequently and repeatedly printed as *Divine Emblems*, that it is almost impossible to trace out all the various impressions. From the nature of the work as adapted to young persons especially, and the cuts with which the volumes were ornamented, it is most difficult to find any of the early editions in a clean and perfect state; and among the other sad effects of the calamitous fire at Messrs. Sotheby's premises in 1865, which occasioned the total destruction of Mr. Offor's valuable collection of Bunyan's works, exceeding four hundred and fifty volumes, was the loss of several of the earlier editions of his *Emblems*, including a fine copy of the second impression.

Among the numerous editions of the *Divine Emblems*, Mr. Offor mentions two as deserving of especial notice. The first, published in 1731 on a curious paper, with new cuts and a singular preface, signed J. D., addressed "To the great Boys in folio, and the little ones in coats;" containing a dissertation in the first eight pages "On the Origin of Language." The other is the one at the head of this article, now to be noticed. It was published probably about 1780 or earlier, in square 16mo, without any date, and is printed entirely, both text and cuts, on copper-plates, neatly executed. It commences with a metrical "Preface" or address to the "Courteous Reader" of four pages, and a table of contents. It contains forty-nine emblems, each with an engraved plate, and a portrait of Bunyan. They are written in a plain and simple style, well suited to the youthful capacities of his readers, with a touch of fancifulness and spirituality, and a constant care and thought to the practical application of his subject. The longest is the eighteenth, "The Sinner and the Spider," which occupies eight pages. A short one, or more, will suffice for our readers:

Meditations upon the Day, before the Sun-rising.

But all this while, where's he whose golden rays
Drives night away, and beautifies our days?
Where's he whose goodly face doth warm and heal,
And shew us what the darksome nights conceal?
Where's he that thaws our ice, drives cold away?
Let's have him, or we care not for the day.

Thus 'tis with those who are possest of grace,
There's nought to them like their-Redeemer's face.

Upon an Hour-glass.

This glass when made, was by the workman's skill,
The sum of sixty minutes to fulfil.
Time more, nor less, by it will out be spun,
But just an hour, and then the glass is run.
Man's life, we will compare unto this glass,
The number of his months he cannot pass;
But when he has accomplished his day,
He, like a vapour, vanisheth away.

Of Man by Nature.

From God he's a back-slider,
Of ways he loves the wider;
With wickedness a sider,
More venom than a spider.
In sin he's a confider,
A make-bate and divider;
Blind reason is his guider,
The devil is his rider.

The cuts in the early editions were altogether exceedingly coarse and rude, but were much improved in the later impressions. The costumes were chiefly of the time of George II. or the beginning of George III. Mr. Offor has noticed the absurd drollery of the fifteenth emblem, in which the artist, forgetting that Bunyan was a Baptist, represents a baby brought to be christened at a font. See Offor's edition of Bunyan's works, vol. iii. p. 746.

Collation: Title and portrait, two leaves; then Sig. B. to G 2, in eights. Bound in Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

BUNYAN, (JOHN.)—Divine Emblems: or, Temporal Things Spiritualised. To which is added, A Caution to stir up to watch against sin. By John Bunyan.

Coventry: Printed and Sold by N. Merridrew. Sold also by Longman and Co.; Baynes and Button, Paternoster Row; Crosby and Co.; and Williams and Co., Stationers Court, London. 1806. 12mo; pp. 96.

One of the many reprints of this highly popular work, which met with a large sale in our various towns, especially in Coventry and Bristol, and was so highly appreciated by our youthful population. Mr. Offor's sale catalogue contained copies of two of the editions printed at Coventry; and in his accounts of Bunyan's works, 1855, vol. iii., he enumerates other impressions of the *Emblems*.

The cuts in this edition are on wood, and the poem at the end, termed "A Caution," in sixteen octave stanzas, was originally printed by Bunyan as a broadside.

Half-bound in Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

BUNYAN, (JOHN.)—Divine Emblems: or, Temporal Things Spiritualised, &c. With Preface by Alexander Smith, Author of Dreamthorp, &c.

London: Bickers and Son. n. d. Sm. 8vo; pp. 126.

Numberless as have been the impressions that have been printed of these little poems since they were first written by Bunyan, in which so much simplicity and ingenuity have been displayed, proving the high estimation in which they have been held by the public for nearly one hundred and eighty years, we doubt if a more beautiful edition has been published than the present one, which was printed at Edinburgh by the celebrated firm of Ballantyne and Co., on a rich toned paper, and ornamented with elegant woodcuts of the emblems, and "all the quaint head and tail pieces of a unique edition long out of print, published by W. Johnston, Ludgate Hill, in 1767."

It contains a portrait of Bunyan writing at his desk on the ornamented title, and an interesting and ably-written preface by Alexander Smith, and forms an elegant contribution to our emblematic literature.

In Brown Morocco. Carmine edges.

BUNYAN, (JOHN.) — Meditations on the Several Ages of Man's Life. Representing the Vanity of it, from his Cradle to his Grave. Adorn'd with proper Emblems. To which is added Scriptural Poems. Being several portions of Scripture digested into English verse.

I. The Book of Ruth.
II. The History of Sampson.
III. Christ's Sermon on the Mount.
IV. The Prophecy of Jonah.
V. The Life of Joseph.
VI. The Epistle of James.

By John Bunyan.

Psalm xxxix. 5.

Verily every Man, at his best Estate, is altogether Vanity.

Licensed according to Order.

London: Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking Glass, on London Bridge. 1701. Sm. 8vo, pp. 56.

The first portion of the volume relates to a curious and interesting subject, which from a very early period has attracted much attention, and was rendered popular by being made the vehicle of pictorial illustration, and by Shakespeare's admirable and beautiful lines upon it. We have not been able to ascertain when the subject of the division of man's life into stages — which has been treated of in various languages, and on which Sir Thomas More wrote some juvenile verses at the end of the fifteenth century, printed in his *Works*, Lond. 1557, folio—was first enlarged upon in a separate work in this country, but it was most probably about the middle of the seventeenth century. An earlier work on the same subject by another writer will be noticed shortly. Although ascribed to Bunyan, we have already elsewhere stated our reasons for doubting the correctness of this statement with respect to the first part of the present volume. See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, vol. x. p. 228. It is of great rarity, and has not been noticed by Mr. Offor, although a copy of it was included among the works of Bunyan in the sale Catalogue of his books, No. 1,900. It is in prose, and is preceded by a short introduction, the running title being "Meditations upon the Seven Ages of Man's Life," and is adorned with seven rude woodcuts illustrative of the seven ages or decades of life. These are taken from other books of emblems, such as Alciat, Geffrey Whitney, &c., and have each below a text of Scripture and eight lines of verse, excepting the first, which has only six. At the end is the following short poetical abstract in eighteen lines of the Seven Ages of Man's Life:

Since Sacred Records do without dispute,
The Age of Man to Seventy Years compute.
The First Ten Years Nature do's to us lend,
In Infant Cries and Childish Sports we spend:

The Second Ten, at 'Prentice and at School
We spend our time, and wisely play the Fool:
The Third, in which our Beauty's in its prime,
In Youthful Lusts we pass away our time:
In the Fourth Ten our Manly Strength appears,
And we in Work and Labour spend our Years:
In the Fifth Ten to Wisdom we pretend,
Which often proves but Folly in the end:
In the Sixth Ten, when Time and Strength is past,
We grasp the World as if we'd hold it fast:
In the last Ten, what we have got, we leave,
And Death's cold Hand do's us of Life bereave.
Thus may we plainly see in ev'ry Station,
That all is Vanity and meer Vexation.

The "Scriptural Poems" have Bunyan's name on the title, and at the end of a short metrical address "To the Reader." The imprint is the same as before, with the exception of the date of 1700. But it is a separate work altogether from the former, with fresh paging and signatures. It consists of 100 pages, and has at the beginning a rude woodcut, in two compartments, of Ruth and Boaz. The style and writing of these "Scriptural Poems" are of the very simplest kind, suited to the poorest classes, in which Bunyan shows his regard and veneration for the Scriptures, by his close adherence to the text. They are, in fact, portions of Scripture put into rhyme, as nearly as possible word for word with the original. A very short specimen will therefore suffice, taken from the prophecy of Jonah, chap. iii.:

And now the Second time to *Jonah* came
God's Word, and said, Arise, go and proclaim
To that great City *Nineveh*, what I
Have heretofore commanded thee to cry.
So *Jonah* rose up and prepar'd to go
To *Nineveh* as God had bid him do:
(Now was the City *Nineveh* so great,
That it was three days Journey long compleat)
And as into the City *Jonah* made
His first days Journey, he cry'd out, and said,
When forty days shall be expir'd and past,
This City *Nineveh* shall be laid waste.
Then did the Ninevites with one accord,
Believe this was the message of the Lord,
And did proclaim a Fast, and every one,
From greatest to the least put Sackcloth on:

For to the King this News was quickly flown,
And he arose, and came down from his Throne,
And having laid aside his Robes of State,
He put on Sackcloth, and in Ashes sate:
And issuing out his Royal Proclamation,
And through the City making Publication
Thereof, (being by the King and Council sign'd)
A solemn and a general Fast enjoin'd.

We are not aware that either the "Scriptural Poems" or the preceding tract have ever been reprinted since the year 1701, nor have they been included in any edition of Bunyan's Works, until Mr. Offor inserted the latter portion as one of Bunyan's genuine pieces in his edition of his works, in 1855. It is of such extreme rarity, in a perfect state, that Mr. Offor thought his copy UNIQUE. This may partly have arisen from the circumstance of its having, as he remarks, "been printed on very bad paper, and worn out by use, being so generally and eagerly read by pious persons among the labouring classes of the community.

At the end of the volume is a list of nineteen works of various kinds, printed for and sold by Jos. Blare, at the Looking Glass, on London Bridge, of which No. 12 is "A Discourse of the Vanity of the Life of Man from Youth to Old Age, with Scriptural Poems. By John Bunyan. Price bound one Shilling." A copy of the present volume was lately sold at Messrs. Sotheby's and Co. for 6*l.*

See Offor's edition of Bunyan's Works, 8vo, 1855, vol. ii. p. 389.

Collation: Title A 2. Sig. A to G 2, in eights.

In Brown Calf extra. Carmine edges.

BURTON, (R.) — Delights for the Ingenious, in above Fifty Select and Choice Emblems, Divine and Moral, Ancient and Modern. Curiously Ingraven upon Copper Plates. With Fifty Delightful Poems and Lots for the more lively Illustration of each Emblem, whereby Instruction and Good Counsel may be promoted and furthered by an honest and pleasant Recreation. To which is prefixed An Incomparable Poem, Intituled *Majesty in Misery;* or *An Imploration to the King of Kings.* Written by his late Majesty K. Charles the First, with his own hand,

during his Captivity in Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, 1648. With an Emblem.

Collected by R. B., Author of the History of *The Wars of England, Remarks of London, and Admirable Curiosities in England, Scotland, and Ireland, &c.*

London: Printed for Nath. Crouch, at the Bell in the Poultry near Cheapside. 1684. 12mo, pp. 230.

If the publisher or collector of these *Emblems*, one of the multifarious publications of Robert or Richard Burton (if there was such a person), or, more probably, of Nathaniel Crouch, the bookseller and publisher, had simply printed them as an abridgment or compilation from the *Emblems* of George Wither, he would have shown some fairness and honesty. The real author is, however, completely ignored. The inscription prefixed to the opening metrical address, or explanation of the frontispiece, "The Author upon the Emblem in the Frontispiece," and the prose "Epistle to the Reader," signed R. B., are both taken literally from Wither's volume, as is also the emblematical frontispiece, a reduced copy from the beautiful engraving by Marshall, prefixed to Wither's noble volume. We then come to some other plagiarisms, consisting of a copy of the well-known engraving of King Charles the First kneeling in the act of prayer, with a crown of thorns in his hand, his feet on a globe, a table with a book before him, his earthly crown at his feet, and his heavenly one surrounded with a glory above, — frequently copied by Marshall from a large one by Hertochs. This is accompanied by a poem, "Majesty in Misery; or an Imploration to the King of Kings. Written by his late Majesty," &c., as in the title-page. Then some lines, "The Explanation of the Emblem in Latin and English," and three epitaphs upon King Charles the First: the latter "Written by the Magnanimous James Marques of Montrose with the point of his Sword." Then follow the emblems, the copper-plate with the motto under it, occupying the whole of the left-hand page; the illustration on the opposite leaf; and the two verses of the lottery, on the right side of the next leaf. The whole of the plates and the verses of illustrations are taken verbatim from Wither's *Emblems*, — eighteen of them from Book I., nine from Book II., fifteen from Book III., and eight from Book IV. The plates are clear and distinct, but much coarser than the originals of Simon Pass, and have on some of them the initials "I. D. sculpt.," probably John Drapentier, by whom the cuts in some of Crouch's other publications were engraved. At

the end of the book are six more chances or lots, having no emblems belonging to them, which were to form blanks in the lottery, and some verses styled "Conclusions." Then follow "Directions for finding the Chances in the following Lottery;" and on the last page a woodcut "Figure" for the lottery, with eight lines of verse underneath. The whole of these are taken from Wither. Added to the book are the titles of eleven other shilling books, published and sold by Nath. Crouch, beautified with sculptures. Whether there was any real person employed by Crouch, under the name of Robert or Richard Burton, in forming and abridging his collection of histories and other works, we are unable to say; but it seems to be generally believed that Crouch himself was both the editor and publisher of those numerous volumes, which were mere compilations and abridgments "melted down," as the eccentric John Dunton tells us, from the best of our English histories into twelve-penny books, which are filled with "Wonders, Rarities, and Curiosities." Dunton, who mentions his friendship for Crouch, says with truth, that "his Title-pages are a little swelling" — not a little — "and that the very soul of his character and talent lies in *collection*." (Dunton's *Life and Errors*, vol. i. p. 206, edit. 1818.)

From the cheap form in which the present volume was originally published, which rendered it common and accessible to all classes, clean copies of it are become scarce, and sometimes sell high. A copy in Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 244, brought 1*l.* 15*s.*, and another in Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 658, sold for 2*l.* 5*s.*

This appears to have been the first edition of Crouch's reprint of these *Emblems*.

The present is a nice clean copy, with good impressions of the plates.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to K 8, in twelves.

Bound in Brown Calf, extra.

Burton, (R.) — Choice Emblems, Divine and Moral, Ancient and Modern: or, Delights for the Ingenious, in above Fifty Select Emblems, Curiously Ingraven upon Copper Plates. With Fifty Pleasant Poems and Lots, by way of Lottery, for Illustrating each Emblem, to promote Instruction and Good Counsel by Diverting Recreation.

London: Printed for Edmund Parker, at the Bible and Crown in Lombard-street. 1721. 12mo, pp. 220.

The body of the work in this impression is exactly the same as in the former, with the same frontispiece and cuts, the only difference being a new title-page, and reprint of the introductory leaf containing the lines in explanation of the frontispiece, "The Author upon the Emblem in the Frontispicce," prefixed to some unsold waste copies of the former edition. It has the prose "Epistle to the Reader," signed R. B.; but the engraving of King Charles the First praying, and the whole of the matter relating to him, are omitted in this edition.

It will be seen also that Crouch's name does not appear in the imprint, he being probably now dead, and the plates are much more worn.

Collation: Sig. A 8 leaves; B to K 8, in twelves.

Half-bound in Russia.

BURTON, (ROBERT.)—The Vanity of the Life of Man. Represented in the Seven several Stages thereof, from his Birth to his Death. With Pictures and Poems exposing the Follies of every Age. To which is added Several other Poems upon divers Subjects and Occasions. By R. B.

Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been. Gen. xlvii. 9.

The days of our years are three score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Psalm.

London, Printed for Nath. Crouch. 1688. 12mo, pp. 99.

Another of the series of the numberless small compilations made by Nathaniel Crouch the bookseller, under the name of Robert or Richard Burton, of which we have already noticed one or two others. It is ornamented with a frontispiece of a boy reclining on the ground holding a pole with a bundle of faggots at the top, and with seven other woodcuts emblematical of the seven stages of man's life from his birth to his death, each decade being represented by an emblem and accompanied with a series of verses. The first stage is from infancy to ten years, and has in the lower part a child lying in a cradle, and above a boy riding a hobby-horse; the emblem is a lamb. The second stage, from ten to twenty, is figured by a youth riding an untamed horse; and the emblem a peacock with its tail spread.

The third, from twenty to thirty, represents a young gentleman making love to a young lady; the emblem a goat, and doves billing in the distance. The fourth, from thirty to forty, describes a young man in armour with a sword and shield in each hand, with soldiers contending, and a burning city in the distance; and two lions fighting as the emblem. The fifth, from forty to fifty, shows a conqueror drawn in a chariot, preceded by a trumpeter; the emblem a fox. The sixth, from fifty to sixty, represents a merchant with money bags in each hand storing up riches; and a wolf carrying off a lamb as the emblem. The seventh and last stage, from sixty to three-score-and-ten, represents death striking an old man with his dart; the emblem a coffin underneath, and a city tottering and overthrown in the distance. As an exemplification of the verses attached to each cycle, we quote a few of those from the sixth stage, fifty to sixty:

Alas! 'T is now high time
Thou other thoughts should'st have;
Instead of filling Chests with Coin
Think: *Thou must fill a Grave.*

Old Time has strew'd gray hairs
Upon thy hoary head,
Declaring that thy day is past,
Thou must prepare for bed.

Gray hairs are honourable
If found in Virtues ways,
But if an old man prove a Child
His age he doth dispraise.

Thrice happy he whose life
From vice hath been so free,
He neither is asham'd to live
Nor yet afraid to dye.

That ere with age, his strength
Is utterly decay'd,
Is from this fading perishing World
By timely Death convey'd.

Look then, O Soul, to Heaven,
Seek there for higher Joys,
And leave this earthly husks to Swine,
To Fools these empty Toys.

If once thou dost but tast
Of those Celestial springs,
All Worldly Glory thou wilt slight,
And count them trifling things.

A few verses, styled "The Conclusion," close the first part, "The Vanity of the Life of Man." Then a new title-page:

"Verses upon several Subjects and Occasions. Containing the History of the cruel Death of Cassianus, Bishop and School-master of Brixia (or Brescia) in Italy, who suffered Martyrdom for the Profession of the Christian Faith by the hands of his own Scholars, in the Bloudy Reign of Dioclesian an Heathen Emperor of Rome.

Written in Latin Verse by the Learned Prudentius, and translated into English some years since.

With divers other Poems.

London, Printed for Nath. Crouch. 1688."

This part commences with "The History of the cruel Martyrdom of Cassianus, Bishop and School-master of Brescia," &c., which is embellished with a cut of Cassianus with his hands tied behind his back, being stoned by his scholars, in the presence of the governor and his guards. The other poems consist of "A Spiritual Hymn or Song made and sung by Mrs. A. A., a Christian Lady condemned to die for the Profession of the True Faith;" "Divine Exhortations of Mr. R. S. in Prison for the Faith of Christ, written to a Virtuous Woman;" "Instructions to his Children;" "Verses written at the request of a Lady in her Book;" "To his Brother;" "Conclusion;" "The Panting Soul;" "The Angelick Anthem;" "The Song of Simeon;" "The New Jerusalem, or the Holy City above;" "Man's Mortality;" and "The Excellency, Usefulness and Harmony of Holy Scripture." From these we select for quotation —

The New Jerusalem or the Holy City above. Revel. 21, 22.

Leave, O my soul, this vale below
Which sin and sorrows overflow:
Raise up thy thoughts unto that rest
Which maketh Saints and Angels blest,
Who altogether ever sing
Their Hallelujahs to Heaven's King.

There is the God-head, glorious throne
More bright than thousand Suns in one,
Where thy dear Saviour's glorified,
That Body which was crucified,
Now reigneth with the Deity
In Soveraign bliss and Majesty.

That sacred head once crown'd with Thorns
A Crown of glory now adorns
That hand which held a scornful Reed
Now wields a Scepter full of dread:
Those feet once nail'd unto the Tree
O're Death and Hell have Victory.

The Holy new *Jerusalem*
Is there prepared for upright men
With walls of Jasper built four square,
The length, breadth, depth, all equal are.
Of twelve foundations precious stone,
The twelve Apostles names thereon.

Twelve gates of Pearls, on each side three,
Twelve Angels there attendant be,
The streets pure gold, shine like the Sun,
Thro' which the stream of Life doth run:
From out the throne of glory flowing
The Tree of Life on both sides growing.

Within this glorious habitation
Enter the heirs of Salvation
The Lambs redeem'd, espoused Wife,
Whose names are writ i'th' Book of Life:
The Church Triumphant;—there set free
For ever from mortality.

There live those blessed troops of Spirits,
In such great joys and true delights,
As ear can't hear, nor eye perceive,
Nor th' heart of mortal can't conceive:
Prepared by the Lord of bliss
Before all worlds, for all of his.

Who living here the life of Grace,
Are carried to the glorious place
Where Jesus keeps a room for thee
That long'st for Immortality.
Wait his good hour, and waiting sing
Thy Hallelujahs to Heavens King.

The woodcuts are exactly the same as those we have noticed in Bunyan's work on a similar subject, and are taken, as we have already remarked, from some other books of emblems. We do not know of any other copy of the work than the present, which came from the library of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., No. 119. The imprint to the first part has been cut off.

It was reprinted in 1708, 12mo, the third edition. See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, vol. x. p. 228.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to D 12, in twelves.
Bound in Calf extra.

Butler, (Samuel.) — Hudibras. The First Part. Written in the time of the late Wars. — Hudibras. The Second Part. London, Printed in the Year 1663. Sm. 8vo. Part I., pp. 128; Part II., pp. 70.

There is an useful notice of the first editions of *Hudibras* in the last edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, but the editor appears to be in error in concluding that the small surreptitious edition of Part I., of which the title is given above, appeared before the authentic edition, printed in larger size and type. On the contrary, it evidently followed the latter and is pirated from it, and occurs with variations. Sometimes it has three lines of errata on the last leaf, as in the copy in the possession of the President of the Chetham Society, while in that above described, and which came from the Peover sale, the errata are corrected. In some copies the Licenser's Imprimatur is given from the genuine edition, while in others it is not to be found. To meet this pirated edition, Marriott, the publisher of the genuine one, also issued a smaller, similar in size to the surreptitious one (1663, pp. 128), with his name on the title-page.

Of the second part of *Hudibras*, which was published by Martyn and Allestry in 1664, in larger and smaller size, to correspond with Marriott's editions of Part I. no pirated edition seems to have been sent out; but a spurious Part II., by an unknown author, made its appearance, which in size and type exactly resembles the pirated edition of Part I., and in the volume here described is bound up with it, and which, though it is styled in Lowndes "a doggrel substitute," and is certainly coarse enough in many passages, deserves some notice. In it are represented Sir Hudibras's unsuccessful attempt to put down a May-pole and its celebrations, and his afterwards

taking a travelling quack and his companions into custody and proceeding with his prisoners to a tavern to spend the night. As this imitation, strikingly inferior as it is to the true *Hudibras*, is by no means entirely devoid of merit, and is rarely to be met with, we think the following extract will not be unacceptable as a specimen:

Unhappy is the Wight that has
To do with mighty *Hudibras*,
Whose courage no rebating knows,
For he drives on, and cals for blows
And like the daring *Scithian* Shepheard,
Keeps Sword from Rust, till all are pepper'd,
Or in the sanguine Liquor stew'd
Issuing from *Pagan* Multitude,
Though Fortune on his side may frown,
At first, at last her Pride comes down
Which he takes up, and swels his Sails
With glorious *Nihils* empty Gales:
So have I known some Courtier want
Bread more than ever did Pesant,
Upon the turning of the Wheel,
Preferment made their Reason reel,
And slight those from whom helps they had;
Success and Money make Men mad;
Money that *Loyalty* out-braves,
Keeps back the honest, brings in knaves,
Puts fellows Principl'd in Treason
In Power and trust 'gainst sense and reason,
Replies to all things, Rhimes to *Honey*.
Ask what 's a Clock, 'tis answer'd *Money*,
Go to 'em but to speak about,
Some business, streight the hand's held out,
Which signifies you must prepare,
Before your matter meet their Ear;
Like half-starv'd Wretches (come to meat)
Do covet more than they can eat;
Or as the Proverb bids you mark,
The Priest forgets he er'e was Clark,
Sir *Hudibras*, whose great Prowess
Aims at the *more*, forgets the *less*,
Troops on with all his Captiv'd train
In state much like to *Tamberlain*,
For he his Conquest to compleat,
Chains, *Mounsieur Quack* like *Bajazet*,
And at Horse tail he doth attend,
Like one made for no other end;
With head on side of neck, he goes,
His Vessels leaking, Eies and Nose,
His antick motions are forgot,
He moves as though he moved not,
Nor can you blame him thus to faulter,
No dog but would abandon halter;
And he well knew there was no trick
In reading, or practice *Chymick*,
After a hanging to cure Gullet,
And set it right to swallow Pullet:
Capono and his Damsel brought
Up Rear, with Sorrow fully fraught,
His countenance betray'd him loth
To be disht up among white Broath,
And doubted much to have his Book
He knew he had a hanging look.
The Damsel lookt like one near dead,
But comforted by Ginger-bread,
And now and then with Pudding-pie,
Tender'd by Squires (some reason why)
For as Taylors preserve their Cabbage,
So Squires take care of Bag and Baggage.
Vesper appear'd, and *Sol* was down
When *Hudibras* did enter town:
Quoth he, Bro. *Guill.* observe the Sun,
Envying the Glories we have won,
Is gone to bed, and in meer spight
Shadows our *Trophies* with the Night;

But e're he has ta'ne Nap or two
Weel rouz him with Atchievements new,
Bleeding like Herrings in their Gills,
And fresh too, or we'l want our wills:
So over Lake *Anglice* Kennel
(Which had a stronger scent than Fennel)
They unto Gate (beyond it) past,
Famous (when shut) for being fast.
Quoth Knight to Squires, go one of you,
No matter which, you are but two,
And ask who keeps this Garrison,
I mean the House, but 'tis all one.
Your words, quoth Squire shall be obey'd,
Great *Hudibras*, (just so he said)
Before the turning of a Teaster,
Or bate me of an Egg at *Easter*.
Whoop, quoth the Squire, where are you ho?
A Language he was vers'd into,
For he had travel'd many a mile,
And was not now to seek his stile.
At last *Ostlero* did appear,
Whose Nose did scent the Beasts were near:
Quoth he, why bring you not down lights
For Squires so good, and eak for Knights?
Quoth Squire, first take in care our Horses,
And then you may rally your Forces.
With hand as useful as *Quacks* Syrrups,
Ostlero streight takes hold on Stirrops,
And leads the Palfreys to the Stable,
Where he did do what he was able
To Beasts, for he and they were kin,
However they were now drawn in.
Mean while was *Chamberlano* call'd;
He came, and ask'd for what they bawl'd,
For he was ready for all squabbles,
Having been beat (it seems) at Tables.
Quoth *Hudibras*, where wert thou bread?
Wilt thou not stand us now in stead?
Wearied with doing mighty things,
Spent the whole day with Bickerings,
These are the *Guordions* of our toil,
Our purchase and our lawfull spoil.
Quoth then Sir *Guill.* oh fie, good Brother,
Let us like Christians love each other.
But every like is not the same,
Quoth *Hudibras*, you are too blame,
You will be twittering like the *Drill*,
Yet insignificant be still.
Quoth he these are meer Infidels.
Begar you lie (quoth *Monsieur*) else,
Softly to self, as who should say,
He would speak more were he away.
Quoth *Hudibras*, shew up to room,
For they shall soon receive their doom.
Quoth *Chamberlano*, after banging,
I think them hardly worth the hanging;
Yet I presume they may be try'd well,
And sent to place ycliped *Bridewell*.
Thou hitt'st it right, quoth *Hudibras*,
And so they unto Chamber pass,
The fairest in the place you may
Believe whatever others say;
In length it was full fourteen yards,
In bredth some twelve, measure, *Richards;*
The Floor for Comers, strew'd with Rushes;
Chimney set out with Boughs and Bushes;
The Walls instead of Tapestry,
Were hung about with History,
As those of the *Prodigal Son*,
And Judgment just of *Solomon*,
In Capitals most fairly writ,
To take the Eye, and help the Wit;
Upon the Ceiling one might see
Clouds of mens names in Candlery,
Who had been Patrons to the place,
And penny spent in putting Case:
In Window laid was Lavendare,
Of which the Cushions smelt most rare,

With pots of Flowers very pleasing
To put a man into a sneezing:
In midst of Room a Table stood,
Which certainly was made of Wood;
The *Superficies* of it was
A Carpet, which for green may pass
T' avoid Disputes, but to say true,
It might as well be ta'ne for blew,
Or any colour else, or none
At all, howe're 't shall pass for one,
Richly strip'd o're with dregs of Ale,
Which from o're-charg'd Cups seldom
faile,
And here and there you might discry
A breach made by the Enemy,
Who from *Mundungoes* took its name,
And wastes it self in smoak and flame,
Whose ashes fatal are to Cloth,
Linnen, or Woolen, all, or both:
On each side Table placed were
Stools joynted and at end a Chair,
Which was for Worshipful, so please.
But all was for the Buttocks ease:
And lights in Sticks some place did fill
there,
Some say were Tin, but bright as
Silver:
At end of Room a Bed did stand,
Whose Posts were carv'd by cunning
hand,
Faces good store, but ne're a Nose,
And Legs too without feet, or Toes,
Which either came by some disaster,
Or else he was not his Arts Master;
And yet perhaps he did express
The Art he had in ugliness;
For to do things exactly ill
Must needs shew (though not Judgment)
Skill:
About the Tester of the Bed,
And so on that they call the Head,
Were painted Batts (like *Cherubs*)
flying,
To comfort Souls when they are dying.

Sir Hudibras is finally defeated in an onslaught on a puppet-show, for observes the author:

Such as Honor forward pricks
Must now and then expect Horsetricks.

The lines, next quoted, are from different places in the book:

Like the King of France his men
March up the Hill and down agen.

On these main words *put case* and *whether*
The Knights condogg'd, knockt jolls together.

They did so pay shoulder a mutton
That morsel scarce was left thereupon.

He that is a Poet right
Doth court the morn and weds the night,
And such as have the happy fate
To steer a stage, can steer a state.

From hence the ancient Proverb comes
The Angry Man will eat his Thumbs.

First there is shewn the deadly sins
With which the Boxkeeper begins
Jane Shore's disgrace and lamentation
(A concubine not now in fashion)
Then David and Uriah's wife
And Dr. Faustus to the life.

But what was this, a Game at *Whist*,
Unto our *Plowden-Canonist*.

His Legs were small,
But sure as Bandy at the Ball.

Quoth Hudibras, tis but a sound,
If born t' be hang'd you'l ne're be drown'd.

Shall we, quoth he, sit down with losse
And faintly go by weeping crosse?

At the end of this spurious second part, in the last page of the volume, is the following short notice from "The Printer to the Reader." "The Author having not time to attend the Press, some Mistakes have happened (but not any very grosse) which is desired, thou wilt either pass by, or amend with thy Pen. Farewell."

The reader may be referred for an account of the different impressions of *Hudibras*, and of the variations in the parts of the first edition to the mention of them in the second edition of Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Man.*, p. 334, which is generally, though not entirely, correct, and may also consult further Dibdin's *Libr. Companion*, vol. ii. p. 322; *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. iii. p. 317; Hallam's *Introd.*, vol. iv. p. 416; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 80, &c.

Collation: Part I., Sig. A to H 8; Part II., Sig. A to E 4, in eights.
In the Original Binding.

BUTLER, (SAMUEL.) — Hudibras. The Third and last Part. Written by the Authour of the First and Second Parts.
London, Printed by Simon Miller at the Sign of the Star at the West end of St. Pauls. 1678. Sm. 8vo, pp. 288.

Of this Third Part there appears to have been only one edition, in small 8vo size, but with some slight variations in the copies, some having five lines of Errata at the end, while the later copies have the corrections

inserted in their places, and an inscription on the back of the title, "Licensed and entered according to the Act of Parliament for printing."

The author of *Hudibras*, notwithstanding the great popularity of his poem, passed his latter days, if not in absolute want, yet in a mean and obscure condition, and was indebted for the expence of his burial in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, in 1680, to the kindness of his friend Mr. Longueville, to whom he left his remaining MSS. Butler's *Remains*, in prose and verse, were published in 1759, in two vols. 8vo, from these MSS., under the editorial care of Mr. Robert Thyer, the Librarian of the Chetham Foundation in Manchester, of whom and of whose works an account will be found under the article Thyer, in the first volume of the *Register of the Manchester Grammar School*, printed for the Chetham Society. The poem of *Hudibras* has gone through several editions, the one by Dr. Zachary Grey in two vols. 8vo, 1744, with copious annotations, and with plates engraved by Hogarth, being still considered the best, and of which there are copies printed on large paper. It has also been translated into French by John Townley, Esq., and published in 1757, 12mo, three vols., with engravings after the designs of Hogarth.

Collation: Sig. A to S 8, in eights.

In the original binding.

BUTTES, (SIR WILLIAM, Kn^t.^) — A Booke of Epitaphes made vpon the death of the Right worshippfull Sir William Bvttes Knight. Who deceased the third day of September, anno 1583.

Imprinted at London by Henrie Midleton. n.d. Sm. 8vo, pp. 56.

Robert Dallington, the editor and collector of these Epitaphs, was a native of Geddington in Northamptonshire, at which place he erected a Free School, and left by his will £300 to the poor of the same. He was educated at Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, and took his degree of M.A. there, and then became incorporated at Oxford, and afterwards a schoolmaster in Norfolk. Having saved some money there, he travelled abroad in France and Italy, and on his return was made Secretary to the Earl of Rutland, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Prince Henry, Master of the Charter House, and was knighted. He published two or three other works

besides the present little collection, and dying in 1637 was buried at the Charter House. He had the reputation of being thought a good classical scholar, and was much esteemed for his learning and abilities by his contemporaries.

On the title is Middleton's device of our Saviour carrying a lamb on his shoulder, with the motto round it, "Periit et inventa est." Then a highly complimentary Latin Epistle Dedicatory from Dallington to Thomas Buttes, Esq. The several contributors to the volume are Robert Dallington himself in Latin (3) and in English (6), Thomas Buttes, Francis Aunger, Christopher Abbis, Anthony Maxe, Richard Harvey, H. Mihel, Andrew Stiles, John Weld, William Bourne, Sophonia Smith, Francis Burleigh, Ralph Joyner (5), Stephen Limbert, Henry Gosnold (3), Philip Walker, Arthur Daubeny, Anthony Cade, John Bardon, Christopher Burlingham, Andrew Astley, Thomas Corbold (6), Samuel Stalon, and Robert Lawes (2). The great majority of them are in Latin, several of them being acrostics, with some few in English interspersed. From the latter we select the following, which partakes of the punning propensity of the age:

An Epitaphe vpon Sir William Buttes, a worthie Knight,
Who liude to die, and dide to liue, and liues nowe in Gods sight.

Here lieth a *Bvttes* of noble fame,
And in this *Bvttes* was such a white:
Whereat who shootes, and hittes the same,
May well be calde a worthie Knight.

His will to ill did not decline,
His might to right was euer bent:
His counsaile wise, his sage aduise,
Was euer seene in his iudgement.

When he was young, with might in fight,
With shielde in fielde, he purchasde praise:
When he was olde, then he by right,
And iustice did his fame increase.

Whose youthful yeres with courage great,
Whose hoarie hayres with counsell graue,
Were so adornde: that due desert,
Immortall praise for him doth craue.

Which vertues rare, with many moe,
Doe prooue to vs that *Bvttes* was borne:
Tam Marti quàm Mercurio,
Whose name with time cannot be worne.

Robert Dallington.

It is possible that the person here celebrated might be (but very doubtful) the eldest of the three sons of Sir William Butts, Knt., M.D., the well-known chief Physician to K. Henry VIII., and one of the Founders of the Royal College of Physicians in London, by his wife Margaret, daughter and heiress of —— Bacon of Cambridgeshire, to whom, on the Dissolution,

Henry had granted the manor of Rybergh in the county of Norfolk. Sir William Buttes, the son, commemorated in these Epitaphs, was lord of Thornage in Norfolk, and married Joan, the eldest daughter and coheiress of Henry Buers, of Acton in Suffolk, Esq. He was eminent for his loyalty and valour, and had an augmentation of honour on a canton in his arms, and was slain at the siege of Musselburgh, in Scotland, in the first of Edward VI. The three brothers married three sisters, the daughters and coheirs of Henry Buers, of Acton in Suffolk, Esq., but died without male heirs, the youngest alone leaving one only daughter and heiress, who carried the manor of Rybergh by marriage to Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Redgrave in Suffolk, eldest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. The son was created the first baronet of England May 22nd, 1611. Thomas Buttes, Esq., to whom this volume is dedicated by Dallington, was the second son of William Buttes, M.D.

There is a singular work published in 1599, sm. 8vo, by Henry Buttes, M.D., a son of Dr. Buttes, the Physician to Henry VIII., called "Dyets Dry Dinner; consisting of eight several courses," &c. It is in prose, interspersed with poems by Samuel Walsall, John Weaver, &c., and is not remarkable for any interest or merit. A copy of this rare work sold in Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 469, for 3*l.*; Heber's ditto, pt. viii. No. 333, 2*l.* 1*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. iv. No. 1631, 2*l.* 19*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 487, 4*l.* 7*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 615, 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

See Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* vol. i. p. 292; Fuller's *Worthies*, Northamptonshire, p. 288; Blomefield's *Hist. Norfolk*, vol. vii. p. 164; and Collier's *Bibliog. account of Early Engl. Literature*, vol. i. p. 100. Wood, who has given a list of some other works by Dallington, was not aware of this book. It is exceedingly scarce. Mr. Collier terms the copy he notices an *unique* volume. A copy sold in the *Bibl. Heber.* pt. viii. No. 332, for 2*l.* 1*s.*; and another at Sotheby's in March, 1851, for 3*l.* 4*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to D 4 inclusive, in eights.

The Heber copy. It has been mended, and some of the leaves want a few words.

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Mottled Calf. Carmine edges.

Byrd, (William.) — Psalmes, Sonets, and songs of sadnes and pietie, made into Musicke of fiue parts: whereof, some of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are

heere truely corrected, and th' other being Songs very rare and newly composed, are heere published, for the recreation of all such as delight in Musicke. By William Byrd one of the Gent: of the Queenes Maiesties Royall Chappell.

Printed at London by Thomas Este, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, ouer against the signe of the George. n. d. (1588). 4to, pp. 48.

On the reverse of the title of these *Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs* are eight "Reasons briefely set downe by th' author, to perswade euery one to learne to sing," which have been quoted at length by Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 99. The work is dedicated "To the Right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, Lord Chancellor of England," whose crest, a hind standing on a wreath in a compartment supported by Pallas and Mars, with the motto, "Cerva charissima et gratissimus Hinnulus" (Prov. v.), on a large ornamented woodcut, adorn the titles of the several parts. In their dedication the author states his two reasons for the publication of this his first printed work in English, viz. the desire of many of his friends to see them, and the many untrue and incorrect copies of his Songs which had got abroad without his consent. This is followed by "The Epistle to the Reader," and "The names and numbers of those Songs which are of the highest compasse."

The Psalms are ten in number; the Songs and Pastorals extend to sixteen; and those of "sadnesse and pietie" are seven, at the close of which are two "funerall songs" on the death of Sir Philip Sidney; making the whole number thirty-five. At the end, on the last page, is "The Table for the Psalmes, and the rest of the Songs." Mr. Haslewood has printed some of the Songs in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 107, and Bishop Percy has given one or two, including the well-known song, "My mind to me a kingdom is," in the *Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poet.*, vol. i. p. 312, so that it will be unnecessary to trouble the reader with more than a single specimen of these, and one of the two on Sir Philip Sidney's death:

If women could be faire, and neuer fond,
Or that their beautie might continue still:
I would not meruaile though they made men bond,
By seruice long, to purchase their good will.
But when I see, how fraile these creatures are,
I laugh that men forget themselues so farre.

To marke what choise they make, and how they change,
How leuing best the worst they chose out stil:
And how, like haggards wilde, about they range
Skorning after reason to follow will.
Who would not shake such bussards from the fist,
And let them flie (faire fooles) which way they list.

Yet for our sport, wee fawne and flatter both,
To passe the time, when nothing else can please:
And traine them on to yeeld by subtill oath,
The sweet content, that giues such humor ease.
And then wee say, when wee their follies trie,
To play with fooles, Oh, what a foole was I.

The funerall Song of that honorable Gent. Sir Phillip Sidney, Knight.

O that most rare brest, christaline sincere,
Through which like gold, thy princely hart did shine,
O sprite heroic, O valiant worthie Knight,
O *Sidney*, prince of fame, and mens good will.

For thee, both kings and princesses doe mourne
Thy noble Tombe three Cities strange desir'd,
Foes to the cause, thy prowes did defend,
Bewaile the day that crost thy famous race.

The dolefull debt due to thy hearse I pay,
Teares from the soule, that aye thy want shall moane,
And by my will my life itselfe would yeeld
If heathen blame, ne might, my faith distaine.

O heauie time, that my daies draw behind thee,
Thou dead dost liue, thy friend here liuing, dieth.

William Byrd, or Bird, is supposed to have been the son of Thomas Byrd, one of the gentlemen of the Royal Chapel of Edward VI., in which he was himself one of the singing boys, and in 1554 was Senior Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral, being then probably about fifteen years old. He was a pupil of the celebrated Tallis. His earliest attempts at musical composition were portions of the Romish Ritual, which he frequently set to music. In 1563 he became organist of Lincoln Cathedral, where he continued till 1569, when he was appointed one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, succeeding Robert Parsons, and in 1575 became organist to Queen Elizabeth. His name first appeared publicly as a musical writer in 1575, when along with his master, Tallis, he published the *Cantiones Sacræ*, and in 1588 appeared the present volume; besides which he wrote some other works,

the last of them being in 1611. There is a large collection of his productions in the library of Christ Church College, Oxford, bequeathed by Dr. Aldrich. Byrd was the composer of the Carman's Whistle, Fortune, and other tunes, and is generally believed to have been the author of the celebrated canon, Non nobis Domine. He resided opposite to Crosby Hall, and died July 4th, 1623, at an advanced age, surviving his master, Tallis, thirty-eight years, and in good estimation as an amiable, pious and moral character.

The reader may consult further concerning this work, and Byrd's other publications, Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii. p. 1021; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 107; Burney's *Hist. of Music*, 4to, 1789, vol. iii. p. 83; Hawkins's ditto, 4to, 1776, vol. iii. p. 283; Rimbault's Musical Antiquarian Society's volume for 1841 and *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*, p. 1; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 116.

The works of Byrd, his pupil Morley, Weelkes, Bateson, Ward, Wilbye, and other English madrigal writers have been much sought after of late, and when perfect, with all the parts complete and in clean condition, have brought high prices.

Collation: Sig. A, two leaves; B to G 2, in fours.
Very fine copy, with all the five parts complete.
Bound in Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Byrd, (William.) — Svperius. Psalmes, Sonets, and songs of sadnes and pietie, made into Musicke of fiue parts: whereof some of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th' other being Songs very rare and newly composed, are heere published, for the recreation of all such as delight in Musicke: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maiesties honorable Chappell.

[Device, containing the crest of Sir Christopher Hatton.]
Printed by Thomas East, the assigne of W. Byrd, and are to be sold at the dwelling house of the said T. East, by Paules wharfe. 1588. Cum privilegio Regiæ Maiestatis. 4to, pp. 48.

The reader will perceive a slight difference in the title to this copy, and a greater one also in the imprint, which has the date of 1588, and varies

considerably from the former. It contains only the part called Superius, answering to the modern treble, and is the copy from the library of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., which was noticed by Dr. Dibdin in his *Literary Reminiscences*, pt. ii. p. 925, who has there reprinted at length the other funeral song on the death of Sir Philip Sidney. The editor has also in his possession a good copy of the Medius part of this impression, with the date of 1588, and the same imprint as above.

It sold in the Freeling sale, No. 413, for 1*l.* 3*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 825, 2*l.* 4*s.*; and Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1278, 2*l.* 10*s.*

Collation the same as before.

Half-bound in Calf.

(H.) — The Forrest of Fancy. Wherein is conteined very prety Apothegmes, and pleasaunt histories, both in meeter and prose, Songes, Sonets, Epigrams and Epistles, of diuerse matter and in diverse manner. With sundry other deuises, no lesse pithye then pleasaunt and profytable.

Reade with regard, peruse each point well
And then giue thy iudgement as reason shall moue thee
For eare thou conceiue it, twere hard for to tell
If cause be or no wherefore to reprove me.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Purfoote, dwelling in Newgate Market, within the new Rents, at the Signe of the Lucrece. 1579. Blk. lett. 4to, pp. 160.

Ritson, in his *Bibliogr. Poet.* p. 159, attributes the authorship of this work (than which there are few of greater rarity or interest) to Henry Chettle, while Warton assigns it, with perhaps little more probability, to

Henry Constable. Mr. Park, whose general accuracy of judgment in these matters may be relied on, was inclined, from the great difference in style to the acknowledged productions of both of these authors, to hesitate in assigning it to either, and in this opinion we ourselves are disposed to agree. The authorship might possibly have been ascertained had it been noticed in the registers of the Stationers' Company, which does not appear to have been the case. The work is partly in verse and partly in prose, and consists of short stories in each, interspersed with Songs, Sonnets, Epigrams, and Epistles, as expressed in the title. The number of pieces amounts to sixty-nine, of which forty-four are in verse, and twenty-five in prose. It commences with some lines inscribed, "The Booke speaketh to the Buyers," signed Finis, q.d. Fancy;" then "The Authour to the Reader," five seven-line stanzas, some lines, "R. W. to the Reader, in the Authours behalfe," and a prose "Epistle to the Reader," in which, after dilating on the diversity of opinions and tastes in the world on every subject, the author thus explains his motives for the publication of his work, and for naming it The Forrest of Fancy:

After I had gathered togither in one small volume diuerse deuises, as well in prose as meeter, of sundry sortes, and seuerall matter, which at idle times (as wel to sharpen my wits, and shake of sloth, as to satisfye my friendes, that had occasion to craue my helpe in that behalfe) I haue heretofore as occasion serued, diuersely framed, supposing the same to be fitte for this present time, and agreable with the mindes of moste men, I haue (as well for the disordered placing of euery perticular parcel thereof, being rudely and dispersedly deuided, as also for the seuerall fancies therin contained, fit for euery degree, and agreable to their diuerse affections) thought good to name it *The Forrest of Fancy*, and so causing it to be imprinted, I doe here, friendly Reader, present it vnto thee as a gift of my good will, desiring thee to accept it. And though my yong yeares and small experience, will not permit me to wryghte so pithily as some haue done heretofore, whose worthy works are extant, and in great estimation, yet considering that I haue not done it either for gaine or glory, but partly to make my selfe more apte in other matters of more importaunce wherein I maye happen hereafter to be imployed, and partly to procure thy pleasure and profite (which may easilye be obtained) if thou doe duely consider, and rightly conceiue of that which shall be offered to thy view, I beseech thee conster my doinges to the best, take this my small labour in good parte, amend the faultes escaped, &c.

Mr. Park has given a long account of this curious volume in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 456, enumerating the subjects and headings of the various pieces, with copious extracts extending to twenty-one pages, from Mr. Bindley's copy. We shall therefore content ourselves with offering to our readers a few passages taken from the poetical portion of the volume. And the first shall be

A Plaine description of perfecte friendship.

True friendship unfained
Doth rest unrestrayned
No terrour can tameit;
Not gaining, nor losing,
Nor gallant gay glosing,
Can euer reclaime it.

In paine and in pleasure,
The most truest treasure,
That may be desyred,
Is loyall loue deemed,
Of wisedome esteemed,
And chefely required.

The next is taken from advice to a friend wishing to marry, "exhorting her to make choyse of a wyse and verteous person:"

The gallant gay some chiefely doe esteeme,
In one that curteous is, some moste delight,
A cunning craftes man, some for best do deeme,
But few or none esteeme the vertuous wight,
By wise and prudent men they set but light.
Few linke for loue, but all for greedy gaine,
Though in the ende it tourne them most to paine.

Bewty doth fade, when crooked age creepes in,
And like a Flower the sommer season past,
Nipt with the cold when winter doth begin,
Doth wither soone, and weare away at last,
And sicknesse makes the mighty man agast
And takes from him all strength and courage quighte,
But vertue still abides in perfect plight.

In welth or wo, in paine or pleasure still,
Vertue remaines without reprofe at all,
Not dreadfull death that doth the Carcas kill;
The power of vertue may in ought appall.
It liues with praise, and neuer perrish shall,
For after death his glory restest rife,
That whilst be liude, did leade a vertuous life.

There are some pleasing and fanciful seven-line verses in commendation of the Rose, the burthen of each verse at the end being

And I that doe in Flowers great pleasure take,
Desyre the Rose, my nosegay sweete to make;

but we prefer quoting some lines from the poem entitled

A commendacion of the Robin redde brest.

When *Hyems* with his hory frostes
and blustering *Boreas* blaste,
Had runne his race, and Lady *Ver*
his pleasaunt course had past,

Then *Æstas* entred in by course
and *Phebus* golden raies,
Whose scorching heate mild *Zephirus*
asswagde at all assayes

Were spread abroade through euery coste,
which causde eche thing to ioye,
Then was it pleasure great to see
the little Fishes play,
And friscoes fetch about the bankes,
to fynde some pleasaunt baite
Whiles they unwares intangled are
by Fishers foule deceite.
Then euery tree is fresh and greene,
Then *Flora* on the ground
Her mantell spreades, and fertill fieldes
with pleasaunt Flowers abound.

* * * * * *

It chaunced so this time
that as in bed I lay,
Oppressed sore with painefull pangs
about the breake of day,
I started up, and forth I walkte
into the fieldes so fayre,
My selfe to solace there at will,
and take the pleasaunt ayre.
The ground that garnisht was with
flowers,
did yield so sweete a smell
That noysome sauoures none were felt,
it did them all repell:
Then past I forth with stealing steps,
and lookte about me round,
To take a view of euery thing,
wherein I pleasure found.
And by and by from farre me thought
I seemde a sounde to heare,
Which still the further that I past,
more pleasaunt did appeare,
It was so sweete a melody,
that sure I thought some muse,
Or else some other heauenly wight
did there frequent and use.
But as I cast mine eye asyde,
on braunche of willow tree
A little Robin redbrest then,
there sitting did I see:
And he it was, and none but he,
that did so sweetely sing,
But sure in all my life before
I neuer harde the thing,
That did so much delight my hart,
or causde me so to ioye,
As did that little Robins song,
that there I hard that day.

We give one more short poem, a Sonnet on

The straunge pangs of a pore passionate Louer.

Not as I am, nor as I wish to be,
But as falce Fortunes frames my froward fate,
Euen so I am, not bound nor fully free,
Not quite forlorne, nor yet in quiet state,
I wish for death, and yet the death I hate,
This life leade I, which life is wondrous straunge
Yet for no life would I my lyfe exchaunge.
I seeke the sight of that I sigh to see
I ioy in that which breedes my great unrest:
Such contraries doe dayly comber me,
As in one thing I find both ioy and rest.
Which gaine he gets that is *Cupidos* guest:
For whome he catcheth in his cursed snare
He giues great hope, yet kils his hart with care.

Some of the poems abound with the alliterations and quaint conceits so much in vogue at that period, and with frequent allusions to classical stories. It is probable, as Warton supposes, that the publication of Gascoigne's Jocasta, which had appeared in 1577, gave occasion to the second poem in the collection on the story of Eteocles and Polynices. The latter portion of the volume from Sig. Q iii. is entirely in prose, and the book closes on Sig. U iiii. with a colophon L'acquis Abonde; Finis. H. C. The true appropriation of these initials has not yet, as we believe, been decided, and we are unable to determine this difficult point; concerning which the reader may consult further Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iv. p. 117, and p. 209; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 159; and *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 456. Mr. Heber's copy, pt. iv. No. 318, sold for 7*l.* 10*s.*, and is now in Mr. Miller's collection; Bindley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1030, with another, 38*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* This copy, as described by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, was evidently imperfect. It consists of eighty leaves, not fifty-eight as there mentioned, and wanted the two introductory leaves of verse before the Epistle to the Reader. This mistake has been copied by Lowndes.*

Collation: Sig. A to U iiii., in fours.
The present copy wants the last leaf.
Half-bound in Green Morocco.

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* Since the above was witten, Mr. Collier has published his *Bibliogr. Catalogue*, and in noticing the present rare work has communicated a new fact concerning it, viz. that there were two editions of it in the same year 1579; one containing only fifty-eight leaves, the one noticed in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 456; and the other having eighty leaves, the present one; "so that much new matter was inserted to make up the difference." In the first edition the two leaves after the title, and before the "Epistle to the Reader," containing three copies of verse, are wanting, and were only added in the second; while in the first impression a poem addressed by T. O. to his mistress is entirely omitted in the later one. Some difficulty occurred in making the new additional matter fit in with the old, which had apparently been kept standing in type; some lines are therefore repeated at the top of a succeeding page, which had already been printed at the bottom of the preceding one, as on Sig. K 1, in the pleasing poem of the Robin Red-breast. This is a singular fact, and one well-deserving of notice, for which we are indebted to Mr. Collier's valuable work, vol. i. p. 291.

C. (I.) — Saint Marie Magdalens Conversion.

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IHS

Printed with License, (1603). Without Place, Printer's Name, or Date. 4to, pp. 28.

Lowndes has noticed one or two other anonymous religious poems relating to Mary Magdalen, but does not appear to have been aware of the present work. It is a very rare poem by a Roman Catholic writer, whose name concealed under the initials I. C. is now unknown. On the reverse of the title, which is within a woodcut border, is this short prose address from "The Author to the Reader:" "This smale poem (Gentle Reader) was composed for the pleasure of some priuate friends, and intended to haue bin presented for a Newe-yeres gift the first of this monnth: But interuention of other affaires delaied the finishing therof, vntill the last. I made choyce of this subiect, as most fitting this time of death, the stile being correspondant, plaine and passionate, much like a morning garment, fitting both the time and the matter. Graue enough for sobrest wittes, and not so harshe, but may content the nicest eares. The reading whereof (I doubt not) may proue both pleasant and profitable, which is as much as I can wish or thou desire. Farewell this last of Ianuarie, 1603. Thyne I. C." Probably the expression "as most fitting this time of death" may have had reference to the mortality occasioned by the great plague which was then raging. The only other prefix is a short poetical dedication of two six-line stanzas "To the devout and vertuous Mistris F. B. — I. C. presentes this his wortheles labour for a Newe-yeares gifte:"

This day (the eight'h from his Natiuitie)
The glorious Sonne of the Omnipotent
Was circumcis'de, bearinge mans frailetie;
T' appease the wrath of the Magnificent;
This day, the Sonne of blessed Mary shed
His first deare bloud, to make vs liue b'inge dead.

In memorie whereof this custome takes,
That on the first day of the newe-borne yeare,
Eache freind, vnto his freind some present makes;
Louer to Louer, husband to his pheare:
But I; poor I, that haue no gifte to bringe,
Out of my home-bred Muse these verses singe.

The poem is written in six-line stanzas (110), and the allusion to some

of the writings of our immortal dramatic bard, which had then lately appeared, induces us to make choice of the opening Stanzas for our first quotation:

Of Romes great conquest in the elder age,
When she the worlde made subiect to her thrall,
Of louers giddy fancies, and the rage,
Wherwith that passion is possest withall,
When ielousie with loue doth share a part,
And breedes a ciuil warre within the harte.

Of *Helens* rape, and *Troyes* beseiged *Towne*,
Of *Troylus* faith, and *Cressids* falsitie.
Of *Rychards* stratagems for the English crowne,
Of *Tarquins* lust, and *Lucrece* chastitie,
Of these, of none of these my muse nowe treates,
Of greater conquests, warres, and loues she speakes.

A womans conquest of her one affects,
A womans warre with her selfe-appetite,
A womans loue, breeding such effects,
As th' age before nor since nere brought to light,
Of these; and such as these, my muse is prest.
To spend the idle houres of her rest.

Thou blessed Saint whose life doth teach to liue,
Intreate that louing and best loued Lord of thine,
That he vouchsafe such liuely grace to giue
Vnto these dull and liueles rimes of mine,
That such as read this good (though ill told) story,
May be (like thee) for their offences sorry.

The opening description of the Magdalen at the commencement is perhaps as favourable a passage as can be selected for quotation from the poem, which is sadly too much amplified and wire-drawn in its descriptions of the sufferings of our Lord, and of the love and contrition of the penitent Magdalen, to be forcible or effective. In its style and religious sentiments it very much resembles the poem on St. Peter's Ten Tears, noticed elsewhere, of which the first edition was printed in 1597, 4to, and a second in 1602, 4to:

When first the worlds Creator our dread Lord,
Did with his presence blesse *Iudea* land
And to all sortes of people did afforde,
His gratious fauour and all helping hand,
Bestowing by his power Omnipotent,
The lazar, deafe, blinde, lame, and impotent.

Amongst the daughters of the sonnes of men,
Shee that did most his gratious mercy proue,
Was *Mary* (*Marthas* sister) *Magdalen*,
Who loued most, and had most cause to loue,
Her wounded soule he cur'de with sinnes opprest,
Natures deffects in others he redrest.

She needed not the ritch mans golden ring,
That all desires, seldome well gott, of good,
Shee needed not the Heraulde deif'ing,
To make her gentle of vngentle bloud,
Shee needed not the painters white and red,
Nature those colors in her face that shed.

Her eyes vnto their mistres yeelded light,
All though her selfe, within her selfe, were blind,
She was nor lame, nor deafe, nor lazar-like,
Perfect'ons store to each limbe was asin'de,
With natures gifts she plent'iously was graced,
But sinne those ornamentes had all defaced,

Sinne made her want, in middest of her store,
Sinne made her seruile in her libertye,
Of all good graces sinne did make her poore,
And ritch in nothing but in misery,
Her soule was subiect to a thousand euilles,
Her body combred with as many Deuilles.

But her dear Lord through his life-giuing grace,
This many-headed monster draue away,
And those foule fiendes who did his workes deface,
His blessed presence, from her did affray,
He thought not meete, that such unseemely gest,
Should in so faire an Arbour build their nest.

After her foes were thus disperst and gone,
Her captiue soule b'inge franchis'de from their thrall,
And shee transformed by that mighty one,
From her life best'all to celestiall,
Her Lord affirmed that her loue was such,
That shee deserued to bee pardoned much.

The latter part of the poem relates the account of the visit of Mary Magdalen to the sepulchre after the resurrection of our Lord, and her finding him to be gone, the appearance of Jesus to her, and her supposing him to be the gardener. At the end of the volume is a large ornamental wood cut cross, with the letters I.N.R.I. over it.

The work is printed very incorrectly, and no place being mentioned where, nor date when, being affixed, it was most probably printed abroad about 1603, and evidently for private distribution.

The writer was manifestly a Roman Catholic, but his name is unknown. It is very rare, and sold in Mr. Caldecot's sale, No. 189, for 3*l.* and in Rodd's ditto, No. 1849, for 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. A to D 2, in fours.
Fine large copy. Bound by F. Bedford.
In Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

C. (I.) — Saint Marie Magdalens Conversion.

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Printed with License. Without Place, Printer's Name, or Date, (1603). 4to, pp. 28.

A second copy of the same rare poem, by an English Jesuit, and in perfect state. Since the former article was written the second edition of Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Manual*, by Mr. Henry Bohn has appeared, in which at p. 342 there is a notice inserted of this work, but the only reference to the sale of any copy is to the one in Rodd's collection.

Collation: The same as before.
Half bound in Green Morocco.

C. (R.) — An Elegie sacred to the Immortall Memory of the Honoured and most accomplished Lady, Margaret Lady Smith, one of the Ladies of her Majesties Honourable Privie Chamber. Dedicated to the true Lover of all good Learning and perfect mirrour of his Rank, Edward Savage Esquire (one of the Gent: of his Majesties most Honourable Privie Chamber) her Noble and lamenting Husband. Composed by his most humble and devoted Servant, R. C.

Without date, place, or printer's name. 4to, pp. 32.

Of the author of these "Funerall Teares and Consolations" to the memory of Lady Smith, we have no knowledge. It was probably not printed for

sale, and is without any date, place, or printer's name. "The Epistle Dedicatorie" in the form of a sonnet to the above Edward Savage, Esq, is followed by an "Achrostick Epitaph" to Margaret Lady Smith, on the reverse of which is a large woodcut, occupying the full page, of a figure of death with the motto over it, "Sic transit Gloria mundi," serving as a frontispiece to the poem. It appears from the Elegy, which is entitled "Funerall Teares and Consolations," and is ornamented with a broad black border at the top and bottom of each page, that Lady Smith was a native of Prussia, and was born near the Rhine, and that grief for her loss

> Fills every brest with her afflicting sounds,
> It cleaves and clouds the Ayre which sighes, but where
> Her Fathers Trophies the *Polonians* reare,
> And *Prussia* daily by his care shew'd forth
> Many rich tokens of the English worth,
> They doe lament her with us, and the *Rhine*
> In mutuall sorrowes with the *Thames* doth joyne;
> For though the *Rhine* doth neere her birth-place glide,
> The Muses wayle her laid by *Thames* faire side,
> And 'tis a higher honour to be stil'd
> A Poets subject, then a Chieftaines child.

From the following passage in the poem, which is not destitute of poetical merit, we learn that the maiden name of Lady Smith was Langton, and that she married three husbands, her first husband's name being Clarke, secondly Sir Edward Smith, and lastly Edward Savage, Esq., one of the Gentlemen of his Majesties Honourable Privy Chamber:

> Nor did shee beare her yeares, as a disease
> That kept her from the due performances
> Of sacred duties, but with doubled space
> The staffe of Age, shee made her speed to grace;
> For Age, though crooked, is of heav'nly kind,
> And best doth serve to rectifie the mind
> With saving precepts; they most light doe climbe
> The hill of heaven, who feele the weight of Time.
> This heaven in her observ'd with Ioy, and bent
> To crowne such rich and ripe deserts, hee sent
> To call her hence to her eternall home,
> To lodge in peace for aye; in that high roome
> Shee feares no change, but takes delight to see
> Her lifes past acts, and first Integrity,
> As when a Virgin she adorn'd the Name
> Of farre fam'd *Langton*, or when Bride she came

To her beloved *Clarke*, or had the grace
To take to Husband in the second place
Ennobled *Smith*, or when as she was led
A happy spouse to honour'd *Savage* bed,
For though indeed she had most titles with
Her second marriage to S^r^ *Richard Smith*,
Yet in each point of love, and Dignity,
Her happy Hymens and last choice shall bee
No lesse in weight then his, nor shall the Name
Of Noble *Savage* bow to *Smiths* best Fame.

Her residence, it appears, was at Hammersmith, which at that period was full of rural beauties, and clothed with wood; and her remains were interred in the church at Stepney:

Shee whose sad losse was such, whom gone that even
Heaven would lament with many a teare, if heaven
Had not assum'd her, whose transcendent way
Was to doe more then all her sexe could say;
Hath left sad Earth, while wee to th' Skyes transferre
Our melting eyes, and enjoy heav'n, not her,
Nor can one place lend teares enough, but where
That wealthy *Stepney* her high Towres doth reare,
Shee most of all laments her death, and just,
Extols her vertues, as she hides her dust.
The Nymphs that haunt *Hammersmiths* woods and hills
That guard the Valleyes, and that guide the rills,
Resound her losse and honour'd Name, and show
The boundlesse rage of their impatient woe
In so distracting and so sad a cry,
As if with her the Westerne world did dye.
No Night of death shall cloud her bright renowne,
But as the ruines of some mighty Towne
Show heere a Temple stood, a Palace here,
And here some Fort, or spatious Theatre,
Of which alas! the broken arches still
Or razed Columnes (which Art yerst did fill
With all her Treasures, and rich History)
Retaine their great, and worthy memory.
So my sad Muse shall still this losse rehearse,
And shew her ruines bleeding in my Verse.

At the close of the Elegy is a blank mourning page in black, and then on Sig. C 3 is a fresh title-page:

Epicedium in obitum Dominæ Præstantissimæ D.D. Margaretæ Smith,

cujus piis Manibus litavit molâ salsâ quùm thura illi non suppetebant.
Sui observantissimus, R. C.

These "Lachrimæ Fvnebres," in Latin hexameter verse, extend to eight pages, and occupy the remainder of the book, and have the same black border at the top and bottom of the page. At the beginning and end of the volume are blank mourning leaves in black. These two blank leaves were not in the Heber copy of this work, which is scarce, and seldom occurs for sale. A copy sold in Bindley's sale, pt. iv. No. 1083, with two other tracts, for 12*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 319, 15*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to D 4, in fours.
In Brown Speckled Calf, neat.

C. (R.) — The Triumphant Weaver: or, The Art of Weaving Discuss'd and Handled: Plainly shewing the various Opinions of divers Writers, concerning the first Original and Contriver of this Art, now so Excellent and Useful in all the Habitable parts of the World; Divided into Three Parts.

The First contains, The Antiquity of this said Art and Mistery.

The Second contains, The great Use and unavoidable Necessity of the same.

And the Third treats of the great and admired Excellency of this never enough esteemed Art of Weaving. Written all in Verse for the Divertisement of all, either young or old, who are naturally inclined to the serious study or practice of the said Art, or practically concerned to the same for a livelihood: hoping that it will not please those only, but also such gentile Souls as delight in curiosity.

Let all thy actions be just and upright,
Then Heaven and Earth will both in thee delight;
And Truth with Trust thou mayst together Weave;
Who otherwise shall do, themselves deceive.

[Woodcut on the Title.]

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Rain-Bow in Holbourn, near St. Andrews Church. 1682. 4to, pp. 52.

The first edition of this singular work was printed in 1677, 4to, under the title of "Minerva, or, The Art of Weaving: containing the Antiquity, Utility, and Excellency of Weaving." On the title of the present impression is a woodcut divided into two parts, one on the left hand, shewing a man seated at his loom weaving; the other on the right of one apparently preparing or *gaiting* his loom for so doing. After the title is a prose address "To the Reader," signed R. C., but whose name these initials represent is not known. On the reverse of this page are some lines on the first supposed inventors of the Art of Weaving. The poem is divided into three Cantos, each preceded by a metrical argument or summary of its contents, the lines annexed being that of the first:

The Writer briefly doth relate
Mans making, Bliss, Fall, wretched state:
What his first Cloathing was, and then
Who *Weaving* first devis'd, and When,
So far as he can learn relates:
Which done, the Prayses celebrates
Of *Worthy Women*, who thereby
And otherwise deservedly
Have purchas'd fame: which being done
This *Canto* to an end doth run.

The following passages taken at random will serve to shew the kind of reasoning and nature of the verse employed in this curious work. After proving that coats made of skins were man's first clothing after the fall, he says:

But time that brings
All things about, and from whose being springs
Every invention, in time brought to pass
The *Art of Weaving:* but when that time was
It much uncertain is: report doth go
Minerva did invent it; but all know
Who are but meanly read in History,
That this report of her no truth can be:
For Authors of best Credit do relate
Minerva's life was of no elder date
Then in, or somewhat after *Moses'* dayes:
And let me tell you what this *Moses* sayes
Concerning *Weaving*, for 'tis onely he
That must herein our chiefest witness be:
He being the first Historian that ere writ,
And whose writing none can except 'gainst it:

For he gives us to understand, that when
The Tabernacle was erected, then
The Curtains of fine twined Linnen were,
And Blew, Purple, and Scarlet Silk was there;
All which must needs be Weavers work, or how
It could Imbroydred be I do not know:
Also Blew Ribband to ty the Curtains were
Appoynted, as the Text makes it appear.
And to *Minerva* this could not belong
For shee was then not born, or very young,
Nay, if you backward look, you'll Weaving see,
Above three hundred years elder to bee:
For *Abraham's* Servant to *Rebekah* gave
Rayments, which Rayments I would gladly crave
Of any man that can informe me, whether
It were not rather Weavers work, than leather?
And that *Esaus* goodly Rayment certainly
Was Cloath, or Silk, (not Leather,) none deny.

The writer, whoever he may be, as in duty bound, in the third Canto is loud in his praises of the great antiquity and celebrity of the Art of Weaving, and endeavours to shew that it was the first and oldest of the Companies in London that were confirmed by Charter:

There is not any Handycraft I know
In *London*, out of which there dayly grow
Men of more wealth, or known abilities;
Or few or none to higher places rise,
Than Weavers have, and do: should I omit
To speak of some time past, which is not yet
Five hundred years, for then it is well known,
As truth by true relation hath it shown,
The Weavers did in *London* bear great sway
Wherein they continued many a day:
For those that have read ancient Records know,
No Company in *London* can out-go
The Weavers by antiquity; for we
The first Society in *London* be,
That is confirmed by Charter, it being known
About five hundred years of age, and none,
Not any Company so ancient is,
Nor any Charter granted before this;
Which though it be no broader, nor in length
Exceeds a hand, it is known of that strength,

Being but about ten lines, that there's not many
Charters in this City, if there be any,
Puts down our Charter for validity,
As many learned Clerks can testify.
And I once heard Recorder *Littleton*
Confess no less, when it he look'd upon,
Who was much taken when he did it see,
And reverence shew'd it for antiquity:
And being 'tis truth, that we are known to be
The first incorporated Company,
That then in *London* was, Weavers might well
As they then stood, all other Trades excell;
And *Candle-wick*-street, which is yet so nam'd
For Weavers Looms there standing, is still fam'd.

The work is scarce, and has not, that we are aware of, been noticed bibliographically by any one beyond the mere recital of its title. It sold in Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 320, for 1*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. A two leaves; B to G 4, in fours.

Half-bound in Yellow Morocco.

C. (R.) — The Most Auntient Historie of God and Man, or a Collection of Gods proceedings with Man in generall, from the first to the last, but more especially of the Devinity, and Humanitie of our Blessed Saviour Iesus Christ, His Loue to his Spouse, and his hate to his, and her enimies, Together w^th^ Satans plottes against her in all ages, in form of a Poem. R. C. Finished 1629 July 29.

Manuscript. Folio, pp. 188.

We much regret that we are unable to assign the proper appropriation to the initials of R. C. the composer of this MS. religious and emblematical poem. There were several poetical authors about this period who rejoiced in these initials, Robert Chamberlaine, Robert Chester, Roger Cocks, Robert Copland, Roger Cotton, Ralph Crane, Richard Crashaw, Robert Crowley, and Robert Croft. Some of these, Chester, Copland, and Crowley, belong to an earlier period, and of the remainder there are not more than three who are at all likely to have written this poem. Independently of the work being far below his standard Crashaw was at this time residing abroad

in Italy at Loretto, and died about four or five years later. Roger Cotton, who also was imbued with a religious turn of mind as is shown in his poems noticed hereafter, had published them before this period, and was now probably dead. There are three other rather obscure poets, who all wrote poems on sacred subjects about this time, to one of whom we are more disposed to attribute this work, viz., Roger Cocks, Ralph Crane, and Robert Croft or Croftes, and possibly to one of these it may be assigned. The MS. is in folio, in a small closely written hand in the author's autograph, containing on a rough calculation about 12,000 lines, and apparently prepared for publication. It is ornamented with seven curious and not ill-executed indian ink drawings, and originally seems to have had another large one, at the commencement, after the title, as a general frontispiece, which is now wanting, having been cut out. The MS. begins with five six-line stanzas on this frontispiece, entitled "Vpon the precedent figure the sum'e of all." This is followed by "An aduertisment to y^e^ Reader," "Vranias caueat," "The cheifest poynts in this poeme," in seven divisions, viz., 1. "The first mouer. 2. The new world. 3. Fayths improoument. 4. The light of y^e^ world. 5. The worlds declyneing. 6. The end of y^e^ world. 7. The euerlastinge Sabbath." Then some more lines, "The sum'e of this history," an "Inuocation," "Vpon the ensuing figure, the first mouer," the figure representing a globe with the signs of the zodiac, and a hand above issuing from the clouds, and turning a lever, inscribed "The first mouer." This is succeeded by "The Argumente," headed by the word GOD in large ornamental capitals, and written in a much larger and clearer type than the rest of the work, of which introduction the subsequent extract forms a considerable portion.

GOD,

Euen the Father, our great Lord Supernall,
Was of himselfe, before all times Æternall:
That Life's pure Acte, that Light of lights so Shineinge
That Hee admitts no Riseing nor Declineing;
Of which selfe substance Hee begott the Sonne,
That firme Idea of perfection,
The fathers Heyre, the Brightnes of his Glorye
Obiect, and Subiect, of this Sacred story.
That Word of Power, that Wisedom of his grace
Whom Angells all adore in euery place
His first begotten, Dearest in his Eyes
Whose Throne's establisht farr above the skyes

As Second to his Father personall
That same whom rightly wee doe IESVS call.
From which two persons, Spired or proceeding
A third distinct one flowes, as of theire breeding,
Wherfore in Order wee accompt them Three
As Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghoste to bee.
Yet all one God, coequall in estate
Seeing each with other doth participate
Of all Æternity; — and Holynes,
Nor any greater Maiesty, or lesse,
All Good alike, and all Omnipotent,
All of one Glory, all like Excellent;
All GOD, vnited both in power and will
What one intends, the other doeth fulfill.
Persons distinctly Three, yet One in acte,
What one effects, is all their proper facte,
One WILLES the thinge, Another doeth Com'and
And then the thirde PERFORMS it with his hand.
This trine-one God, is of so full extention
That silly Man cannot have Comprehention
Of his Immenseness, for all thinges that Bee
Haue Life, and Motion in his Deitie.
His power Essentiall houlds such residence
In Heuen, and Earth, no where is Hee from thence,
His Light geues luster to the Orient Sunne
Which from his presence neuer more doeth runne
His Wisdom searcheth, and discerneth playne
All Secrets that in Heuen or Earth remaine
From his pure fountaine, Treuth doeth flowe that riuer
His holy Word, whose treuth shall last for euer,
For in Him is no falshood, Hee's that Best
With whom that hyghest degree of GOOD doth rest
By His appoyntment euery powerfull thinge
Is Plac'te, and so permitted gouerninge.
What is't Hee cannot doe? (excepting ill)
And to doe Good, Hee wants no power nor will.
His Mercy leads him, that Hee suffers longe,
Such as abuse his Patience, doeing wronge,
Slow to bee stirr'd to wrath, exceeding milde,
And hath delight Our Father to bee stil'de,
Hee pittyes vs when wee our selues ensnare
And of our weaknes hath continuall care
Prouideing all thinges needfull for vs heere:
And askes but that his Name wee Loue and Feare.

His Eye perceiues our Thoughts (which wee thinke hidde)
Ere wee appear'd Hee saw vs what wee did
Yea; and before the world he did Electe
All, whom hee ment to call, to that effect:
And those ellected, whom Hee calls indeed
In euery age, hee counts his Holy Seede.
For what was then, and after, and shal bee
With Him, as Present still, his eye doeth see,
Hee is without beginning, or creation
And, at his Worde was layd the sure foundation
Of all this massy Globe, Hee shall endure
When it's desolu'd; His throne continues sure
Heuen is his Seate, from whence hee doth behould
The Sonnes of men, of brittle mortall mould.
Hee notes all Ages as they on doe passe
And Hee himselfe continues as hee was,
For Hee's Immortall, neuer shall hee dye
And hee geues vs an Immortallitye,
A Spirit most holy, and a Flameing Fire
Consumeing sinners, stirreing vp desire,
Of his pure Sweetnes, which surpasseth all
Those thinges on earth, that wee delicious call,
When Hee enflames his seruants with his Loue
To all good actions then theyr spirit will moue
Yet if theyr weakenes fayle, hee doeth accept
Theyr good intentions, as if they had kept
His lawes aright: vouchsafeing of free grace
From theyr Offence to turne away his face.

The poem, written in ten syllable rhyming verse then begins. It is composed throughout in a heavy and uninteresting style, with some good lines occasionally interspersed. Having already given a somewhat protracted quotation from the work, we confine our further extracts from it to a short passage on

The Pouder plott.

This rested soe as heere before is seene
Vntill the death of Englands Mayden Queene
And that the Lord had w^th^ his wonderfull hand
Establisht James our Soueraigne in this land
Which Satan seeing, sayde, well is itt soe!
Come Enuy, once more shalt thou to them goe,
Tell those that are our friends that I haue found
A certayne way the Gospell to confound:

And bidd them waite nor doubt, but follow one
W^t I proiect: by them let that bee done.
Tell them that they by my decree shall take
That pouder (w^ch for gunnes I taught them make)
In great abundance, and to this intent
Conueiye itt yonder to th' house of Parlyment:
For now in England there's a King doth loue
That word of God: and him who rules aboue
W^ch I soe feare and hate. Therefore when hee
Shall w^th his Nobles all assembled bee;
Put fire to that, and flee from thence with speed
And none can know them that hath don the deed.
Then hee being perisht, you shall soone erect
A Prince that shall trewe Gospell quite rejecte.
Imediately that spirit of Malice wrought
And trauel'd ouer to Rome, from whence he brought
Pardons enow, for all that did forsake
Their true Aleigeance; and would undertake
To acte a parte in this most tragicke Sceane
The fatall end of Englands King and Queene.
The tyme appoynted, all things ready fram'd
The very houre, when itt should bee, was nam'd
The candle lighted, and the distance sett
How farre the Match should burne, before it gett
Into the Pouder: whose infernall power
Could not, but all the harmlesse soules deuoure
Euen then: Behould euen then the holiest Eye
Did peirce into this vault so secretly:
That laughing them to scorne, hee shew'd the plott,
And left their names an euerlasting blott.

The subject of the second cut is the creation of Adam and Eve; of the third the sacrifice of Isaac; the fifth on "The worldes declyneing," is curious, representing in the centre a church with a hand out of the clouds grasping the top of the spire, and the motto "Lo I am with you to the worlds end," at the top "Crosses × × × × × × sent for sinne," with the motto "Many are y^e troubles of y^e righteous;" on one side figures of persecutors, underminers, hypocrites, &c., on the other the overthrow of Babylon, "Babilon is faln, is faln," and at the bottom Satan chained with his imps, "plotting against the church of Christ;" the last figure represents the city of the New Jerusalem with the saints "best and blest," sitting with crowns on their heads and harps in their hands, and below in flames, figures of the damned, "worst and curst," in hell.

There is little doubt that the celebrated, and at that time much lauded religious work of Du Bartas, which had appeared in an English dress by Joshua Sylvester at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was the immediate prototype or original of the present poem, and that it may be considered as one amongst the many imitations of that remarkable, and in many respects interesting work, to which so many subsequent poets have been indebted.

In the original parchment cover.

CALFIELD, (HENRY.) — The Passion of a discontented Minde. Made by H. C., Gentleman.
Written by Henry Calfielde An° Dm^i 1604.
An unpublished Manuscript Poem. 16mo, pp. 8.

This little Manuscript Poem of four leaves only is written in six-line stanzas, which are anything but harmonious. The author has little power of expression, and his wailings are sent forth in a feeble and querulous tone, rather than in a manly and poetical spirit. A short quotation will show the nature of the poem, and will more than satisfy the curiosity of the reader. It is taken from the opening verses :

Howe can mine eies but swell w^th flouds of teares
Howe can my hart but swim in seas of bloud
Howe can my soule departe from lothed feares
Howe can my mouth receive my needful foode
Or howe may life in dyinge soule remaine
Alwhiles y^t envy doth increase my payne.

Why envy and ROPO y^e reason showe
Why you these tortures, have bequeathed mee
I never wronged you as I knowe
And if I did, then make it knowen frō thee
So shalt thou ease my poore p'turbed minde
And I my selfe wil dye in y^t that I was unkinde.

But wherfore shoulde I, such a question aske
When I my selfe doe know my only deedes,
I knowe thou canst neither impute nor unmaske
My hidden faultes, then should I bleede
The w^ch I knowe woulde increase thy ioy
And bringe my life unto annoye.

But all your hate was sett on mee
Vntil y^t^ you had almost finished life
But what neede I impute to thee
Those passed iniuryes, and hatefull strife
Which you have ingratfully showen
Vppon my poore carcase, as wel is^te^ known.

Of Henry Calfielde, the writer of this lugubrious complaint, we are unable to give any account. The title of the poem may have been taken from Nicholas Breton's publication under the same name, which had appeared a short time before, in 1601, and has been already noticed. Another poem with the same title was printed by Nicholas Okes in 1621, 4to, of which there was a copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 529, but of its author or even his name the editor of that work was ignorant. It was in the same metre as the present, but whether it was the same work enlarged, not having seen that poem, we are unable to declare. The present little manuscript came from Mr. Heber's collection.

Bound in Yellow Morocco. Gilt leaves.

CALVER, (EDWARD.) — Passion and Discretion, in Youth, and Age.

Here in a plaine, and most familiar kinde
You may behold a Combat in the minde;
Mans differing motions are the jar in question,
The Combatants are *Passion* and *Discretion:*
Each striving to be chiefe in the desire.
Or, if you please to straine it any higher,
Then here you, partly, may behold the strife
Betweene the Flesh, and Spirit in this Life.

London, Printed by T. and R. Cotes, for Francis Grove, dwelling on Snow-hill, neere the Saracen's head, without New-gate. 1641. 4to, pp. 120.

A short dedication in prose, "To the right noble and truly vertuous Lady Temperance," follows the above title, after which are some lines of apology from the author for this his poetical attempt, with short metrical addresses "To the Courteous Reader," and "To the Captious Reader." The work is divided into two books, the second of which commences at p. 79, and is preceded by a prose epistle "To his most Noble and much Reverenced Friend and Kinsman Master John Strvt," and by a poetical address of six

lines "To the Impartiall Reader." The first book treats of Passion and Discretion in Youth and Age. The second of Passion and Discretion in Wealth, Want, and Honour. It is written in a plain and serious style, and abounds with pious and moral reflections on all the variety of human passions, expressed in rather tame and prosaic language. And as the morals and piety of the writer appear more worthy of commendation than his poetry, a very short quotation from the work will suffice, taken from "Passion in Youth," and exemplifying the well-known old adage, "Carpe diem:"

Tis thus, deare selfe, what answer dost thou make?
I now, or never, must my pleasure take;
Resolve me therefore, make the meaning plaine,
Shall I abandon all delights as vaine?
Shall I no more be ravish'd with delight
In courting beauty drest in red and white?
Must I forsake all recreations past
My hawkes, my hounds, my musicke, and the rest?
And, which is most, unto the pleasant crew
Of my companions, must I say adieu?
Shun all the sweete society of men,
Haunting with beasts some solitary den:
And like a carefull object of despaire,
In stead of scarlet clad my self in haire?
What sayst thou? tell me, must I, mine own heart,
Become thus chang'd, thus alter'd, in each part?
Methinks I feele thee troubl'd in my brest,
As if these motions did disturb thy rest;
And heare thee sounding in thy listening eare,
What need I thus consume my selfe with care;
And lose all pleasure and content of minde
By curbing my affections in this kinde?
Old winter may be sare, and weeping seene,
But let the Spring delightfull be and greene:
So gray heads may from gravity have grace;
But pleasant smiles adorne a youthfull face.
What though in age, if I attaine to it,
I must be grave, I must be merry yet;
There is a time for mourning, and for laughter,
Mirth now befits, and mourning best hereafter.
Nor need I, living, as men dying may,
Fare-well to all the world's contentments say,
No, this were cruell, wonderfull amisse,
To put my life to such a death as this.

And therefore let not these conceits disquiet thee,
Mine owne deare heart, I will not thus affright thee,
Not thus with night conclude thy day at noone,
Alas! not yet, 'tis yet by oddes too soone:
No, thou shalt have dominion in me still,
My freedome's greatest when thou hast thy will.

The work is scarce, and a copy of it in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 903, is priced at 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; another sold in Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. i. No. 577, for 2*l.* 3*s.*; in Midgley's ditto, No. 98, 3*l.* 7*s.*; Baron Bolland's ditto, 650, 2*l.* 4*s.* With the exception of the slight mention of it in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 903, we have not found this volume nor the following by the same author noticed by any of our poetical bibliographers.

Collation: Sig. A to P 4, in fours.

Bound in Brown Calf, neat.

CALVER, (EDWARD.) — Englands Sad Posture; or, A true Description of the present Estate of poore distressed England, and of the lamentable Condition of these distracted times, since the beginning of this Civill, and unnaturall Warr. Presented to the Right Honourable, Pious, and Valiant Edward Earle of Manchester.

You that have Eye-lids, that can teares distill,
View Englands Posture, and then weep your fill.

London, Printed by Bernard Alsop, and are to be sold by Richard Harper, in Smithfield, at the Signe of the Bible. 1644. Sm. 8vo, pp. 48.

Another volume by the same Puritan writer, and one not only of extreme rarity in itself, but adorned as the present copy is, may be considered as *unique* in this state. It commences with a dedicatory epistle "To the Right Honourable, Pious, Valiant, and Vigilant Edward Earle of Manchester, and Noble Generall, over all the Military forces in our Eastern associated Counties;" in which the author expresses himself in some highly complimentary language to this once popular leader of the popular cause for his able exertions on their side:

Whereas all men are by nature inclined to seeke their owne right, your Honour hath engaged, both your Life and Estate, to maintaine the right of others, yea the

right of our King and Country, nay, which is most transcendant, the right and safety of God's cause; which is now, by unhappie occasion, in danger to suffer violence. And in this your uprightnesse of heart, in defence of the right of your case, you haue hitherto done so rightly and nobly, that it cannot appeare in the least part, that the fairest professers of reward, nor the foulest threatnings of revenge, could either draw or drive you to so much as slack your Impartiall hand, in these your pious proceedings, much lesse to betray your trust; nor hath envie itselfe, the least moate to cast into your dish, which (Noble Earle) is now more rare then ever; Europ being now in travell, to cast some poison into every dish, that is presented on the table of our distempered State, and no doubt hath often abus'd your Honorable presence, in presenting great and grosse Malignants, in disguised habits. And as this to the eie of the world, and to your Eternall praise, doth render you truely honourable; so it doth happily declare the happinesse we injoy by injoying so happie, so vigilant, and so successefull a governour, as your Honourable selfe is, under whom, through the blessing of God, we in these associated Counties, may more truly say, then *Tertullius* did to *Felix*, we enjoy much quietness: And seeing by your Honour, worthy deeds are done for your Country, we except it with all thankefulnesse, and alacrity of spirit; being bound to blesse God, for such a blessing upon us, and not to cease praying that you may ride on and prosper.

This is succeeded by "The Preface" in explanation of the title of the book, signed E. Calver, and by a metrical list of "The Contents" as follows:

Our Sinns provoking. Gods Anger smoaking.
The Sword proceeding. The Kingdome bleeding.
Our King turmoyling. The Parliament toyling.
Religion shaking. Our Lawes now quaking.
Delinquents plotting. The Papists doting.
Malignants raving. True Christians craving.
Good people praying. This Author devising
On these sad times, or *Epigramatizing*.

The work consists of a series of verses on each of these clauses, repeated three times over, each clause having four verses of four lines each, occupying one half of the page, and the other half containing "The Epigram" to each, consisting of the same number of verses. The following, which may be taken as an example, is the last of the series:

Good Christians craving.

Oh! thou preserver of mankind give eare,
Thou God of Abraham, God of England heare,
We have thy promise, that thou wilt draw nigh,
In times of trouble, if to thee we cry;
We call upon thee, we beseech thy ayde,
Thou didst heare Abraham, when to thee he pray'd,

And in much mercy answer'd him therein,
To save a City, for the sake of ten.
Lord, looke on England, sure there thousands be,
That unto Baal, never bow'd the knee;
Thine owne deare servants, who doe dayly stand
Before thee weeping, for this woefull land.
Thy servants suits, are powerfull in thine eares
And thou dost surely bottle up their teares;
Lord, let thy spirit of compassion move
Them on those waters, and their suits approve.

The Epigram.

Lord God of Hosts, are Englands sinns so great
That pardon for them, no meanes can intreat?
What not thine own, and dearest servants cryes,
But still unanswer'd, England bleeding lyes?
Sure, surely Lord, thy servants cries are heard.
Although their suits, may be a while defer'd,
Thou canst as well, from being God decline
As canst surcease, from being good to thine,
Oh! then, you servants of the Lord, proceed,
Call, cry, and spare not, God will help at need:
It may be that your backwardnesse in praying,
Hath been some reason, God is thus delaying.
Gods anger greatly, doth against us rage,
Which will not, without great intreaties swage.
And you are they, and only they indeed,
Whom God will heare, whose suits are like to speed,
Then cry, cry strongly, never was more need.

At the end of these are some lines headed "The Neuter Temporizing," and the volume concludes with the following threat by the author of a continuation of the same subject:

I have a second part
Lyes glowing at my heart
Which quickly would increase
To flames, might we have peace.
But such a peace, it then must be
Wherein we farther blisse may see;
Or else those sparkes must doubtlesse die,
Which rak'd up in these ashes lie.

The present very fine copy has the exceedingly rare portrait engraved by Cross of Edward earl of Manchester, to whom the volume is dedicated. It is also further illustrated with his portrait by Hollar, and an original document signed by the earl, dated "London, 1 February 1644." Mr. Skegg, to whom this copy formerly belonged, in an interesting notice affixed to the same, remarks:

The late Mr. Robert Grave, who saw this volume, assured me that he had always considered the Portrait of the Earl of Manchester by Cross in the Towneley Collection to be *unique*, for after forty years experience he had never seen another impression. The Print at the sale of the Towneley Granger produced five Guineas. With all the research I have been able to make, I can trace but one other copy of the Book, and that a very bad one which occurred in Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, and without the Portrait, and was purchased by Thorpe for three Guineas. This very fine large copy therefore with the Portrait, which is not noticed by Granger, and the following additions, viz. another Portrait by Hollar, and the autograph of the Earl of Manchester, dated 1 February 1644, may together be fairly considered as *unique*.

There was a copy of this work in Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 501, without the portrait, which sold for 2*l.* 11*s*.

Collation: Sig. A to C 8, in eights.

Bound by Herring, Brown Calf extra. Gilt leaves.

CAREW, (RICHARD.) — Godfrey of Bvlloigne, or The Recouerie of Hiervsalem. An Heroicall poeme written in Italian, by Seig. Torquato Tasso, and translated into English by R. C. Esquire: and now the first part containing five Cantos, Imprinted in both Languages.

London Imprinted by Iohn Windet for Christopher Hunt of Exceter. 1594. 4to, pp. 240.

The initials in the title page are those of Richard Carew, author of the "Survey of Cornwall," 4to, 1602, a native of East Anthony in Cornwall, born in 1555 of an ancient and respectable family, and educated at Christ Church Oxford, where he was contemporary with Sir Philip Sidney, Camden, and his kinsman Sir George Carew, afterwards Earl of Totnes. After studying for a while in the Middle Temple he went abroad visiting Poland, Sweden, France, and other parts, and then returned to marry and settle down in his native county, of which he became High Sheriff in 1586, and a Deputy Lieutenant. He was intimate with Spelman, Camden, and other learned antiquaries, and in 1602 published his Historical Survey of the County of Cornwall, and one or two other works. He died in 1620, and was accounted a learned and ingenious man, and well skilled in several languages.

The title to the work is within a broad wood-cut border, and is followed by a short address "To the Reader" from the publisher Christopher Hunt,

signed C. H., in which he states that having met with a copy of Carew's Translation in manuscript, he had printed five cantos of it without the permission of the writer, and pretending "not certainely to know whose worke it was," but that he was then forbidden to publish any more, the author having "pleased to command a staie of the rest till the sommer." This is dated "From Exceter the last of Februarie 1593." Although there is a difference in the imprint in some of the copies, part being by John Windet for Thomas Man, and others for Christopher Hunt of Exceter, there was only one edition, the latter serving his time to Man, and having his name substituted for the other on the title.

This is the first version of any portion of Tasso's poem in our language, and while now superseded by the more noble and spirited one of Fairfax, and other more modern translations, Carew's is considered a faithful and accurate one, although the vain attempt to render the original poem line for line has made his version harsh and unmusical, and led him to adopt many false and unmeaning rhymes. The following are the opening stanzas of the poem; of the first of which Fairfax has been supposed to have availed himself, although it is somewhat doubtful whether he ever saw Carew's version.

I sing the godly armes, and that Chieftaine,
Who great Sepulchre of our Lord did free,
Much with his hande, much wrought he with his braine:
Much in his glorious conquest suffred hee:
And hell in vaine hit selfe opposde, in vaine
The mixed troopes *Asian* and *Libick* flee
To armes, for heauen him fauour'd, and he drew
To sacred ensignes his straid mates anew.

O *Muse*, thou that thy head not compassest,
With fading bayes, which *Helicon* doth beare:
But boue in skyes, amidst the Quyers blest,
Dost golden crowne of starres immortall weare.
Celestiall flames breath thou into my brest,
Enlighten thou my Song, and pardon where
I fainings weaue with truth, and verse with art,
Of pleasings deckt, wherein thou hast no part.

Thou know'st, where luring *Parnase* most poures out
His sweetenesse, all the world doth after runne,
And that truth season'd with smooth verse, from doubt,
The waywardst (flocking) to beleeue hath wonne,
So cup, his brimmes earst liquorisht about
With sweete, we giue to our diseased sonne.

Beguilde he drinkes some bitter iuyce the while,
And doth his life receiue from such a guile.
Thou noble minded *Alfonse*, who dost saue
From Fortunes furie, and to port dost steare
Me wandring pilgrime, midst of many a waue,
And many a rocke betost, and drencht welneare,
My verse with friendly grace t'accept vouchsafe
Which as in vow, sacred to thee I beare.
One day perhaps, my pen forehalsening,
Will dare, what now of thee 'tis purposing.

This version embraces only the first portion of Tasso's poem, containing five books, and has the Italian text on the opposite page. The whole of the Gierusalemme Liberata was not published in English till Fairfax completed his noble undertaking six years later. It is probable that Carew's version was written some time before it was printed, and that he originally intended to have completed it, but that having heard of Fairfax's translation he was afterwards induced to abandon it. "The superiority of the latter," says an able writer in the *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. iii. p. 46, "principally consists in a greater ease and freedom of style, and gracefulness of expression. The collocation of Carew's sentences frequently renders them harsh and untuneable, an evil which he has preferred even to the slightest deviation from the sense of his author. Could he have possessed Fairfax's power and sweetness of versification, and yet have retained his own scrupulous accuracy, then indeed might we have had a translation worthy of the original." The same writer seems to think that Fairfax was altogether ignorant of Carew's translation, and notices one or two grounds for this opinion. It would be a very curious fact if such were really the case.

Before concluding this article, we are tempted to quote one more stanza from the poem, viz., the well-known description of night at the end of the second book, which the reader may compare with the version of his successor given hereafter.

Now was it night, when in deepe rest enrol'd
Are waues and windes, and mute the world doth show,
Weari'd the beasts, and those that bottome hold
Of billow'd Sea, and of moyst streames that flow,
And who are lodg'de in caue, or pen'd in fold,
And painted flyers in oblivion low,
Vnder their secret horrours silenced,
Stilled their cares, and their harts suppelled.

A very excellent and elaborate article on the merits and fidelity of this

translation by Carew has been given by a writer in the *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. iii. p. 32, in which it is contrasted with that of his more graceful and successful follower; and for further information on the subject the reader may consult also Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* iv. p. 317; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 284; *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. i. p. 30; Collier's *Bridgw. Cat.* p. 48; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* 153; and *Biogr. Brit.* vol. iii. p. 236. It is singular that neither in the latter work nor in the pages of Wood is this translation of Tasso at all alluded to, but was evidently unknown to each. Concerning its rarity, "This little volume," says the writer above-mentioned, "may be reckoned amongst those to which bibliomaniacs affix the alluring letters R. R. R., and which, if its excellence were doubted, might still rely for a purchaser on its rarity." It is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 153, at 12*l.* 12*s.*, and sold in Midgley's sale, No. 330, for 6*l.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. iv. No. 761, 2*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. viii. No. 2704, 2*l.* 19*s.* Thorpe, in his catalogue for 1836, pt. v., No. 1,798 marks a copy at 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Richard Carew, the author of this work, was most probably the writer also of a very rare poetical volume called "A Heringes Tayle," 4to, Lond. 1598, referred to by Guillim in his *Heraldry*, p. 154, ed. 1611, as the work of "that worthy and learned gentleman Master Carew of Antony."

Collation: Title and Address, two leaves. The Poem, Sig. A to Z 4; A a to G g 2, in fours.

Beautiful copy. Bound in Green Morocco elegant. Gilt leaves.

CAREW, (THOMAS.) — Poems. By Thomas Carew Esquire. One of the Gentlemen of the Privie-Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to his Majesty.

London, Printed by I. D. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at the signe of the flying Horse, between Brittains Burse, and York-House. 1640. Sm. 8vo, pp. 268.

So much has already been written, and so well, on the poems of Thomas Carew, one of the favourites of the age in which he lived, by Wood, Campbell, Ellis, Headley, and others, that it will be needless to dwell at any length either on the beauties or the faults of this writer. He composed his poems with much care and labour, or as Suckling says —

> His muse was hide-bound, and the issue of 's brain
> Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And therefore his works are not extensive, but are chiefly comprehended in this small volume, which was first published the year after his death, in 1640. Carew is said by Wood to have been a younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, a great royalist in the time of the rebellion, of the family of the Carews in Gloucestershire, but descended from those of that name in Devonshire. He was educated at Corpus Christi College in Oxford, but left the University without taking a degree. Having improved himself by foreign travel in France and Italy, he appeared on his return at the court of Charles I., and became intimate with the chief wits of the time, and celebrated for his poetical fancy and elegant accomplishments. He was shortly after appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to the King, by whom he was much esteemed, and was greatly praised and beloved by Ben Jonson, Suckling, Davenant, May, Sandys, and others, and also by the great Lord Clarendon, with whom he was intimate in his youth, who wrote a character of him, drawn in high and flattering terms of his poetic fancy and engaging qualities. After leading an idle, careless, and dissipated life about court, he died in his prime, when little more than fifty years of age, in 1639, just before the breaking up of that court, of which he had been so bright an ornament. Lord Clarendon has recorded of him, that "his greatest glory was, that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire."

The first edition of his poems was printed in 1640, and was followed during the next thirty years by three more, revised and enlarged. After the title is a leaf of errata, with the Imprimatur on the reverse. Some of the songs in these poems "were wedded (says Wood) to the charming notes of Hen. Lawes, at that time the prince of musical composers, and Gentleman of the Kings Chapel." The poems are many of them addressed to a young lady under the name of Celia, to whom he appears to have been warmly attached, but who afterwards seems to have cooled in her affection for him. The greater part are of an amorous kind, and are not always free from that impurity which was the great defect of his age. With this exception, and that of a little conceit, they are finished efforts of great taste, sweetness, and fancy, and are fully deserving of the praises they have received. All the critics indeed unite in considering Carew as one of the most celebrated among our minor poets. Dr. Dibdin says, "The very soul

of refined and exquisite passion breathes through some of the happier efforts of his Muse," and seems inclined to place his ballad of

Ask me no more where Jove bestows

on a par with Marlowe's "Come live with me, and be my love," and its answer by Raleigh. Mr. Ellis has devoted no less than sixteen pages to extracts from this writer; and Campbell remarks, "that among the poets who have walked in the same limited path he is pre-eminently beautiful, and deservedly ranks among the earliest of those who gave a cultivated grace to our lyrical strains. His poems have touches of eloquence and refinement, which their trifling subjects could not have yielded without a delicate and deliberate exercise of the fancy; and he unites the point and polish of later times with many of the genial and warm tints of the elder Muse." Even old Anthony, who was not remarkable for his love of poesy, is warmed up to own that he "was famed for the charming sweetness of his lyric odes and amorous sonnets." To Headley, Hallam and others we are also indebted for many apposite and beautiful remarks on the poems of Carew, and the number of quotations from their works might be greatly extended had we room for them. For the same cause a short specimen or two must form the limit of our extracts from this volume:

Lips and Eyes.

In *Celias* face a question did arise,
Which were more beautifull, her lips or eyes?
We (said the eyes) send forth those poynted darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
From us (reply'd the lips) proceed those blisses
Which lovers reape by kind words and sweet kisses.
Then wept the eyes, and from their springs did powre
Of liquid orientall pearle a shower:
Whereat the lips, mou'd with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweete smile vnlockt their pearlie treasure,
And bad loue judge, whether did adde more grace;
Weeping or smiling pearles, to *Celia's* face.

Song,
Murdring beautie.

I'le gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in euery place;
For my enchanted soule alike shee drownes
With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frownes.
I'le loue no more those cruell eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or anger'd still are murderers:

For if she dart (like lightning) through the ayre
Her beames of wrath; she kills me with despaire:
If shee behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excesse of joy, and dye.

Boldnesse in love.

Marke how the bashfull morne, in vaine
Courts the amorous Marigold,
With sighing blasts, and weeping raine;
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But when the Planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerfull ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beames into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond Boy;
If thy teares and sighes discover
Thy griefe, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover:
But when, with moving accents, thou
Shalt constant faith, and service vow,
Thy *Celia* shall receive those charmes
With open eares, and with unfolded armes.

A Song.

Aske me no more where *Iove* bestows,
When *Iune* is past the fading rose:
For in your beautie's orient deepe
These flowers, as in their causes, sleepe.

Aske me no more whether doth stray
The golden atomes of the day:
For in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to inrich your haire.

Aske me no more whether doth hast
The Nightingale when May is past:
For in your sweet dividing throat,
She winters and keepes warme her note.

Aske me no more where those starres light,
That downewards fall at dead of night:
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Aske me no more if East or West
The Phenix builds her spicy nest:
For unto you at last shee flies,
And in your fragrant bosome dyes.

The poems end on p. 206, when a new title occurs as under, and the remainder of the volume is occupied with a Masque by Carew, in which he was assisted by Inigo Jones.

Cœlum Britannicum. A Masque at Whitehall in the Banquetting house, on Shrove-Tuesday-night, the 18 of February 1633.
The Inventors.
Tho. Carew. Inigo Jones.
Non habet ingenium; — Cæsar sed jussit: — habebo,
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.
London, Printed for Thomas Walkley. 1640.

This piece was written at the particular command of the king, and performed for the first time at Whitehall on the evening of February 18, 1633. The king himself, the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Devonshire, Holland, Newport, Elgin, and other noblemen and their sons, Lord Brackley, Lord Chandos, Mr. William Herbert, Mr. Thomas Egerton, &c., appearing among the masquers. The decorations were furnished by Inigo Jones, and the songs were set to music by Henry Lawes, one of his Majesty's musicians. This piece was first published in 1634, 4to, and was for some time through mistake attributed to Sir William Davenant, and was so inserted in the folio edition of his works.

Two of the poems in this volume, called "The Enquiry," and "The Primrose," are common both to Carew and Herrick. Mr. Hallam is inclined to ascribe them to the latter poet, while Dr. Drake and Dr. Nott are more disposed to give them to the former. There are some other poems by Carew scattered about in manuscript, and in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford, there is also a MS. containing eight of the Psalms paraphrased by him, with some other poems, which serve to confirm Lord Clarendon's account of the change which took place in his moral character at the close of his life. Dr. Bliss has given one of these Psalms, the 137th, in his edition of the *Ath. Oxon.*, and also an unpublished poem, and the 1st Psalm is transcribed at length from the same MS. in Fry's *Bibliog. Mem.*, p. 190. Carew's poems were reprinted by Davies in 1772, and again at Edinburgh in 1824. These editions will be noticed hereafter. A selection was also made from Carew, and published by Mr. Fry of Bristol, in 1810, which is considered a complete failure by a writer in the *Quart. Rev.* who calls it a very insignificant performance. They are included in the collections of Anderson and Chalmers.

Besides the works already noticed, the reader may derive some further

information respecting Carew in the *Biogr. Britan.*, vol ii. p. 1172; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 657; Hallam's *Introd.*, vol. iii. p. 506; *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. vi. p. 224; *Quart. Rev.*, vol. iv. p. 172; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii. p. 59; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 313; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, 148.

Collation: Sig. A, two leaves; B to S 4, in eights.

From the Mainwaring Collection at Peover Hall.

In the original Calf binding.

Carew, (Thomas.) — Poems. By Thomas Carew Esquire. One of the Gentlemen of the Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to his Majesty. The second Edition revised and enlarged.

London, Printed by I. D. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at the signe of the flying Horse, betweene Brittains Burse and Yorke House. 1642. Sm. 8vo, pp. 222.

A second edition of the poems of Carew, which are commenced at once without any dedication or prefix of any kind. The contents of this impression are the same as the preceding up to the close of p. 206, where the Poems in the first one conclude. The present edition contains eight additional leaves of poetry, comprising several short Poems not in the first, among which are some lines "To my Lord Admirall on his late sicknesse and recovery," and an "Hymeneall Song on the Nuptialls of the Lady Ann Wentworth, and the Lord Lovelace." At the end is the Masque "Cœlum Britannicum" as before.

Collation: Sig. A to S 6, in eights.

Bound in Brown Calf. Red edges.

Carew, (Thomas.) — Poems, with a Maske, by Thomas Carew Esq^r^, one of the Gent. of the Privy-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to his late Majestie. The Songs were set to Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gent. of the Kings Chappell, and one of his late Majesties Private Musick. The third edition revised and enlarged.

London, Printed for H. M. and are to be sold by J. Martin, at the signe of the Bell in St. Paules-Church-Yard. 1651. Sm. 8vo, pp. 224.

The contents of this third edition of Carew's poems are exactly similar to those of the last to the end of the Masque, but are printed in a smaller and closer type. After the Masque, on p. 217, are three additional leaves, containing three new Poems "To his Mistris," "In praise of his Mistris," and "To Celia, upon Loves Vbiquity." These form the only variety from the preceding impression. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 149.

Collation: Sig. A to O 8, in eights.

In the original Calf binding.

CAREW, (THOMAS.) — Poems, Songs, and Sonnets, together with a Masque. By Thomas Carew Esq^r, one of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to his late Majesty. The Songs set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of his late Majesties Private Musick. The Fourth Edition revised and enlarged.

London, Printed for Henry Herringman at the Sign of the Blew Anchor in the New Exchange. 1670. 8vo, pp. 232.

Although larger in type and size, there is no difference in the contents of this edition from the last. It has the additional poems at the end after the Masque. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* 150.

Collation: Sig. A to P 4, in eights.

Bound by C. Smith. In Calf extra. Gilt leaves.

CAREW, (THOMAS).— Poems, Songs, and Sonnets:—together with a Masque. By Thomas Carew Esq: One of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to King Charles I. A New Edition.

London: Printed for T. Davies, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. MDCCLXXII. (1772.) Sm. 8vo.

So completely had the poems of Carew fallen into obscurity, or the wants of the public been already supplied by the four previous impressions, that more than a century was suffered to elapse before another edition of them

was called forth, when the present reprint of these poems was published by Thomas Davies, the bookseller, in 1772. This may be called the fifth edition, and has been long out of print and become scarce. A very brief life of Carew precedes the poems in this volume, with a short character of his writings, and there are occasional notes at the bottom of the page. Dr. Bliss has spoken of this edition as incorrect, and it will be found destitute of any merit either in appearance or execution.

In Wither's *Great Assizes holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours*, 4to, London, 1645, Carew, who was one of the jurors, is challenged on account of his indelicacy in his poem of The Rapture, that "chang'd the chast Castalian spring into a Carian well, whose waters bring effeminate desires." The poet is represented in his defence as apologising that

> In wisdomes nonage, and unriper yeares,
> Some lines slipt from my penne, which since with teares
> I laboured to expunge . . . . . .
> I oft have wish'd that I (like Saturne) might
> This infant of my folly smother quite
> Or that I could retract what I had done
> Into the bosome of oblivion.

Apollo is supposed to relent at his contrition, and issues an edict through Parnassus that none should dare to attribute the shame of the poem to Carew's name.

> But order'd that the infamy should light
> On those who did the same read or recite.

This very indulgent Parnassian decree, which by an arbitrary logic exonerated the author at the expence of his readers, proved at all events that Carew had a very good friend in court.

Half bound in Calf.

CAREW, (THOMAS).—The Works of Thomas Carew, Sewer in Ordinary to Charles the First. Reprinted from the original Edition of M.DC.XL.

Edinburgh: Printed for W. and C. Tait. M.DCCC.XXIV. Crown 8vo, pp. 240.

Nothing can exceed the elegance or the value of this, the sixth edition of the works of Carew, which leaves little to be desired hereafter. It is beautifully printed by the celebrated Ballantyne press, and the impression

was limited to 125 copies. It contains a well written biographical and critical notice of Carew after the title, and a table of contents. The editor of this edition was Thomas Maitland, Esq., afterwards Lord Dundrennan. The text is taken from the first edition, and includes the Masque of *Cœlum Britannicum*. At the end is an "Appendix, containing Poems published in the later Collections of Carew's Works," thus rendering this the most complete and valuable of all the editions of this amatory poet.

Beautifully bound by Hayday. In light Brown Morocco. Extra tooled. Gilt leaves.

CAREW, (THOMAS).—The Poetical Works of Thomas Carew, Sewer in Ordinary to Charles the First.

London: H. G. Clarke and Co., 66, Old Bailey. 1845. Sm. 8vo., pp. 224.

Another edition, the seventh of Carew's Works. It has a short memoir of the author, which is chiefly taken from the preceding one by Mr. Maitland, and a list of contents prefixed, and has the additional poems in the last impression, and the Masque at the end. It is ornamented with an extra illuminated title, and is neatly printed. This edition is unnoticed by Lowndes.

In Green Morocco. Gilt leaves.

CARLIELL, (ROBERT.)—Britaines Glorie: or an Allegoricall Dreame with the Exposition thereof: Containing the Heathens Infidelitie, the Turkes Blasphemie, the Popes Hypocrisie, Amsterdams Varietie, the Church of Englands veritie in Religion. And in our Church of England, the Kings Excellency. His Issues Integritie. The Nobles and Gentries Constancie. The Councels and Iudges Fidelitie. The Preachers and the Bishops Sinceritie. Conceiued and written by Robert Carliell Gent. for the loue and honour of his King and Country.

London, Printed by G. Eld and M. Flesher. 1619. Sm. 8vo, pp. 56.

Under the form of a dream or vision it was customary for our early poets

to represent the scenes and passions of human life, and its various occupations, and to describe them in an allegorical manner; and the author of this singular poem seems to have adopted this plan in his present work, which is an allegorical dream, intended as a representation of the Church in other countries, and of our own Church in Britain, which he styles its glory.

On the reverse of the title-page are some "Directions for the Reader," and the only other prefix is one leaf of dedication "To all vertuous Nobilitie, Reuerend Clergie, and well affected Gentrie, Robert Carliell wisheth Grace, Mercy, and Peace in Christ Jesus." The poem of "Britaines Glorie" is termed "A Dreame," and is an allegorical poem of forty-two six-line stanzas, written in a very figurative and mystical style, without any pretensions to poetry, or any charms to interest the reader. A short specimen will therefore suffice. How James I. must have relished the following!

5. The Angell then transfer'd me to a Land
Where huge deformed ugly Giants breed,
Which spoil'd and burnt good corne which there did stand,
And set *Tabacco* that unsavery weed,
One bad me taste, but the Angell bad me leaue,
For that would me quite of my life bereaue.

6. For this is not a man as you suppose,
But a black fiend which humane shape assumes,
That takes *Tabacco* thus through mouth and nose,
And brings from Hell these diuellish perfumes
I started back seeing it was a Deuill,
And praied good Angell, save me from this euill.

7. Be not afraide, quoth he, thou shalt that see
Before that we depart this wicked Land,
Which neuer eie beheld: And then to mee
Appear'd damn'd creatures in the flames to stand
These are *Tabacconists*, said he, that for this turne
Did whilst they liu'd before-hand learne to burne.

8. Then suddenly he snatcht me up and flew
Vntill he came unto a thick-set wood,
Where trees of all sorts many thousands grew,
And likewise Shrubs innumerable stood,
And looke how many Trees and Shrubs there were,
So many seuerall fruits they all did beare.

9. Some were like Apples, but were Crabs in tast,
And in the eating had but sower digestion;
Some were as bitter as the Oaken mast,

More fit for swine then any mans refection:
Some were delicious sweet, and perfect good,
Such as at first in *Edens* garden stood, &c.

The Exposition is in prose, each of the notes having the particular passage from the poem on which they are founded prefixed to them. They extend to forty-three pages, and are full of fanatical and mystical comments, mingled with quotations from Scripture.

Of the author of this singular allegorical work, or whether he wrote anything else, we are entirely ignorant. The volume is scarce, and seldom occurs in sale catalogues. The present is the copy from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 147, there priced at 2*l.* 2*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. viii. No. 352, 1*l.* 2*s.*

Collation: Sig. A, four leaves; B to D 8, in eights.

In Calf extra.

CARTWRIGHT, (WILLIAM).—Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems, by Mr. William Cartwright, late Student of Christ-Church in Oxford, and Proctor of the University. The Ayres and Songs set by Mr. Henry Lawes, Servant to his late Majesty in his Publick and Private Musick.

——— nec Ignes
Nec potuit Ferrum, ———

London Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the sign of the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1651. 8vo, pp. 604.

Few persons whose earthly career has been cut short in early life have had more friends and admirers, or been more generally beloved and lamented by their contemporaries than the author of this volume, William Cartwright. Born at Northway in Gloucestershire, in 1611, educated as a king's scholar at Westminster, and elected from there to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1628, he took his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts at the usual time; entered into holy orders, and became celebrated as a preacher and as a poet. He was also lecturer on metaphysics, but while serving the office of Junior Proctor was cut off by a malignant fever, which the King's forces had introduced into Oxford in November 1643, at the early age of 32, and was buried in the cathedral of that city. So great a favourite was

he with the King and Queen, then at Oxford, that during his illness they made frequent inquiries after him, and Charles himself appeared in mourning on the day of his funeral. He was celebrated for his Latin compositions, which are scattered abroad in various works, and was admired for the extent of his academical learning and for his poetical genius. The wits and writers of his day seem to have vied with each other in their encomiastic praises, and never did the memory of any writer receive such an overflowing shower of commendatory effusions as were prefixed to this posthumous volume of his poems and plays. Much of this is to be attributed, no doubt, to the sweetness and amiability of his disposition, and to his fame and eloquence as a preacher, which were then fresh in their memories, independently of his learning and poetical talents. But it may be somewhat doubted, whether had he lived longer, he would have produced works of sufficient excellence to obtain a high reputation with posterity, or to have deserved all the panegyrics poured upon him by his friends and admirers. For be it remembered that, though his poems have been reprinted in Chalmers's Collection, the present is the only edition of his entire works known, and that there has been no call from the public up to the present time for any re-impression.

The volume is dedicated by the publisher, Humphrey Moseley, "To the most renowned and happy Mother of all Learning and Ingenuitie, the (late most flourishing) University of Oxford," and has a long and lively prose address "To the Reader," by the same. Then follow fifty-six copies of laudatory verses, filling 110 pages, chiefly written by Oxford men, exclusive of one at the end by "The Stationer Hum: Moseley." Among these are verses by Katherine Philips, Henry Earl of Monmouth, Sir Edward Dering, Bart., Sir Robert Stapylton, Jasper Mayne, Edward Sherburne, James Howell, Sir John Berkenhead, Martin Lluellin, Robert Waring, Henry Lawes, Dr. Ralph Bathurst, Dr. John Fell (Bishop of Oxford), Henry Vaughan, Silurist, Henry Bold, Alexander Brome, Thomas Philipott, and Izaak Walton. The latter, from which we extract a portion, is full of his usual humility and simplicity of mind, kindliness of heart, and religious feeling.

——— Others have shew'd their wit
Learning and Language fitly; for these be
Debts due to his great merits: but for me
My aymes are like myself, humble and low,
Too mean to speak his praise, too mean to show
The World what it hath lost in losing thee,
Whose Words and Deeds were perfect Harmony.

But now 'tis lost: lost in the silent Grave,
Lost to us Mortals, lost, till we shall have
Admission to that Kingdom, where He sings
Harmonious Anthems to the King of Kings.
Sing on blest Soul! be as thou wast below,
A more than common instrument to show
Thy Maker's praise; sing on whilst I lament
Thy loss, and court a holy discontent,
With such pure thoughts as thine, to dwell with me,
Then I may hope to live, and dye like thee,
To live belov'd, dye mourn'd, thus in my grave;
Blessings that Kings have wish'd, but cannot have. — Iz. Wa.

Each of the plays — The Lady Errant, The Royal Slave, The Ordinary, and The Siedge, or Loues Convert — three Tragi-Comedies, and a Comedy, have separate title pages. The Royal Slave was acted before the King and Queen by his fellow-students of Christ Church, in Oxford, August 30th, 1636. It is considered an excellent play, and was highly popular with the court, and especially with the Queen, by whose desire it was repeated at Hampton Court by her own Company. It is recorded that the celebrated Dr. Busby, then a student in Oxford, who acted a principal part in it, met with such unbounded applause, that, had not the Rebellion broken out shortly after, he would have made the stage his profession, and have engaged himself as an actor. The Royal Slave was first printed at Oxford, in 1639, 4to, and again in 1640. The present is the third edition.

The poems, which occupy not more than a fourth part of the volume, have a separate title-page. They consist chiefly of complimentary epistles addressed to the King and Queen, to the latter on the births of each of her children; a few love verses and translations from the classics, two pieces on the Dramatic Poems of Fletcher, and Elegiac Verses on the deaths of Lady Newburgh, Sir Bevill Grenvill, Lord Bayning, Sir Henry Spelman, Ben Jonson, and others. Several of them are addressed by Cartwright to Dr. Brian Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, one of his patrons, and by whom he was appointed one of the succentors of that Cathedral. Cartwright's poems are full of laboured and far-fetched thoughts, with a want of ease and elegance of style, and do not certainly realize all the encomiums bestowed upon them. Mr. Headley has well remarked that "good sense and solidity are the most prominent features of his poetry." The following may perhaps be thought one or two of the best:

Falshood.

Still do the Stars impart their light
To those that travell in the night;
Still Time runs on, nor doth the Hand
Or Shadow on the Diall stand;
The streames still glide and constant are:
Only thy mind,
Untrue I find
Which carelessly
Neglects to be
Like Stream, or Shadow, Hand, or Star.

Fool that I am; I do recall
My words; and swear thou'rt like them all;
Thou seem'st like Stars to nourish fire,
But O how cold is thy desire!
And like the Hand upon the Brass
Thou point'st at me
In mockery,
If I come nigh,
Shade-like thou'lt fly,
And as the stream with murmur pass.

Thrice did'st thou vow, thrice didst thou swear,
Whispring those Oaths into mine Eare,
And 'tween each one, as seal of Bliss,
Didst interpose a sweeter kiss:
Alas! that also came from art,
For it did smell
So fresh and well,
That I presume
Twas thy Perfume
That made thee swear, and not thy Heart.

Tell me who taught thy subtile eyes
To cheat true hearts with fallacies?
Who did instruct thy Sighs to lie?
Who taught thy Kisses Sophistry?
Believe't 'tis far from honest rigour:
O how I loath
A tutor'd Oath!
I'l ne'r come nigh
A learned Sigh,
Nor credit Vows in Mood and Figure.

* * * * *

To Cupid.

Thou who didst never see the light,
Nor know'st the pleasure of the sight,
But alwaies blinded can'st not say
Now it is Night, or now 'tis Day,
So captivate her Sense, so blind her eye,
That still she love me, yet she ne'r know why.

Thou, who dost wound us with such art,
We see no bloud drop from the heart,
And subt'ly cruell leav'st no sign
To tell the Blow or Hand was thine,
O gently, gently wound my Fair, that shee
May thence beleeve the Wound did come from thee.

To Venus.

Venus, redress a wrong that's done
By that young sprightfull Boy, thy son.
He wounds, and then laughs at the sore,
Hatred itself can do no more.
If I pursue, hee's small, and light,
Both seen at once, and out of sight:
If I do flie, hee's wing'd, and then
At the third step, I'm caught agen:
Lest one day thou thy self may'st suffer so,
Or clip the Wanton's Wings, or break his Bow.

Cartwright was one of those who with Randolph and others were termed by Ben Jonson his sons, and who said of him with much warmth, "My Son Cartwright writes all like a man." And Bishop Fell went still further in his laudation, saying "he was the utmost man could come to."

It is believed that notwithstanding the printer's Postscript after the commendatory verses, an Index of the Contents was printed to this volume, but for some reason or other suppressed, fragments of which are found in the fly leaves of the Bodleian copy. Dr. Bliss has pointed out the variations and omissions in some of the copies of this work. In most of them, the second and fifth stanzas in the verses "On the Queen's Return from the Low Countries," and twelve lines on p. 305 in those on the Death of Sir Bevill Grenvill, are entirely omitted. But in a copy in Christ Church library, Oxford, bequeathed by Lord Orrery, in Mr. Grenville's now in the British Museum, in Dr. Bliss's, and one or two others, these lines appear; and the latter has reprinted them in the *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 72, so as to

enable any one to supply the deficiency in their copies. Some further slight variations also occur in the Selden copy in the Bodleian. Prefixed to the volume is a portrait of Cartwright, in a studious posture, with a volume of Aristotle's works open before him, and eight English verses underneath, engraved by P. Lombart. This is considered inferior to that of Sir Henry Wotton, in a similar attitude, by the same engraver. See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 69; Granger's *Biog. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 367; *Biogr. Brit.* vol. iii. p. 287; *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. ix. p. 160; *Biogr. Dram.* vol. i. p. 89; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 231; Headley's *Beaut. Anc. Eng. Poet.* vol. i. p. xxxi.; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 317; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 131, priced 2*l.* 2s.; Dr. Bliss's, No. 741, with the cancelled leaves, 1*l.* 11*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 275, 1*l.* 16*s.*; White Knights, No. 705, 2*l.* 5*s.*

From the Mainwaring collection at Peover Hall, Cheshire.
In the original Calf binding. Green edges.

Chalkhill, (John).—Thealma and Clearchus. A Pastoral History in smooth and easie verse. Written long since, by John Chalkhill Esq: an Acquaintant and Friend of Edward Spencer. London: Printed for Benj. Tooke, at the Ship in S. Paul's Church-yard. 1683. 8vo, pp. 174.

We have already endeavoured to show in vol. i. p. 16, that there is good reason for ascribing to Chalkhill another poetical work, *Alcilia, Philoparthens loving Folly*, first printed in 1613, 4to. The similarity of style, and the same smooth and easy verse, together with other circumstances, render it probable that Chalkhill was the writer of that work also, as well as of this.

The present poem was edited by the venerable Isaac Walton, whose simple and interesting preface is dated May 7, 1678, but the work was not published until five years after, when he was ninety years old. Walton, who had known the author, says of him in this preface, "That he was in his time a man generally known, and as well belov'd, for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a Gentleman, a Scholar, very innocent and prudent; and indeed, his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous." After the preface are some lines by Thomas Flatman, addressed to Walton, "On the publication of this Poem," dated June 5, 1683, from which it appears, as well as from the title, that Thealma and Clearchus had been written some

years before it was given to the world by Walton. These lines are too interesting and characteristic of Isaac Walton to be omitted.

Long had the bright *Thealma* lain obscure,
Her beauteous charms that might the world allure,
Lay, like rough Diamonds in the mine, unknown:
By all the Sons of Folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely face,
And gave her vigor to exert her Rays.
Happy old man, whose worth all mankind knows,
Except himself, who charitably shows
The ready road to Virtue, and to Praise,
The road to many long, and happy days;
The noble arts of generous Piety,
And how to compass true felicity.
Hence did he learn the art of living well,
The bright *Thealma* was his Oracle:
Inspir'd by her, he knows no anxious cares
Thro' near a Century of pleasant years;
Easie he lives and chearful shall he die,
Well spoken of by late Posterity.
As long as *Spencer's* noble flames shall burn,
And deep Devotions throng about his Urn;
As long as *Chalkhill's* venerable Name
With humble emulation shall inflame
Ages to come, and swell the rolls of Fame;
Your memory shall ever be secure,
And long beyond our short-liv'd Praise endure;
As *Phidias* in *Minerva's* Shield did live,
And shar'd that immortality he alone could give.

June 5, 1683. THO. FLATMAN.

The poem of *Thealma and Clearchus* is in couplets, and without being forcible or majestic, or ever rising to any high flights of poesy, the versification is calm and placid, flowing on with smoothness and harmony, and replete with much pastoral beauty. We give the opening lines as a favourable specimen of Chalkhill's easy and simple style.

Scarce had the Ploughman yoak'd his horned Team,
And lock'd their Traces to the crooked Beam,
When fair *Thealma* with a maiden scorn,
That day before her rise, out blusht the morn:
Scarce had the Sun gilded the Mountain tops,
When forth she leads her tender Ewes, and hopes
The day would recompence the sad affrights
Her love-sick heart did struggle with a-nights.

Down to the Plains the poor *Thealma* wends,
Full of sad thoughts, and many a sigh she sends
Before her, which the air stores up in vain:
She sucks them back, to breath them out again.
The airy Choire salute the welcom day,
And with new Carols sing their cares away;
Yet move not her; she minds not what she hears:
Their sweeter Accents grate her tender ears,
That rellish nought but sadness; Joy and she
Were not so well acquainted; one might see
E'n in her very looks, a stock of Sorrow
So much improv'd, 'twould prove Despair tomorrow.
Down in a Valley twixt two rising Hills,
From whence the Dew in silver drops distills
T' enrich the lowly Plain, a River ran
Hight *Cygnus*; (as some think from *Lœda's* Swan
That there frequented) gently on it glides
And makes indentures in her crooked sides,
And with her silent murmurs, rocks asleep
Her watry inmates: 'twas not very deep,
But clear as that *Narcissus* look'd in, when
His self-love made him cease to live with men.
Close by the River, was a thick-leav'd Grove,
Where Swains of old sang stories of their Love;
But unfrequented now since *Collin* di'd,
Collin that King of Shepherds, and the pride
Of all *Arcadia:* Here *Thealma* us'd
To feed her Milkie Droves, and as they brous'd
Under the friendly shadow of a Beech
She sate her down; grief had tongue-ti'd her speech,
Her words were sighs and tears; dumb Eloquence:
Heard only by the sobs, and not the sense.
With folded arms she sate, as if she meant
To hug those woes which in her breast were pent:
Her looks were nail'd unto the Earth, that drank
Her tears with greediness, and seem'd to thank
Her for those briny showres, and in lieu
Returns her flowry sweetness for her Dew.

The following pleasing description of some virgins at their devotions in a grove is well entitled to a place in our quotations:

Within a little silent grove hard by
Upon a small ascent, he might espy
A stately Chappel, richly gilt without
Beset with shady Sycamores about:

And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of Musick steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being: so sweet an Air
Would strike a Syren mute and ravish her.
He sees no creature that might cause the same,
But he was sure that from the Grove it came.
And to the Grove he goes to satisfie
The curiosity of Ear and Eye.
Through the thick leav'd Boughs he makes a way,
Nor could the scratching Brambles make him stay;
But on he rushes, and climbs up the Hill,
Thorow a glade he saw, and heard his fill,
A hundred Virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble Deity;
Which by its Portraieture appear'd to be
The image of *Diana:* on their knee
They tender'd their Devotions; with sweet airs
Off'ring the Incense of their Praise and Prayers.
Their Garments all alike; beneath their Paps
Buckl'd together with a silver Claps,
And cross their snowy silken Robes, they wore
An Azure Scarf, with Stars embroider'd ore.
Their Hair in curious Tresses was knit up,
Crown'd with a Silver Crescent on the top.
A Silver Bow their left hand held, their right
For their defence, held a sharp headed slight
Drawn from their broidred Quiver, neatly ti'd
In Silken Cords, and fastned to their side.
Under their Vestments something short before
White Buskins lac'd with ribbanding they wore.
It was a catching sight for a young eye,
That Love had fir'd before, he might espy
One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden Chaplet crown'd,
He could not see her Face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.

As a contrast to these pleasing scenes we place before our readers a description of the dismal abode of the witch Orandra.

Down in a gloomy valley thick with shade,
Which too aspiring hanging Rocks had made,
That shut out day and barr'd the glorious Sun
From prying into th' actions there done;

Set full of Box, and Cypress, Poplar, Yew,
And hateful Elder that in Thickets grew,
Amongst whose Boughs the Scritch-owl and Night-crow,
Sadly recount their Prophecies of woe,
Where leather-winged Batts, that hate the light
Fan the thick air, more sooty than the night.
The ground o'regrown with weeds, and bushy Shrubs,
Where milky Hedg-hogs nurse their prickly Cubs:
And here and there a Mandrake grows, that strikes
The hearers dead with their loud fatal shrieks;
Under whose spreading leaves the ugly Toad,
The Adder and the Snake make their abode.
Here dwelt *Orandra*, so the Witch was hight,
And thither had she toal'd him by a slight.

In the course of the work, on p. 78, the following "cheerful air" is played on the lute, and sung by *Thealma*.

I.

Fly hence Despair, and Hearts benumming fears,
Presume no more to fright
Me from my quiet rest:
My budding hopes have wip'd away my tears,
And fill'd me with delight,
To cure my wounded breast.

II.

Mount up sad thoughts, that whilom humbly straid
Upon the lowly plain,
And fed on nought but grief.
My angry fate with me is well appaid,
And smiles on me again,
To give my heart relief.

III.

Rejoyce, poor heart, forget those wounding woes
That rob'd thee of thy peace,
And drown'd thee in depair.
Still thy strong passions with a sweet repose,
To give my soul some ease,
And rid me of my care.
My thoughts presage by Fortunes frown,
I shall climb up unto a Crown.

This poem has been noticed at some length with copious extracts in the *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. iv. p. 230, and we cannot close our remarks without allud-

ing to the fanciful theory which is there broached as to its author, viz., that Isaac Walton was not only the editor but himself the author of the poem, and that no such writer as Chalkhill ever existed, but was altogether a fictitious personage. It is quite evident that the writer of that article (generally understood to be Sir Egerton Brydges, but qu.) was utterly ignorant of the existence of John Chalkhill, and also of his presumed authorship of the poem of Alcilia. But that such a person existed, and was not a mere myth, is clear from two letters by Mr. Merryweather in the *Gent. Mag.* for 1860, vol. ix. new series, in which he has shown from the Middlesex County Records, that towards the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Ivon or Ion Chalkhill Gent. was one of the Coroners for that County, and that he was in the habit of signing himself Jo. Chalkhill, as it is subscribed to the songs in Walton's *Angler*, published thirty years before *Thealma and Clearchus;* and as Walton in his preface to the latter speaks of it having been written long since, and the author dead, but as well known in his time, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that he might have been the friend of Spencer, and the author of these poems. It is possible also that the John Chalkhill, whose monument is in Winchester Cathedral, might be the son or other relation of the Coroner. We think likewise that from Walton's well-known probity, and honest, truth-loving, and straightforward character, he would not have published this poem with the name of his friend after his death, if it had not been his genuine production; and that it was contrary to his humility and simplicity of mind to speak of it if written by himself, in such terms as being "finely painted and feelingly expressed," and that he would not have said of himself that he was "generally well beloved, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent, and his life useful, quiet, and virtuous." It cannot be doubted therefore that Chalkhill was the genuine author of this unfinished work, which circumstances may have prevented him from completing in his life time, and that his name must still be retained on the list of our authors of pastoral poetry. It should be remembered that Thomas Ken, the father of Walton's second wife Ann Ken, married for his second wife Martha daughter of Ion Chalkhill of Kingsbury, in the County of Middlesex, and of Northall in that County, Gent., who died about 1615, and who had a son, Ion or John Chalkhill, who was under twenty-five at that date; and that a presentation copy of Walton's *Lives* exists, in which he had written "For my brother Chalkhill, Iz. Wa." All this shows the connection between Walton and Chalkhill. Mr. Collier who has noticed *Thealma and Clearchus* in his *Bridgew. Catal.* p. 49, and has expressed his belief that

both this poem and Alcilia were written by Chalkhill, has not alluded at all to the article in the *Retrosp. Rev.*

See Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 155; Campbell's *Specim. Introd.* p. 75; Beloe's *Anecd.* vol. i. p. 69; *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. iv. p. 230; Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.* p. 49; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 120; and Walton's *Complete Angler* (Pickering's edition, 1836), p. xcvi., p. cxliv., and p. 422.

A reprint of this poem, revised by Sam. W. Singer, Esq., was printed at the Chiswick press in 1820, 12mo, with an introductory preface, in which the editor has taken the same view as to the author, as the writer in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, in making Chalkhill a mere myth.

We may notice the name of *Edward* applied to Spencer on the title instead of Edmund, which was sometimes erroneously done in other cases as well as here.

Copies of this work have sold at Dr. Bliss's sale, No. 906, for 1*l.* 7*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i., No. 583, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 1535, 1*l.* 11*s.*; White Knights ditto, No. 815, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1057, 5*l.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 167, 5*l.* 5*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 120, 8*l.* 8*s.*

Collation: Title, A 2. Sig. A. four leaves, B to M 4, in eights.
In Brown Calf. Gilt leaves.

CHAMBERLAINE, (JAMES.) — A Sacred Poem. Wherein the Birth, Miracles, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of the Most Holy Jesus are delineated. With his Prayer before his Apprehension. Also Eighteen of David's Psalmes, with the Book of Lamentations, Paraphrased. Together with Poems on several Occasions. By James Chamberlayne, Gent.

London, Printed by R. E. for R. Bentley, and M. Magnes, in Russell-Street in Covent-Garden. 1680. 8vo, pp. 216.

Besides the printed title given above, there is a neatly-engraved frontispiece in six compartments, representing at the top the birth of our Saviour; in the two upper compartments at the sides the miracles of the turning the water into wine, and the raising of the widow of Nain's son; in the two lower ones, the death and resurrection of Christ, and at the bottom his ascension into heaven. In a short prose address "To the Reader," the

author states that he "never designed an exact relation of all that is recorded concerning our Saviour in the four Evangelists. His purpose was only to paraphrase the first two chapters of Saint Luke, and the 17, 18, 19, and 20 chapters of Saint John; and to intermix where he could some few material passages out of the other Evangelists to make the draught more full and clear." After this is a Table of Contents, and these four supplicatory verses, with a list of Errata:

1.

This little Book, my God and King,
The first fruits of my Muse, I bring
Unto thy Throne, an Offering.

2.

'Twould look more lovely, I confess,
Were it attired in the dress
Of abler Pens, than in my Verse;

3.

But since my Numbers could not flow
In loftier Strains than here they do,
For Reasons Thou and I do know:

4.

Accept the Present; though it be
Too mean a Gift for Majesty,
Lord, 'tis my All, and due to Thee.

Preceding the "Eighteen of David's Psalms Paraphrased," "Threnodia: or, The Lamentations of Jeremiah," and the "Poems on several occasions," are separate titles to each, and before the former is a beautifully engraved figure of David playing on the harp, with the inscriptions, "Cantate Domino Canticum Novum," "Praise the Lord upon the harp, sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving." Like most other attempts at a poetical paraphrase of the Holy Scriptures, although undertaken from motives of sincere piety, it only weakens the language, and enervates the force and effect of the sacred pages, and the simple, sublime, and unadorned prose of the original is far superior to the dull and feeble verse of this religious rhymester. We need not therefore apologise to the reader for confining our quotations from the work to a very few lines.

Miracle IV.

The Cure of divers sick persons in the Evening of the Sabbath.

Now when the fiery Chariot of the Sun
Had round this part of our Horizon run,
Most of the City hearing of the Fame
Of Jesus, to the door of Peter came,
Bringing their Sick, their Blind, their Lame, and all
Those whom the Devil had long held in thrall.
Jesus, whose love no limits ever knew,
When he beheld the sad diseased Crew,
And heard their dying groans, and fearful crys,
Arising from their various miseries,

Out of a tender pity to Mankind,
Cur'd the Possest, the Sick, the Lame, and Blind,
And the infernal Fiends would not allow,
Whom he cast forth, to say they did him know.

The paraphrase of the Lamentations of Jeremiah thus commences:

The miserable estate of Jerusalem by reason of her sin.

1.

How doth the City, she that once was known
To have her Temples circled with a Crown,
Sit with a mournful Wreath of Cypress now,
Like a forsaken Widow on her Brow?
She that was once among the Nations great,
And as a glorious Princess ruling sate
Among the lesser Provinces, is made
Unto the Foe to bow her stately Head.

2.

Down her pale Cheeks the pearly drops do trill
Both Day and Night, which from her Eyes distill,
Amongst her Lovers she hath found not one
That doth the troubles of her Soul bemoan
And that which adds fresh Fuel to her woes
Is, that her Friends are now become her Foes.

3.

Judah, for all those Cruelties which she
Hath done, is gone into Captivity,
She dwells among the Heathen, where her mind
Doth no repose from all her Trouble find,
All her Pursuers, who did for her look
Have in the narrow ways her overtook.

The last extract we shall give is taken from the "Poems on several Occasions," and is called

The Morning Sacrifice.

1.

No sooner doth the chearful Light
Dispel the Horrours of the Night,
But like the Lark my Soul aloft
Mounts to her God, in notes most soft
Becounts to Him with great delight
All her past Mercies of the Night.

2.

And since thou, dearest Lord, dost prize
A thankful Heart, since in thine eyes
It is of value ev'ry day,
This grateful Tribute I will pay,
And 'twere a madness since no more
Thou dost exact, to run o' th' score.

3.

For, O my Soul, what more befits
Thee to return for benefits,

Than what the Angels do always?
Chant forth his most deserved Praise
Who ev'ry dawn doth give new Birth
To all thy solid Joys on Earth.

Whether this author was any way connected either with Robert Chamberlaine who wrote the *Nocturnal Lucubrations*, 16mo, 1638, or with William Chamberlaine, the writer of *Pharonnida*, 8vo, 1659, we are unable to state, but nothing positive seems to be known concerning him. The book is scarce, and is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 904, at 1*l.* 1*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to O 4, in eights.
In the original Calf binding.

CHAMBERLAYNE, (JAMES.) — Manuductio ad Cælum. A Poem. In Two Parts. I. Of Joy and Sadness. How a good Man ought to rejoice. He that looks before him is not cast down. Several Antidotes against Sorrow. II. Of Patience: The Occasions and Effects of it. The Signs of it. An Exhortation to it; with Instructions how to behave ourselves in Adversity. The necessity of Perseverance. Extracted out of the Writings of the Holy Fathers and Ancient Philosophers, by John Bona, a Cistertian Abbot: And turn'd into Verse by James Chamberlayne, Gent.

London, Printed for R. Bentley and M. Magnes, in Russel-Street in Covent-Garden. 1681. 4to, pp. 24.

This short poem is written in rhyming ten-syllable verse, and is divided, as expressed in the title, into two parts, which are again subdivided into sections, the first part containing five, and the latter seven. It is without any dedication or introductory matter. The nature and subject of the poem is sufficiently indicated on the title page. It possesses no merit, and by writing in prose the short passage we quote as a specimen, it will be seen that with the exception of the rhymes at the end of the lines, it is in reality only prose, and that of a very indifferent kind.

That which to any Man may come to pass,
May be (for ought we know) each Persons Case,
Where's the Rich Man that can himself secure
From pinching Hunger, or from being Poor?

Where's the great Man that wholly is exempt
From foul Disgrace, or Scorners base Contempt?
Where is the Kingdom, altho' ne're so great
So rich and pop'lous, or the Nation that
May not be overturn'd, and have not one
Soul left therein, its most sad Fate to moan?

Have we not liv'd to see, with our own Eyes,
A Great, and Glorious Prince, Religious, Wise,
Whose Equal never any Kingdom had,
Brought to the Fatal Block, there lose his head,
By his own Subjects impious command,
And this perform'd by th' common Hang-man's hand?
A Villany beyond Example great,
And such as of the like no Book doth treat.

Yet these prodigious Changes mentioned here,
Not works of long and tedious Ages are,
There's but a moment's difference doth lye
'Twixt flowing Plenty, and starv'd Beggery,
The glorious costly Court, and the most mean
Cold ragged Cottage of the poorest man;
A lofty Throne, adorn'd with Gems of price,
And a rais'd Scaffold where the Pris'ner dyes.

This is the strangely variable state
Of Humane things, so very fickle, that
What was to day another Persons Lot,
May be to morrow mine, as well as not:
No Man endures ill Fortune with less harm,
Than he that always doth expect its Storm.

Of the author of this poem, who wrote the preceding work, we know nothing, nor if he was related to any of the others we have noticed of this name; but in a manuscript hand-writing of the time, on the title of the present copy are the initials "C. W. ex dono Authoris," and in the same hand-writing, the author's name is altered into "S^{r} James Chamberlayne, Baronett," but on what authority this change is made we cannot say.

A copy sold in Mr. Skegg's sale, No. 301, for 10*s.* 6*d.* The work is unnoticed by Lowndes or by Bohn.

Collation: Title one leaf. Sig. B. to D 3, in fours.

Bound by C. Smith. In Red Calf-extra. Gilt leaves.

CHAMBERLAIN, (ROBERT.) — Nocturnall Lucubrations: or Meditations Divine and Morall. Whereunto are added Epigrams and Epitaphs: written by Rob: Chamberlain.

In mundo spes nulla boni, spes nulla salutis:
Sola salus servire Deo, sunt cætera fraudes.

London Printed by M. F. for Daniel Frere, at the signe of the Red Bull in Little-Brittaine. 1638. 16mo, pp. 126.

An interesting account of this little volume, with a selection of extracts from each portion of the work, has been given by Mr. Park, in *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 275, who describes it as "curious on account of its rare occurrence and valuable on account of its meritorious contents." It is dedicated "To the Worshipfull and his honored Master Peter Balle Esquire Sollicitor generall to the Queenes Majestie." The first portion, extending to the eighty-ninth page, is in prose, and exhibits a number of aphorisms or moral sentences and meditations that are not without interest, and of which the following is a very brief sample:

Learning is like *Scanderbegs* Sword, either good or bad according to him that hath it: an excellent weapon if well used, otherwise like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

To incurre God's displeasure for man's favour, is for a man to kill himselfe to avoid a hurt.

Humility is a grace itselfe, and a spotlesse vessel to entertain all other graces.

As the ball rebounds according to the force wherewith it was throwne; so the more violent the afflictions of a good man are, the higher mount his thoughts.

Sorrow for ills past brings back mans frailty to its first innocence.

To master a mans selfe is more than to conquer a world; for he that conquered the world, could not master himselfe.

Learning is the onely precious jewell of immortality; it well becomes the outward frame, and with immortall glory decks and adorns the never dying part. Non habet inimicum præter ignorantem.

Mortalls must subscribe to whatsoever is writ in the adamantine tables of the eternall providence. Quicquid patimur, venit ab alto. Seneca.

Let thy desires have the length and breadth of reason, and at length thou shalt have the breadth of thy desires.

In the clearest sunshine of faire prosperity, we are subject to the boystrous stormes of gloomie adversity.

Hope of remedy, and continuance of griefe should be both of one length: when hope of remedy is past, grief should make an end.

Heaven without earth is perfect, but earth without heaven is but the porch of hell.

He that consults with his body for the saving of his soul shall never bring it to heaven. If we hope to reape in joy, we must sow in teares.

The darkest clouds of misery or affliction cannot overshadow the bright shining luster of a cleare conscience.

Ill newes flyes with Eagles wings, but leaden weights are wont to clog the heeles of gladsome tidings.

Honour is like a Palace with a low door, into the which no man can enter but he must first stoop.

Bonaventure tells us that the damned shall weep more teares in hell than there is water in the sea; because the water of the sea is finite, but the teares shall be wept in hell are infinite, never ceasing as long as God is God.

There is a fresh title to the Epigrams and Epitaphs, with a dedication "To his honored and dearly affected Master, Mr. William Balle, Son and Heire to the Worshipfull Peter Balle Esquire," in which he terms him "one of the little darlings of the Muses," and some verses by Thomas Nabbes prefixed, to whose work called *Springs Glory*, 1638, 4to, Chamberlain had contributed some complimentary lines. We quote one of the pieces from this portion of the work:

In Praise of Learning.

Happy, thrice happy, O ye sisters still
That love and live on sweet Parnassus hill;
Blest be your times and tunes, that sit and sing
On flowrie banks by *Aganippes* Spring.
Blest be the shadie groves where those doe dwell
Which doe frequent that Heliconian well,
Where learning lives, whereby when men expire
They are made chanters in the heavenly quire.
That sacred learning whose inspired notions
Makes Mortalls know heavens high alternate motions:
Trumpets their names unto the christal sky
Though in the grave their bones consuming lie.
Thrice happy those then, to whom learning's given
Whose lives on earth doe sympathise with heaven.
Whose thoughts are still on high, longing to see
Heavens Tabernacles of Eternity:
Sleighting the world, and spurning at its praise
Which like *Meander* runs ten thousand waies.
They (when pale death to dust their corps shall bring)
With quires of Angels shall in heaven sing.

The following Epitaph, relating to a well-known poetical writer of some merit, may also be given:

On the death of Mr. Charles Fitz-Geffrays, Minister of God's Word.

O thou the saddest of the Sisters nine!
Adde to a sea of teares, one teare of thine.

Unhappy I, that am constrain'd to sing
His death, whose life did make the world to ring
With ecchoes of his praise. A true Divine
In's life and doctrine, which like lamps did shine.
Till they were spent and done, did never cease
To guide our steps unto eternall peace.
Thy habitation's now the starry mount
Where thy great Maker makes of thee account.
Farewell! thou splendor of the spacious West,
Above th' ætheriall clouds for ever blest:
The losse of thee a watry mountaine rears
With high spring-tide of our sad trickling teares.

Chamberlain was the author of a comedy called *The Swaggering Damsel*, 4to, Lond. 1640, but *Sicelides, a Pastoral*, 4to, 1633, usually attributed to him by A. Wood and others, was written by Phineas Fletcher. Besides the verses prefixed to Nabbes's *Springs Glory*, Chamberlain has commendatory verses before Rawlins's Tragedy of *The Rebellion*, 4to, 1640, Tatham's *Fancies Theatre*, 8vo, 1640, and Blunt's *Asse upon Asse*, 8vo. He was a Lancashire man, son of Robert Chamberlaine, of Standish, in that County, Gent.; and being clerk to Peter Ball, Esq., Solicitor-General to the Queen, was sent by him to complete his academical learning at Exeter College, Oxford, in the beginning of 1637, when he was about thirty. But whether he took a degree, what was his profession, and at what time he died is not exactly known. The reader may consult further Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. col. 675; *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 275; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.* vol. i. p. 100; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 33. 1*l.* 10*s.*; a copy sold in Bindley's sale, pt. i. No. 1361, for 1*l.* 15*s.*

Collation: Sig. A 1 blank; Title A 2; Sig. A to H 8, in eights.
Reed's copy. Very neat in Russia.

C[HAMBERLAIN], (R[OBERT].) — Jocabella, or, a Cabinet of Conceits. Whereunto are added Epigrams and other Poems by R. C.

——— juvat esse jucundum
atque animum lætis exhilarare jocis.

London, Printed by R. Hodgkinson, for Daniel Frere, and are to be sold at the signe of the red Bull in Little Brittain. 1640. 12mo.

Few of our jest books are of more rare occurrence than this of *Jocabella*, which demands a passing notice from its allusion in one of the jests, the 391st, to our immortal Shakespeare, and in another to the hog-faced lady. Prefixed to the printed title page as above is a neatly engraved one, signed "J. R. fecit," representing Mercury with his Caduceus in the front, and the Fates seated before him in the foreground, with a wide-spreading country and a river flowing through it in the distance, and this couplet inscribed underneath:

The Featherd god doth by his mirth betray
The Fatall huswifes of o^r^ lives to play.

The title is succeeded by a dedication "To his much respected friend M^r^ John Wild," signed by his name in full, Robert Chamberlain, and a short address "To the Reader," in the former of which he says, "You shall meet here with a bundle of merry conceits, which, while they were in my selfe, were my owne Recreations; but are now expos'd at all adventures to bee the mirth of others."

The "merry conceits," extending to 459 in number, have not much point, and are many of them very broad and free, and will not admit of transcription. Amongst the rest the following may be taken as fair specimens of the work.

5.

One asked a city-Sergeant what spice he loved best, who answered Mace.

26.

A merry fellow taking oares at Westminster, desir'd to be landed at Temple staires, whither being come, and the water being very low, they were forc'd to land him in the mud; who went away and would not pay them their fare because he bad them land him at Temple stares; and they had landed him at Puddle wharfe.

38.

On being asked whether such a man was wise or no? answered he was wise with a distinction, that was, otherwise.

83.

A Schoole-master upon a bitter cold day, seeing one of his Schollars extreamly benumbed, asked what was the Latin word for cold? he answered ô sir I have that at my fingers ends.

127.

A wit out of means meeting an usurer, intreated him to lend him five pounds: the usurer answered, Sir, I know you not: the other repli'd, Therefore I ask you: for they that know me will not lend me five shillings.

301.

Of all Knaves there's the greatest hope of a Cobbler, for though he be never so idle a fellow yet he is still mending.

325.

One said that Duke *Humfrey's* guests were the most temperate men in the world, it being knowne that at his Table there was never any made drunke, nor with his dyet dyed of a surfet.

411.

One asked why B stood before C: because said another a man must B before he can see.

412.

One asked how long the longest letter in the English Alphabet was: it was answered an L long.

We quote lastly the one in which the name of Shakespeare is mentioned:

391.

One asked another, what *Shakespeares* workes were worth, all being bound together: hee answered not a farthing: Not worth a farthing, said he, why so? He answered, that his playes were worth a great deale of money, but he never heard that his workes were worth any thing at all.

At the close of these "merry conceits" are a few poems not possessing any interest, amongst them one "On M^r^ Nabbes his Comedie called the Bride," and another "On the Swines-fac't Lady," but not worthy of quotation. The volume ends with two copies of commendatory verses signed "C. G. Oxon," and T. R.

The work was probably written when Chamberlain was yet young. It is of great rarity, and seldom occurs for public sale. A copy sold not long ago for *5l.* 15*s.*

In Green Morocco extra. Gilt leaves.

CHAMBERLAYNE, (WILLIAM). — Pharonnida: a Heroick Poem. By William Chamberlayne of Shaftsbury in the County of Dorcet.

Ισκε Ψυδεα πολλα λεγων ετυμοισιν ομοια.

Hom. Odyss. Lib. xix.

London, Printed for Robert Clavell, at the Sign of the Stags-head, neer St. Gregories Church in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1659. 8vo, pp. 490.

The poem of *Pharonnida*, with all its interest and its merits, had long lain forgotten and unnoticed by the world, until its claims to public attention and its high poetical worth were recognised by Southey, afterwards by Camp-

bell in his *Specimens of British Poets*, and since then by a writer in the *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. i. p. 21. The author, who was born in 1619, was a physician at Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, distinguished for his loyalty in the cause of Charles I., and is supposed to have been present at the second battle of Newberry. From his own account he appears to have been suffering from poverty, and mentions in his preface that "Fortune had placed him in too low a sphear to be happy in the acquaintance of the Ages more celebrated Wits:" and that therefore his poem had been ushered in without any train of encomiums. Little further is known of him than that he was the author of a play called *Loves Victory*, a tragi-comedy, printed in 1658, 4to, but owing to the troubles attendant on the civil wars, and the closing of the theatres, not acted till 1678, under the title of "The Wits led by the Nose, or a Poets Revenge." He died in January 1689, at the age of 70, and was buried at Shaftesbury, in the churchyard of the Holy Trinity there, where a monument to his memory was erected by his son Valentine Chamberlayne.

The work has a dedication "To the right Worshipfull Sir William Portman Baronet," dated from "Shaftesbury May 12, 1659," after which is an address to the Reader from the author. The poem is written in rhyming heroic verse of ten syllables in five books, each book containing the same number of Cantos, each Canto being preceded by an Argument in two four line verses.

From a note appended to his *Joan of Arc*, Southey appears to have felt much interest in this poem, and speaks of the author as a poet to whom he had been indebted for many hours of delight, and whom he one day hoped to rescue from undeserved oblivion. This has since been done by a writer in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, who in a very elaborate and copious article extending to twenty-eight pages, has entered largely into the merits of the poem, and given a full analysis of the rather intricate and complicated, but highly interesting story. Such being the case, it will be unnecessary to repeat it here, and we shall therefore content ourselves with giving one or two extracts as examples of the author's style and powers, and of the richness and spirit of the poem. And the first shall be drawn from one near the commencement, in which Ariamnes conveys the wounded Argalia with his friend Aphron to his palace, now "made the Throne of Charitie:"

'Twas the short journey 'twixt the Day and Night
The calm fresh Evening, Times Hermaphrodite.

The Sun on Lights dilated Wings being fled
To call the Western Villagers from Bed:
Ere at his Castle they arrive, which stood
Upon a Hill, whose base freng'd with wood,
Shadowed the fragrant Meadows, thorough which
A spatious River, striving to enrich
The flow'ry Valleys, with what ever might
At home be profit, or abroad delight,
With parted streams that pleasant Islands made,
Its gentle current to the Sea conveyd.
In the composure of this happy place
Wherein he lived, as if fram'd to embrace
So brave a Soul, as now did animate
It with its presence, strength and beauty sate
Combin'd in one; 'twas not so vastly large,
But fair convenience countervail'd the charge
Of Reparations, all that modest Art
Affords to sober pleasures every part,
More for its ornament, but none were drest
In Robes so rich, but what alone exprest
Their Masters providence and care to be,
A prop to falling Hospitality;
For he not Comet-like did blaze out in
This Country Sphear, what had extracted beam (been ?)
From the Courts lazy Vapours, but had stood
There like a Star of the first Magnitude.
With a fixt constancy so long that now
Grown old in Vertue he began to bow
Beneath the weight of time, and since the calm
Of age had left him nothing to embalm
His Name but Vertue, strives in that to be
The glorious wonder of Posterity;
Each of his actions being so truly good,
That like the Ground where hollowed Temples stood,
Although by age the Ruines ruin'd seem,
The people beare a reverent esteem
Unto the place; so they preserve his Name,
A yet unwasted Pyramid of Fame.

We could have wished, had our space permitted, to have given the description of the growing and mutual attachment to each other of Pharonnida and Argalia, and of the secret and gradual progress of their love, but the passage is too long. Instead of this our next quotation shall be one

descriptive of a dream with which the fair Pharonnida is visited whilst living in a state of happy retirement, and indulging in the sweet fancies of her warm attachment for Argalia, which contains some powerful and highly poetical lines, and is one of the finest and most brilliant passages in the poem.

——— Whilst the fair
Pharonnida was striving to repair
The wakeful ruines of the day, within
Her Bed, whose down of late by Love had been
Converted into Thorns, she having payed
The restless tribute of her sorrow, stayed
To breathe a while in broken slumbers, such
As with short blasts cool feverish brains, but much
More was in hers, a strong Prophetick dream,
Diverting by Enigmaes Natures stream,
Long hovering through the Portals of her mind
On vain phantastick Wings, at length did find
The glimerings of obstructed reason, by
A brighter beam of pure divinity,
Led into supernatural light, whose rayes
As much transcended reasons, as the dayes
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
Beneath the glimerings of divinity.
Her unimprison'd Soul disrob'd of all
Terrestrial thoughts, like its Original,
In Heaven pure and immaculate, a fit
Companion did for those bright angels sit,
Which the Gods made their Messengers to bear
This sacred truth: seeming transported where
Fixt in the flaming Center of the world,
The heart o' th' Mycrocosme, 'bout which is hurl'd
The spangl'd Curtains of the sky, within
Whose boundless Orbs, the circling Planets spin
Those threads of time, upon whose strength rely
The pondrous burthens of mortality.
An adamantine World she sees, more pure
More glorious far then this, fram'd to endure
The shock of Dooms-daies Darts, in which remains
The better Angels of what earth contains,
Plac'd there to govern all our acts, and be
A Medium 'twixt us and Eternity.

The author closes the second book with a reference to the troubled state

of the times, and the interruption of his poetical labours by his presence at the fatal battle of Newbery.

But ere calmd thoughts to prosecute our story,
Salute thy ears with the deserved Glory
Our marshal Lovers purchast here, I must
Let my Pen rest awhile, and see the rust
Scour'd from my own Sword, for a fatal day
Newberies second Fight. Draws on those gloomy hours, whose short steps may
In *Britains* blushing Chronicle write more
Of sanguine Guilt, then a whole Age before:
To tell our too neglected Troops that we
In a just Cause are slow, we ready see
Our rallied Foes, nor wil't our sloathful crime
Expunge, to say, Guilt waken'd them betime,
From every Quarter, the affrighted Scout
Brings swift Alarums in, hovering about
The clouded tops of the adjacent Hils,
Like ominous Vapours lye their Troops, noise fils
Our yet unrallied Army, and we now
Grown legible, in the contracted Brow,
Discern whose heart looks pale with fear: If in
This rising storm of blood, which doth begin
To drop already, I'me not washt into
The Grave, my next safe Quarter shall renew
Acquaintance with *Pharonnida*, till then,
I leave the Muses to converse with men.

There are many beautiful and glowing passages in the account of the unchaste and overpowering passion of the beautiful but seductive and voluptuous Jhonusa for Argalia, but our limits warn us to conclude.

In spite of the awkward and slovenly rhymes, the harsh and rugged style, and the constant inequalities perceptible in this writer, there is yet much to admire and gratify in the loftiness of his sentiments, the richness of his fancy, and the deep pathos and feeling of his language, and to delight and interest the true lover of poetry. The genius of the author has been too much confined and obstructed by the trammels of rhyme, making his verse appear rugged, uncouth, and inharmonious, and moreover frequently disfigured by quaint conceits and involved construction of sentences; but these are all overcome by the surpassing richness and tenderness of occasional passages in the poem.

The fourth book commences with fresh paging and signatures, and is

printed in a better and more open type than the rest. The reason of this is believed to have been the stoppage of the work occasioned by the author's more warlike occupations during the civil wars when engaged in the cause of Charles I. The story of the work was considered to be so interesting and amusing, that it was published in prose as a novel in 1683, under the name of *Eromena, or the Noble Stranger.* The poem of *Pharonnida* has been noticed not only in the *Retro. Rev.* vol. i. p. 21, and by Mr. Campbell in his *Specim. of the Brit. Poets*, but also in Langbaine's *Dram Poets*, p. 56; Granger's *Biogr. Hist.* vol. iv. p. 39; *Cens. Liter.* vol. iii. p. 252; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.* vol. i. p. 101; and in *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 132. It was reprinted in 1820. 8vo. Chamberlayne is not noticed by Phillips, Headley, Ellis, nor by Mr. Collier. It sold in Reed's sale, No. 6630, for 17*s.*; Gardner's, No. 309, 1*l.*; Hibbert's, No. 1537, 1*l.* 3*s.*; White Knights, pt. i. No. 816, 2*l.* 18*s.*; Midgley's, No. 168, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 132, 5*l.* 5*s.* It has an engraved portrait of Chamberlayne by A. Hertocks prefixed.

Collation: Sig. A to R 8, in eights. At the end of the Third Book the paging and signatures commence afresh, and run from Sig. A to N 8.

In Brown Calf. Gilt leaves.

CHAMBERLAINE, (William.)—Englands Iubile: Or, A Poem on the hapy return of his Sacred Majesty, Charles the II. [Colophon] London, Printed for Robert Clavell at the Stags-head in St. Pauls Church yard. 1660. 4to, pp. 8.

Without any regular title page, the heading prefixed above, sufficiently explains the subject of this little complimentary poem by Chamberlaine which is addressed "To the Kings most Sacred Majesty." It consists of only four leaves, and being written at a time when the nation tired of the iron rule of Cromwell now dead, and full of joy and hope at the auspicious return of their legitimate monarch, before his indolence, his vices and dissipation had time to show themselves, it abounds with laudatory compliments, and welcome anticipations of happiness and loyalty, which we fear were never realized. General Monk, the leading agent in forwarding the great change, is warmly commended for his loyalty, and for his noble exertions in the restoration of Charles:

> Through all the fogs of their preceding fear,
> They from the North saw loyall *Monk* appear:

How in Petitions did their Prayers exhale,
To waft him on, untill the gentle gale
(Although by wayes so wisely intricate,
They rais'd our fear, whilst they did calm our fate)
Brought him at length through all our doubts to be,
The great Assertor of our Libertie.

* * * * *

How did they praise his Wisdome, Valour, all
That could within the name of Subject fall:
And to compleat, what ere his due might be,
Knit up those Lawrels with his Loyalty;
That noble Vertue, without which the rest
Had onely burthen'd, not adorn'd his Crest.
Then, since we now by this heaven guided hand,
Once more behold the glory of our land;
Whom midnight plots long studied to exclude,
Again fixt in 's Meridian Altitude;
Let's cease to mourn, and whilest those fogs attend
Such miscreant wretches, as dare still offend,
By flying mercy, raise our souls, deprest
Ere since this Star set in the gloomy West.

The preservation of Charles from danger in his wanderings, and escape from his enemies, are thus considered as miracles under the hand of God:

——— Though we ne'er enough can celebrate
The praise of this, yet thy mysterious fate
(Great favourite of Heaven) so often hath
Advanc'd our wonder, that the long trod path
Directs us now without more guides to see
Those miracles, wrought in preserving thee,
Were Gods immediate Acts, to whose intents
Were often fitted weakest instruments
From whose successe faith this impression bore,
He that preserv'd thee, would at length restore,
Which now through such a laborinth is done,
We see the end, ere know how 'twas begun:
When a Rebellious tyranny had been
So strengthen'd by a prosperous growth in sin,
That the contagious leprosie had left
None sound, but what were honest by their theft:
Then to behold that Hydra, which had bred
So many in an instant, her last head
Submit to justice, is a blessing we
Must praise i' th' raptures of an extasie,

Till from the pleasing trance, being welcom'd by
Loud acclamations, raised from Loyalty:
We come, we come, with all the reverence due
To heavens best gifts (great Prince) to welcome you:
You, who by suffering in a righteous Cause
Safely restored that Liberty, those Laws,
Which after long Convulsive Fits were now
Expiring, so that future times told how
This great work was perform'd, shall wonder most
To see the Feaver cur'd, yet no blood lost
But these are Mercies fit to usher in
Him to a Throne, whose vertuous life hath been
Beyond detraction good: therefore attend
Those joyes which Heaven to us, by you, did send:
Whose sacred essence waighted on by all,
The most transcendent blessings that can fall
Within the Sphear of humane vertue, still
Surround your Throne, &c.

The poem concludes with expressions of loyalty and good wishes to Charles, and hopes of peace to the country. It is scarce, and is not noticed by Lowndes.

A copy sold in Skegg's sale, No. 300, for 10*s*.
Half bound in Russia.

The Twenty-third Report

OF THE

COUNCIL OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY,

Read at the Annual Meeting, held, by permission of the Feoffees, in the Audit Room of Chetham's Hospital, on the 21st of March, by adjournment from the 1st, 1866.

THE Council were in hopes that the first two volumes for 1865-6, and which will be numbered 66 and 67 of the Chetham Series, being the *Stanley Papers*, parts 3 and 4, containing the "Private Devotions and Meditations of James seventh Earl of Derby, with his History and Antiquities of the Isle of Man, and selections from his unpublished correspondence, edited, with a preliminary Memoir, by the Rev. Canon RAINES," would have been issued before the present date; interruptions however, arising from various circumstances which it is not necessary to particularise, combined with the great desire of the Rev. Editor to avail himself of every accessible source of information, have contributed to postpone so far the appearance of the work, but every endeavour will be made to place it in the hands of the members with as little further delay as possible. The volumes will be illustrated by portraits of Earl James and his Countess, and Bishop Rutter, engraved from the originals at Knowsley by permission of the present Earl of DERBY, to whom for the courteous and liberal manner in which he has placed the MS. materials in his possession relating to James Earl of Derby at the disposal of the Editor, Canon RAINES, the CHETHAM SOCIETY are under the greatest obligations. The Council cannot but congratulate the Members on the circumstance that it has been reserved for their Society to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of one of the most stainless and noble characters that history presents, and whose name is but another word for loyalty and honour, by publishing in a collected form his most interesting remains. In these we have an opportunity of seeing him in the retirement of his closet, and of taking in, from observing him in those moments in which there is no disguise, the full dimensions of this admirable man, whose mind is thus presented to us with more certainty and truth than his person could be by the finest touches of Vandyck or Jansen. If in his case the noble historian of the Rebellion has been sparing of those glowing and matchless colours in which he has embalmed the character and memory of

Lord Falkland for all time, it is the less to be regretted, as James Stanley is his own unconscious delineator.

To the events of the Earl's career, as given in the homely pages of Seacome, succeeding writers have made little addition, and it is not too much to say that, before the Memoir prefixed to these volumes, no Biography at all worthy of the great historical character to be represented, or the extraordinary attraction of the subject, had yet appeared. In preparing it Canon RAINES has had the advantage of the additional materials which the State Paper Office has supplied, and of two MSS. in the handwriting of the Earl at Worcester College, Oxford, and of documents and information derived from other sources, of all which he has made ample use. Under the auspices of a Biographer at once so competent, able, and diligent, every reader will be well rewarded who may step by step attend the gallant and loyal-hearted descendant of a long line of kings and princes through all his changeful fortunes, from early youth, when "fair laughed the morn" to the arduous responsibilities of administrative manhood; from the magnificent nuptials at the Hague to the sumptuous hospitality of Lathom; from the contemplative seclusion of Castle Rushen to the disastrous battle field and the last sad and tragic close at Bolton.

The third volume for the last year is *Collectanea Relating to Manchester and its Neighbourhood, at Various Periods.* Compiled, arranged, and edited by JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A. It has long been a matter of great regret that the many valuable papers which Mr. HARLAND contributed some years ago to the Manchester journals, and which throw such light upon its local History, Antiquities, and Biography, and so vividly depict it in all its various stages, and in all its changes of manners, habits and customs should for the most part have continued in their original form without any attempt to reproduce and collect them in one or more volumes as their merit and interest and the research they uniformly display so unquestionably deserve. In the wish that a portion at least of these miscellaneous and yet unreprinted materials might be rendered more acceptable and useful by being brought together in one publication, the President, with the concurrence of other Members of the Council suggested to Mr. HARLAND the advisableness of selecting and republishing a sufficient number to form a volume in the Chetham Series. Mr. HARLAND in the most prompt and obliging manner adopted the suggestion, and the result is the *Collectanea*, which will in the course of a few days be placed in the hands of the Members. It is merely necessary to glance over the contents of the volume, part of which have not before appeared in print, to have some notion of the variety of information and interesting particulars which it contains.

The best thanks of the Members are certainly due to Mr. HARLAND for favouring them with so agreeable and acceptable a contribution to the Chetham Series.

The publications contemplated, or in progress, are:

1. *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, Part 3. By the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.

2. *The Visitation of Lancashire in* 1532. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.

3. *The Register of the Manchester Free Grammar School, with Notices and Biographies of distinguished Scholars.* Edited by the Rev. J. FINCH SMITH, M.A., Rector of Aldridge. Vol. 1.

4. *A Collection of Ancient Ballads and Poems, relating to Lancashire.* Edited by JOHN HARLAND, Esq., F.S.A.

5. *A Collection of Legends, Ballads and Poems relating to Cheshire.* Edited by MAJOR EGERTON LEIGH.

6. *Worthington's Diary and Correspondence.* The concluding part. Edited by JAMES CROSSLEY, Esq., F.S.A., President of the Chetham Society.

7. *Documents relating to Edward third Earl of Derby and the Pilgrimage of Grace.* By R. C. CHRISTIE, Esq., M.A.

8. *Tracts printed in the Controversy between Sir Thomas Mainwaring and Sir Peter Leycester, as to the legitimacy of Amicia, daughter of Hugh Cyvelick, Earl of Chester*, 1673–9. *Collected and republished, with an Introductory Preface and Review of the Controversy.*

9. *Diary of John Angier, of Denton, from the original Manuscript, with a reprint of the Narrative of his Life, published in* 1685 *by Oliver Heywood.*

10. *A Selection from Dr. John Byrom's unprinted Remains in Prose and Verse.*

11. *A new Edition of the Poems Collected and Published after his Death, corrected and revised, with Notes, and a Prefatory Sketch of his Life.*

12. *The later Heraldic Visitations of Lancashire.*

13. *Hollinworth's Mancuniensis.* A new Edition. Edited by CANON RAINES.

14. *A Volume of Extracts, Depositions, Letters, &c., from the Consistory Court of Chester, beginning with the Foundation of the See.*

15. *Extracts from Roger Dodsworth's Collections in the Bodleian Library at Oxford relating to Lancashire.*

16. *Annales Cestrienses.*

17. *Chetham Miscellanies.* Vol. 4.

18. *Lancashire and Cheshire Funeral Certificates.*

19. *A General Index to volumes XXXI. to LX. of the Publications of the Chetham Society.*

The Treasurer in Account with the Chetham Society for the year ending 28th February, 1866.

DR. **CR.**

		L.	S.	D.
5	Subscriptions of 1861-62 (19th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1	Collected	1	0	0
4	Outstanding.			
8	Subscriptions of 1862-63 (20th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1	Collected	1	0	0
7	Outstanding.			
11	Subscriptions of 1863-64 (21st year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
2	Collected	2	0	0
9	Outstanding.			
31	Subscriptions of 1864-65 (22nd year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
13	Collected	13	0	0
18	Outstanding.			
12	Subscriptions of 1865-66 (23rd year), accounted for at the last meeting.			
221	Collected since	221	0	0
48	45 Life Members. 3 Commuted into Life Membership	30	0	0
69	Now in arrear.			
350				
8	Subscriptions for 1866-67 (24th year), paid in advance	8	0	0
	Books supplied to Members	31	13	4
	Book Postage	0	1	6
	Three per Cent. dividends	7	7	6
	Interest allowed by the Bank	15	11	2
		£330	13	6
	Balance 1st March, 1865	419	17	8
		£750	11	2

1865.				L.	S.	D.
Mar. 31.	State Paper Office for transcripts			9	7	8
July 6.	Charles Simms and Co.: Works in progress:					
	Court Leet Records, continuation. Vol. 65	£53	12 6			
	Collectanea Anglo-Poetica, part 3	32	3 0			
	Stanley Papers, part 3	46	19 0			
	Visitation of Lancashire, 1533	18	15 0			
	Manchester School Register	23	2 0			
				174	11	6
Sept. 30.	Charles Simms and Co.: Binding, &c. Vol. 65			31	17	0
1866.						
Feb. 28.	Charles Simms and Co.: Sundries	£3	19 0			
	Works in progress:					
	Collectanea Anglo-Poetica, part 3	22	17 0			
	Stanley Papers	18	1 0			
	Manchester School Register	106	18 0			
				151	15	0
	Volumes bought to make up sets			4	0	6
				£371	11	8
	Balance 28th February, 1866			378	19	6
				£750	11	2

Examined and found correct,
B. DENNISON NAYLOR.
JOSEPH PEEL,
GEORGE PEEL,

A. H. HEYWOOD, *Treasurer.*

Chetham Society,

ESTABLISHED

M.DCCC.XLIII.

FOR THE PUBLICATION OF

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY REMAINS

CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF

LANCASTER AND CHESTER.

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Treasurer.

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Honorary Secretary.

WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.

RULES OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

1. That the Society shall be limited to three hundred and fifty members.
2. That the Society shall consist of members being subscribers of one pound annually, such subscription to be paid in advance, on or before the day of general meeting in each year. The first general meeting to be held on the 23rd day of March, 1843, and the general meeting in each year afterwards on the 1st day of March, unless it should fall on a Sunday, when some other day is to be named by the Council.
3. That the affairs of the Society be conducted by a Council, consisting of a permanent President and Vice-President, and twelve other members, including a Treasurer and Secretary, all of whom shall be elected, the first two at the general meeting next after a vacancy shall occur, and the twelve other members at the general meeting annually.
4. That any member may compound for his future subscriptions by the payment of ten pounds.
5. That the accounts of the receipts and expenditure of the Society be audited annually, by three auditors, to be elected at the general meeting; and that any member who shall be one year in arrear of his subscription, shall no longer be considered as belonging to the Society.
6. That every member not in arrear of his annual subscription, be entitled to a copy of each of the works published by the Society.
7. That twenty copies of each work shall be allowed to the editor of the same, in addition to the one to which he may be entitled as a member.

Applications and communications to be addressed to the President, 6, *Booth Street, Piccadilly, Manchester, or to the* Honorary Secretary, *Manchester and Salford Bank, Mosley Street, Manchester.*

Publications of the Chetham Society

For the Year 1843–4.

VOL.

I. Travels in Holland, the United Provinces, England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1634-1635. By Sir William Brereton, Bart. Edited by EDWARD HAWKINS, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S. *pp.* viii, 206.

II. Tracts relating to Military Proceedings in Lancashire during the Great Civil War. Edited and Illustrated from Contemporary Documents by GEORGE ORMEROD, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.G.S., author of "The History of Cheshire." *pp.* xxxii, 372.

III. Chester's Triumph in Honor of her Prince, as it was performed upon St. George's Day 1610, in the foresaid Citie. Reprinted from the original edition of 1610, with an Introduction and Notes Edited by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A. *pp.* xviii, 36.

1844–5.

IV. The Life of Adam Martindale, written by himself, and now first printed from the original manuscript in the British Museum. Edited by the Rev. RICHARD PARKINSON, B.D., Canon of Manchester. *pp.* xvi, 246.

V. Lancashire Memorials of the Rebellion, 1715. By SAMUEL HIBBERT-WARE, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c. *pp.* x, 56, *and* xxviii, 292.

VI. Potts's Discovery of Witches in the county of Lancaster. Reprinted from the original edition of 1613; with an Introduction and Notes by JAMES CROSSLEY, Esq. *pp.* lxxx, 184, 52.

1845–6.

VII. Iter Lancastrense, a Poem written A.D. 1636, by the Rev. Richard James. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A. *pp.* cxii, 86. *Folding Pedigree.*

VIII. Notitia Cestriensis, or Historical Notices of the Diocese of Chester, by Bishop Gastrell. *Cheshire.* Edited by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. I. *pp.* xvi, 396. *Plate.*

IX. The Norris Papers. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* xxxiv, 190.

1846–7.

X. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Edited by W. A. HULTON, Esq. Vol. I. *pp.* xl, 338. *Plate.*

XI. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Vol. II. *pp.* 339–636.

XII. The Moore Rental. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* lxx, 158.

1847–8.

VOL.

XIII. The Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington. Edited by JAS. CROSSLEY, Esq. Vol. I. *pp.* viii, 398.

XIV. The Journal of Nicholas Assheton. Edited by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* xxx, 164.

XV. The Holy Lyfe and History of Saynt Werburge, very frutefull for all Christen People to rede. Edited by EDWARD HAWKINS, Esq. *pp.* xxviii, 10, 242.

1848–9.

XVI. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Vol. III. *pp.* xli–liv, 637–936.

XVII. Warrington in 1465. Edited by WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq. *pp.* lxxviii, 152.

XVIII. The Diary of the Rev. Henry Newcome, from September 30, 1661, to September 29, 1663. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* xl, 242.

1849–50.

XIX. Notitia Cestriensis. Vol. II. Part I. *Lancashire, Part I.* *pp.* iv, 160, xxviii.

XX. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Vol. IV. *(Conclusion).* *pp.* lv–lxiii, 937–1314.

XXI. Notitia Cestriensis. Vol. II. Part II. *Lancashire, Part II.* *pp.* lxxvii, 161–352. *Plate.*

1850–1.

XXII. Notitia Cestriensis. Vol. II. Part III. *Lancashire, Part III.* *(Conclusion).* *pp.* 353–621.

XXIII. A Golden Mirrour; conteininge certaine pithie and figurative visions prognosticating good fortune to England, &c. By Richard Robinson of Alton. Reprinted from the only known copy of the original edition of 1589 in the British Museum, with an Introduction and Notes by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* xxii, 10, 96.

XXIV. Chetham Miscellanies. Vol. I. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.: containing

Papers connected with the affairs of Milton and his Family. Edited by J. F. MARSH, Esq. *pp* 46. *Plate.*

Epistolary Reliques of Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquaries, 1653–73. Communicated by GEORGE ORMEROD, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., and F.G.S. *pp.* 16.

Calendars of the Names of Families which entered their several Pedigrees in the successive Heraldic Visitations of the County Palatine of Lancaster. Communicated by GEORGE ORMEROD, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., and F.G.S. *pp.* 26.

A Fragment, illustrative of Sir Wm. Dugdale's Visitation of Lancashire. From MS. in the possession of the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* 8.

1851–2.

XXV. Cardinal Allen's Defence of Sir William Stanley's Surrender of Deventer. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* c, 38.

XXVI. The Autobiography of Henry Newcome, M.A. Edited by RD. PARKINSON, D.D., F.S.A. Vol. I. *pp.* xxv, 184.

XXVII. The Autobiography of Henry Newcome, M.A. Vol. II. *(Conclusion).* *pp.* 185–390.

1852–3.

VOL.

XXVIII. The Jacobite Trials at Manchester in 1694. Edited by WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq. *pp.* xc, 132.

XXIX. The Stanley Papers, Part I. The Earls of Derby and the Verse Writers and Poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. By THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* 64.

XXX. Documents relating to the Priory of Penwortham, and other Possessions in Lancashire of the Abbey of Evesham. Edited by W. A HULTON, Esq. *pp.* lxxviii, 136.

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*Tootal, Edward, The Weaste, Eccles
Tonge, Rev. Richard, M.A., Diocesan Church Building Society, Manchester
Townend, John, Shadsworth Hall, Blackburn
Towneley, Colonel Chas , F.S.A., Towneley Park, Burnley
Trafford, Sir Humphrey de, Bart., Trafford Park, Manchester
Turner, Thomas, Manchester
Tweedale, A. A., Spring Cottage, near Rochdale

VAUGHAN, John, Lingard, Stockport
Vitré, Edward Denis de, M.D., Lancaster

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Ward, Edmund, Holly House. Prescot
*Ward. Jos. Pilkington, Whalley Range. Manchester
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*Westminster, The Marquis of, Eaton Hall, Chester
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Whitaker, W. W., St. Ann's Street, Manchester
Whitehead, James, M.D., Manchester
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Wilson, Rev. John, M.A., Meysey Hampton Rectory, Cricklade, Gloucestershire
*Wilton, The Earl of, Heaton House, near Manchester
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Wood, Richard Henry, F.S.A., Crumpsall, Manchester
Wood, William Rayner, Singleton, Manchester
Woods, Albert W., Lancaster Herald, London
Wood, Richard, Clarks Villa, Lower Crumpsall, Manchester
Worthington, Edward, Manchester
Wray, Rev. Cecil Daniel, M.A., Canon of Manchester
Wright, Rev. Henry, M.A., Mottram St. Andrew's, near Macclesfield

YOUNG, Sir Chas. G., F.S.A., Garter King of Arms, London

The Honorary Secretary requests that any change of address may be communicated to him or to the Treasurer.

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